McCALL'S

OCTOBER, 1925

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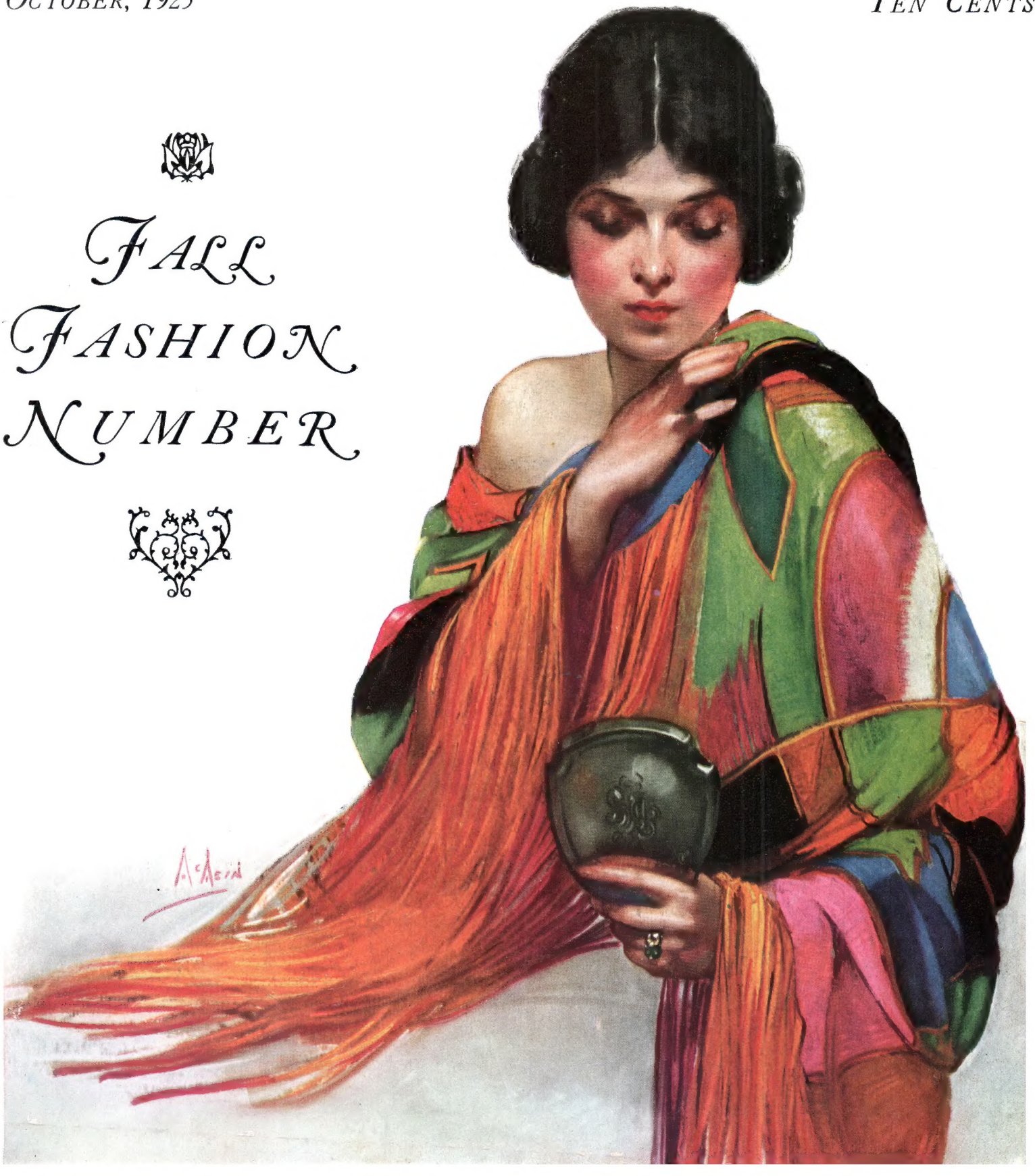

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Little Women reading their father's letters—Painted by R. W. Stewart

"FOUR LITTLE CHESTS ALL IN A ROW, DIM WITH DUST, AND WORN BY TIME,—

STILL there today, in the low, raftered attic of the Alcott homestead in historic old Concord, they stand—as they have stood for three-quarters of a century—four little brown chests, mute treasures of the four sisters who have been immortal as the originals of Louisa M. Alcott's "LITTLE WOMEN." For, in all literature, in all history, no family has so endeared themselves to the hearts of young and old as the famous Alcott family into which were born the unforgetable Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. Their mother we know and understand. She is limned for all time by her daughter's loving pen. Their father, Bronson Alcott, on the other hand, has been called the most misunderstood genius of the nineteenth century. The world of Boston wrote him down a fakir and a fool in spite of the fact that Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau were proud to call him a friend.

THE story of the father of the LITTLE WOMEN, heretofore, has been a sealed book, jealously guarded by those who love him from the world which scorned and despised him, and broke his heart. Only, in the quiet library of the Alcott homestead in historic Concord, cradle of American letters, remains his record—preserved in a row of carefully treasured diaries—fifty volumes in all, written in Bronson Alcott's fine, close handwriting: the intimate journal of his thoughts and aims, and of the life, rich in golden associations if not in dollars, that came and went across the threshold of the shabby brown house under New England's elms. Few ever learned that these diaries existed; others—heedless—did not care. But knowledge of them came to McCall's recently and in the belief that they must contain not only the self-portrait of one of America's greatest minds, but also information of vital interest to the millions who have loved LITTLE WOMEN, Mrs. Honore Willsie Morrow, herself a writer, whose mother was a girlhood friend of the Amy of the stories, was sent to get permission from the Alcott heirs to read and give to the world *for the first time*, through the pages of McCall's, the true story of Bronson Alcott, America's misunderstood genius who was *the father of* LITTLE WOMEN. How Mrs. Morrow did this, and what treasures the diaries proved to contain, will be told in a series of four articles, the first of which will be a feature of the NOVEMBER McCALL'S. For these articles, containing as they do, a little known chapter of American life, are among the greatest literary finds of recent years. In them you will read the story of Bronson Alcott's amazing career; you will laugh over Louisa's first poetic efforts, at her childish waywardness and swift repentance, and your heart will be touched as you read of Thoreau and Emerson reverently bearing the wasted body of little Beth to its final resting place. They will tell you what sort of person Louisa M. Alcott herself was and will give you a picture of the daily existence of the four sisters and tell some of the things that are still hidden away in the famous four chests of which "Jo" wrote in her famous poem, "In the Garret"—

"FOUR little chests all in a row
Dim with dust and worn by time.
Four women, taught by weal and woe
To love and labor in their prime.
Four sisters, parted for an hour,
None lost, one only gone before,
Made by love's immortal power,
Nearest and dearest evermore.
Oh, when these hidden stores of ours
Lie open to the Father's sight,
May they be rich in golden hours,
Deeds that show fairer for the light,
Lives whose brave music long shall ring,
Like a spirit-stirring strain,
Souls that shall gladly soar and sing
In the long sunshine after rain."

That the four LITTLE WOMEN did live "lives whose brave music long shall ring" we all know—for even today LITTLE WOMEN is still the most popular juvenile book in America; and McCall's feels proud that it may contribute to the story of the Alcotts in the four articles taken from Father Alcott's diaries which will begin in

THE NOVEMBER McCALL'S

(Permission to print the above excerpts from "In the Garret" was granted by Little, Brown & Company, publishers of Little Women.)

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PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

During the filming of the last two of my pictures, I was on the set, or on location every day from eight in the morning until six in the evening

The crew who made "Girl of the Limberlost," from left to right: Henry Sharp—first camera man; Jeannette Porter Meehan, Mrs. Porter's daughter, assistant director; James Leo Meehan, Mrs. Porter's son-in-law, director; Mrs. Porter; Carl Schillinger—cutter; Howard Anderson—second camera man

Hollywood *and the* Picture Colony

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES", "THE WHITE FLAG", "THE GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST", ETC.

I HEAR a great deal, especially on my trips back east, about Hollywood, and the "terrible" people who are in pictures. This only amuses me, but the insidious thing about it is that many honest folk who really know nothing about it, believe these wild tales, and pass them along as the truth.

I have lived in Los Angeles, perilously near to the little city of Hollywood for four years. It is a beautiful spot, nestled at the foot of the hills, where the sea breezes sweep over it, the birds sing, the flowers bloom in a riot of color, and many little children play in its parks. Because I am in the moving picture business myself, and have organized a company for the filming of my books, I have made it my business to study each phase of the picture industry, and to watch the actors and find out where and how they live. My daughter has been working with other companies in pictures for three years, fitting herself for a place on the staff of my company, and she is a very wide-awake woman, always with eyes and ears open. Because she was intensely interested in her work, and loved it, she studied the human nature in pictures quite as industriously as she did the technicalities, with the result that unpleasant experiences were very "few and far between."

No people are working harder than the people who are engaged in making pictures—Drawing by O. F. HOWARD

There are between five and ten thousand registered actors and "extras" in Hollywood and the immediate vicinity, and there are many children. Now in any group of people, any place, consisting of that many individuals, there are bound to be some objectionable ones. It is quite true that in every walk of life, in every class of workers, there are some people who are not desirable, and with whom you would not want members of your family to associate; you even find them among students in the High Schools. The percentage among actors is no higher than among any other profession. It happens, fortunately or unfortunately, that for publicity purposes, actors are kept before the eyes of the public; and so it follows that their escapades of even a minor character are given newspaper space that would not have drawn a look or second thought for Mamie Smith of Podunk. Of course there are a few picture actors who do wild, foolish, and immoral things, but they are overwhelmingly in the minority. There are thousands who have beautiful homes—some of them just tiny bungalows—their children and [*Turn to page 76*]

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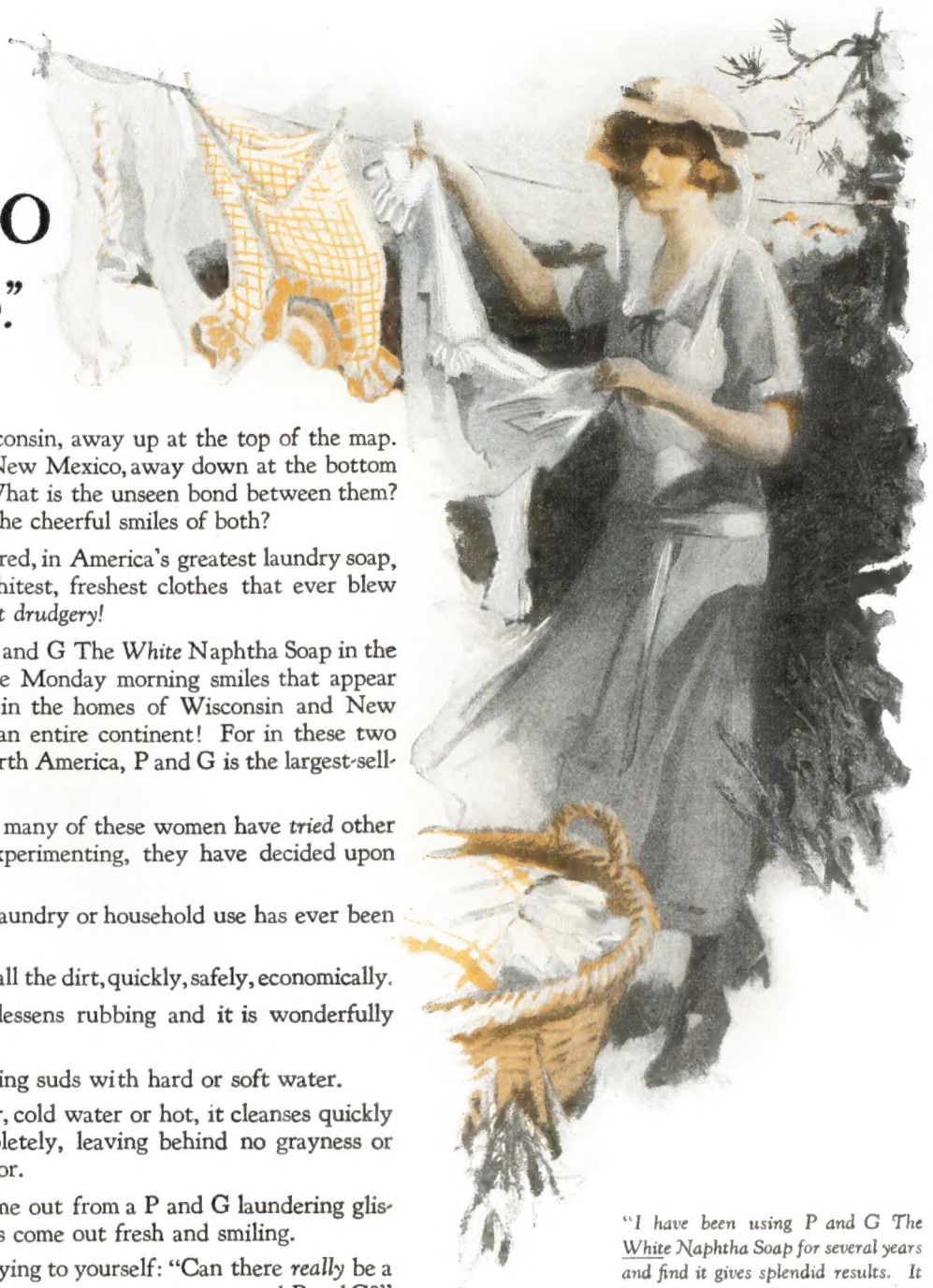
Wisconsin *says* *to* New Mexico

"I'm glad you agree, too."



THERE'S Wisconsin, away up at the top of the map. And there's New Mexico, away down at the bottom of the map. What is the unseen bond between them? What accounts for the cheerful smiles of both?

Both have discovered, in America's greatest laundry soap, the secret of the whitest, freshest clothes that ever blew upon a line—*without drudgery!*

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Maybe you are saying to yourself: "Can there *really* be a *noticeable* difference between my present soap and P and G?" Well, the simplest way to answer that question is to buy P and G—then wash and watch! Week after week you'll *see* your clothes improve in whiteness and freshness. You'll *feel* the difference in your arms and back.

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MRS. G. O. H., Milwaukee, Wis.

"I find P and G unsurpassed for washing white as well as colored clothing. I have no dread that my colored clothes will fade. For dishwashing it is all anyone could want. For general housecleaning, such as washing woodwork and the bathroom, I would use nothing but P and G."

MRS. J. S. G., Tucumcari, N. Mex.

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THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN AMERICA

McCALL'S
OCTOBER MCMXXV

Her voice had a soft melodious note like her laughter. Her eyes were soft also—but what color were her eyes?

A Man Under Authority

BY ETHEL M. DELL

Here Begins the Newest and Finest Novel by the Writer who Has Never Scored a Failure!

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

I SHALL certainly call upon her myself," said Mrs. Winch. "And I shall advise the Vicar to do the same."

"I am sure he will follow your advice," said Miss Barnet rather fulsomely. Miss Barnet was always nervously fulsome in the presence of her employer. Mrs. Winch paid no attention of any sort to her—also her invariable custom.

"Yes," she pursued musingly. "I shall call some afternoon. I wonder,"—she hesitated doubtfully, "I wonder if this Lady Rivers would be willing to take a class in the Sunday School. I must make a note to ask her. We could very well do with an extra helper."

"We could indeed," said Miss Barnet. "And if she is musical, she might perhaps be persuaded to sing in the choir."

But any suggestion made by her companion was almost invariably regarded with disfavour by Mrs. Winch.

"You know very well, Miss Barnet," she said severely, "that it is the one wish of my life to see a surpliced choir established at Rickaby Church, and we do not wish to increase the unfortunate feminine element."

"To be sure! To be sure!" humbly agreed Miss Barnet. "I had forgotten that. So foolish of me!" Mrs. Winch's silence tacitly confirmed the last remark. Miss Barnet had been foolish from her girlhood upwards, and now in drab middle-age, nothing else was expected of her, at least by her contemporaries. The fact that children adored her was not one which most of them regarded as indicative of any sign of intellect. Only the Vicar had once said in his kindly way, "We couldn't have a school-treat without Miss Barnet. She's the one to make the wheels go round." And the remark had become one of poor Miss Barnet's most cherished memories. That anyone could have said such a thing as that of *her,* and have meant it too! For the Vicar always meant what he said. No one ever disputed that. Such a wonderful personality! He was in fact Ellen Barnet's *beau idéal* of all that a pastor should be, and if any found fault with him—called him lax, or free and easy—her meek spirit was as near to fury as it could ever be. He had said that she was the one to make the wheels go round at school-treats. Her loyalty could never waver after that!

Mrs. Winch was different. She liked him thoroughly, and believed the sentiment to be mutual, but she did not scruple to find fault when the occasion seemed to her to demand it. She did not actually run the parish, but she assisted very materially in the general management thereof.

As the widow of a former Vicar, she had a good deal of reason for her attitude. The Female Friendly Society was entirely under her control and had been for the past forty years, for longer indeed than the present Vicar had sojourned on this planet. He had never attempted to interfere with her.

They really agreed very well on the whole, Mrs. Winch and the Vicar, and none could say that the parish of Rickaby did not prosper under their joint rule. Old General Farjeon was wont to declare that it was the happiest corner in the whole country, and Bill Quentin's administration was the finest argument in favour of clerical influence that he had ever come across.

"If there were only a few more like you, my boy!" he was wont to say. "But—confound it— you ought to have been in the Service. Here! Help yourself to port!" And the Reverend Bill, as he was affectionately dubbed by his parishioners, would comply, with a smile that closed the discussion before it was well started.

It was generally believed that he had entered the Church originally for the sake of his invalid mother. He had certainly come to Rickaby on her account; but it was five years now since she had been laid to rest under the old yew tree in the churchyard, and he was still pursuing his quiet way, unhurried by the stress of life, ready to help those in need, but never intruding where his presence was unwelcome. He was a man of practically boundless sympathies, and he recognized no religious barriers, a fact which caused him to be looked upon somewhat coldly by his colleagues in the neighbouring town of Hatchstead where he was as friendly with Father Gregory of the Roman Church as he was with the Baptist minister, Mr. Banner. The Rector of Hatchstead had no dealings with either, and when he once encountered the Reverend Bill coming out of the Salvation Army Hall with the captain, he was so scandalized that he at once crossed the road, and was extremely restrained and conventional when next they met.

It did not affect Bill Quentin in any way. He merely smiled. Many people considered him too free and easy, but very few criticised him to his face. He was a man who knew how to hold his own without argument. He was also a

man who would stand no nonsense from the insincere, and the black sheep of his flock seldom tried conclusions with him more than once. There was in fact a touch of formidableness about the Reverend Bill upon occasion which evil doers found embarrassing. They said he had a nasty temper when roused, and avoided coming into contact with it.

But no woman had ever seen it. His housekeeper, Mrs. Henderson, maintained that he was the easiest of men and never found fault with anything. She was too goodnatured herself to object even to Mrs. Winch's descent upon the Vicarage kitchen with a recipe for a new pudding, to be made for her master's dinner.

"Lor' bless you, ma'am, he never takes no notice of anything he eats," she assured her, the while Mrs. Winch mixed and added and stirred. "It's pearls before swine, as you might say, though that isn't my real meaning as I'm sure you know. For I've never seen a man with less greed to him. I often think as he wants someone to make him more sociable like. It isn't good for a man to live alone. The Bible says so. I sometimes think we could do with a mistress here."

"I doubt if you would appreciate it," said Mrs. Winch, with some significance.

"I'd like to see him happy," said Mrs. Henderson sentimentally. "Some bright pretty girl is what he wants. There are plenty at Hatchstead, as ripe and ready as plums on a tree. Why, there are five of them at the Rectory alone."

"All most unsuitable," said Mrs. Winch sweepingly. "The only one with any pretence at good looks is the youngest, Molly, and she is so flighty that I am sure no decent man would want to have anything to do with her."

Mrs. Henderson was very obviously not listening. Something more interesting had attracted her attention, and she was craning her neck to see out of the scullery-window.

"Just look-a-there!" she whispered. "That's that there young widow from Beech Mount—Lady Rivers they calls her. French she is, or partly French, so they say. As for that boy of hers, he looks so foreign that you'd think he was nearly daft. Lor' sakes, and the Vicar's a-bringing her in! Do you think as she'll stay to dinner, ma'am? If so, that there snow-flake pudding will just come in handy."

"Of course not!" Mrs. Winch spoke with some sharpness. The snow-flake pudding had not been prepared for the widow from Beech Mount. Also, she felt that it was a trifle undignified for her to be surprised in the Vicar's kitchen.

She stood in some uncertainty, the pudding forgotten on the table, while the Vicar and his unexpected visitor strolled up the garden.

They were laughing as they came, and there was a flute-like sweetness about the woman's voice that made honest Mrs. Henderson gape with surprise and pleasure.

"What a charming lady, to be sure!" she said.

Mrs. Winch did not hear her. Summoning all the dignity of her sixty-five years, she walked through the hall and so out into the spring twilight in which the Reverend Bill Quentin and Lady Rivers were sauntering.

The former spied her immediately, and gave her a cheery hail. "Hullo, Mrs. Winch! Are you looking for me by any chance? If so, I am quite at your service."

There were a hundred and one excuses to account for her presence that Mrs. Winch might have cited, but her rectitude was of too unyielding a character to permit her to make use of them.

"Good evening!" She shook hands with the Vicar with grim conventionality. "As a matter of fact, I was not looking for you this evening. I merely came over to bring Mrs. Henderson a recipe for a pudding which we thought you might like, and I have been showing her how to make it."

"I say, how jolly decent of you!" said the Vicar boyishly. "Of course I shall like it. Thank you a thousand times. Now let me introduce you to Lady Rivers. I don't think you have met yet."

The visitor stood in the background, a slender, graceful woman with a perfectly colourless face that was wholly unremarkable in repose. She made a slight gesture towards Mrs. Winch and smiled, and her smile amazingly transformed her, giving youth and charm to a countenance that a moment before had displayed neither. In some curious fashion it made Mrs. Winch suspicious. She did not like sudden changes.

Her own acknowledgment was extremely stiff. She did not offer her hand. "I have been promising myself the pleasure of calling upon you," she said, with considerable ceremony.

"How kind!" said Lady Rivers.

Her voice had a soft, melodious note like her laughter. Her eyes were soft also—but what colour were her eyes? Mrs. Winch could not decide and disapproved of her the more in consequence.

"She is like a cat," she said to herself, and a moment later, "or is it a tigress? Emphatically, not a woman to trust."

The Vicar here interposed. "Lady Rivers is musical," he said. "She has promised to play the accompaniments at the next smoking-concert, and I am hoping to persuade her to sing in the choir."

Mrs. Winch stiffened visibly at the latter suggestion, and Lady Rivers uttered a faint ripple of laughter.

"He will not succeed," she said reassuringly. "I am far too busy to commit myself to anything like that. I have my boy—Gaspard—to think of. He is too delicate for college, so we study together, and I have to be his companion too. Some day—when he is stronger—we are hoping to go to Paris so that he may study art in earnest. But I am afraid it will not be yet."

The Vicar looked sympathetic.

"He ought to get strong here," he said. "You are practically living on the sea-shore at Beech Mount."

"Yes, that ought to make a difference. I am counting on that." Lady Rivers gave him a grateful glance. "But I have to take great care of him at present. Ah, that is the aloe you were telling me about! The thing that flowers but once in fifty years—for luck! And is it really going to flower this year? Then something very great must be going to happen."

She turned to the curious plant in question which had been placed by some vicar long deceased in full view of the study-window.

The others followed her.

"It's a discouraging sort of vegetable," said the Reverend Bill. "There's something very pessimistic about a thing that flowers only once in a lifetime. If I possessed sufficient moral courage, I would dig it up and throw it away."

"But a thing that comes but once in a lifetime is surely worth living for!" said Lady Rivers. "At least let it flower once before you throw it away!"

Mrs. Winch here asserted herself. It was high time in her opinion that the interloper took her departure.

"It is a sin," she said very emphatically, "even to talk of removing anything so ancient. It is practically a landmark here, and nothing could ever replace it."

"But if you leave it to flower, it will bring you luck," said Lady Rivers. "That follows, doesn't it?"

"It may," said the Vicar somewhat sceptically. "We'll hope so at any rate. And if it doesn't, we'll give it the sack, eh, Mrs. Winch?"

"I must be thinking of getting back," said Mrs. Winch significantly.

"Oh, not yet! You must stay to dine with me. Lady Rivers is going to."

Casually he made the announcement, but its effect upon Mrs. Winch at least was the reverse of casual. She uttered a gasp of astonishment. But Lady Rivers' soft laugh again had a reassuring note. There was something comforting about it.

"Oh, indeed she isn't!" she declared gaily enough. "With many thanks for the suggestion! I only came in to see the lucky aloe. My boy is expecting me, and I must go to him. I must go at once."

"I should like to come round and see that boy of yours," said the Vicar. "Some evening, may I?"

There was a moment's pause, and Mrs. Winch gave her a sharp glance. What was the matter with the woman? Was

"Thank you", said Molly, "Have you seen the beautiful Lady Rivers yet,

there an atmosphere of secrecy about her, or was it merely mannerism?

While she was wondering, Lady Rivers made quiet reply: "He is not very fit at present, but I should be very pleased for you to see him. May I let you know?"

"Oh, don't bother to do that! I'll drop in one day and take my chance," said the Vicar.

"How kind!" said Lady Rivers.

It was plainly a phrase of hers, and Mrs. Winch condemned it from that moment as insincere. Mrs. Winch had set her over the grass to the gate. But as she reached it, the Vicar overtook her just in time to open it for her. He did it with a certain amount of ceremony; but his face was flushed. "You shouldn't have gone like that," he said.

She smiled again—that wonderful smile of hers. "Like what?" she said, and passed by him with another bow, not waiting for his reply. It would not have been like her to wait.

"I do not approve of her," said Mrs. Winch when the Vicar returned. His face had grown quite grave.

General?" "Who?" said General Farjeon. "Never heard of her. Who is she?"

ideas concerning Lady Rivers. She turned rather pointedly to the Vicar.

"Now I am here, Mr. Quentin, there is a small point I want to discuss with you regarding the Church Workers. It will not take me more than a few moments, if you have them to spare."

"Oh, yes," said the Vicar, with resignation.

"Good-bye—and thank you," said Lady Rivers.

She gave him a bow and smile and went her way lightly

"I am sorry," said the Vicar.

"Do you?" Her voice was a challenge.

He looked beyond her to the shadowy garden and the aloe so conspicuous from his window. "That's not my job, Mrs. Winch," he said. "You forget I am only a servant."

That rebuked even the redoubtable Mrs. Winch. She quitted the subject with some abruptness. "I have been hoping you would come in. Miss Mason has been raising difficulties about her district. She complains that Mrs. Phipps is very abusive, and none of the children ever come to the Sunday School. Also, that old Pemberton *will* smoke and spit all the time that she is talking to him. And in consequence of this she threatens to give up her work."

The Reverend Bill was still looking out at the aloe as though nothing else held any interest for him, and the silence that followed her words was so intense that she began to wonder if he had paid any attention to them.

At length, just as her patience was waning, he turned and spoke. "I quite see Miss Mason's point of view, at least with regard to Mrs. Phipps. The woman is a terror. Tell Miss Mason not to go there again!"

"Do you mean to give Mrs. Phipps up, then?" Shocked protest sounded in Mrs. Winch's voice.

Bill Quentin laughed. "I must think her over. I'll consult Father Gregory."

"Really!" said Mrs. Winch, still further shocked.

"Or Mr. Banner, or Salvation Captain Short," laughed the Vicar. "I'm going to start a Board to discuss the best treatment for obstreperous persons. You'll be on it for one, as well as Gregory, Banner and Short. We ought to evolve something really practical among us."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Winch in a voice that trembled, "nothing would induce me to join so infamous a coalition. I hope and believe that you are speaking in jest, Mr. Quentin, but it is not a jest that appeals to me."

"I'm sorry," said the Vicar with contrition. "Let's talk about something else! By the way, have you heard the latest? Lottie Morton—engaged to be married!"

"What!" said Mrs. Winch. "Lottie! You surprise me! And to whom, pray?"

"Guess!" said the Vicar.

Mrs. Winch regarded him with a keen and searching scrutiny. His blue eyes had a baffling look as though he dared her to be rash. But she tacitly declined the invitation.

"I cannot imagine any man wanting to marry Lottie Morton," she said.

"I can," said the Vicar.

"Not yourself, surely!" She faced him squarely.

"I hope you don't mind," he said humbly. "She is a very nice girl."

"They always are," said Mrs. Winch uncharitably.

"Then you won't congratulate me?" he said.

"If it is a matter for congratulation, certainly," said Mrs. Winch.

He broke into a shout of laughter. "It isn't! I mean, of course, yes, it is—in a way! She is going to marry little Bird, the curate."

Mrs. Winch's face cleared magically. She drew a breath of relief. "I hope they will be very happy," she remarked.

"Of course they will!" said Bill Quentin. "Happy as two turtle-doves! I shall go over to congratulate them tomorrow afternoon. Come too!"

Mrs. Winch declined with some hauteur. She was not too pleased with the Reverend Bill at the moment. In fact, she considered that his little joke had verged upon vulgarity.

"Miss Barnet and I are going to tea with Mrs. Brace," she said.

"Oh, are you?" said the Vicar without regret. "Well, give her my love—Dr. Brace too if you see him! You won't stay to dinner? Good-bye then, and a million thanks for the pudding! Give my—I mean, remember me with the utmost kindness to Miss Barnet! I'm coming round to her for advice about those little imps of choir-boys one of these days. That's another Board I'm thinking of forming—obstreperous children this time. And she'll be president. Good-bye, and thanks awfully!"

"Good-bye!" said Mrs. Winch, and firmly took her departure.

As she departed down the path there sounded an unmelodious jangle through the house—the cracked gong in the hall summoning the Vicar to his frugal dinner.

Mrs. Henderson awaited him in the shabby dining-room, the hair brushed smoothly back from her shiny face.

"Did I see Lady Rivers of Beech Mount in here this evening?" she enquired, as she handed the potatoes.

"You did," said the Vicar.

"A very handsome, upstanding lady!" was Mrs. Henderson's comment. "She's got a laugh to her like a shower of music, that's what it is."

"It is rather," said the Vicar, absent-mindedly helping himself a second time to salt.

"And her son?" pursued Mrs. Henderson inquisitively. "My word, he's a caution. Have you seen him, sir? A half-grown lad with a shock of black hair and great scared eyes as if he'd seen a ghost. It fair gives me a turn to meet him. But he's foreign of course. That's what's the matter."

"I haven't seen him," said the Vicar.

"No, sir, nor you won't forget it neither when you do," said Mrs. Henderson, collecting dish covers preparatory to departure to her own premises. "But Lady Rivers, she's a very gracious lady I should say from all accounts. I hope as she'll drop in again."

"I hope she will," said the Vicar.

The door closed, and he proceeded to dispose of his solitary meal.

For years he had sat alone in that long spacious room that had once echoed to the shouts of a large family. The row of shabby chairs that stood against the wall presented a forlorn and forsaken appearance; they seemed to offer a mute reproach.

"I wonder if they'd feel any cheerier if I had them done up," mused the Vicar.

Opposite to him, at the further side of the table, stood the companion chair to the one in which he sat—a straight-backed, prim piece of furniture, less worn than the rest, infinitely more austere. He regarded it with a rueful smile.

"I shan't be able to look you in the face much longer," he said.

And then, as if humouring his own fancy, he pushed his plate aside, leaned his elbows on the table, and stared at it from under brooding brows.

[*Turn to page 102*]

"Algiers is safest. Men of a hundred tribes crowd the streets."

A Woman *of the* Benni-Fuhara — *By* ACHMED ABDULLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

When Captain Abdullah writes of the wandering Arab tribes, he pictures them as they really are—resplendent in a fierce, romantic beauty that is all their own. For his travels and adventures have led him many times beneath the striped tents billowing on the sand-blown Sahara. It was there he heard, from the faltering lips of an aged Arab, this weird tale that you will never forget; for it will make you ask, as it did Captain Abdullah, "Isn't jealousy, perhaps, the one evil that love, no matter how strong, cannot ever dispel?"

FOR the second time the insistent knocking at the outer door, five flights down, splintered the silence. It filled them with a stark terror that was intensified by the brown pall of darkness. There was a candle stuck in a bottle. But they had not lit it since that night, a week earlier, when the two —Mansur el-Andalusi, sheik of the Benni Fuhara tribe, and Atheba, his wife— had come to Algiers and, hugging the shadows, flitting like ghosts across moon-white squares, had sought refuge in this ramshackle, deserted old caravanserai on the outskirts of town.

Dirty and grimy the place. A chaos of broken furniture and rags piled in closets. But Mansur el-Andalusi had said it was safer than the mercy of the French or of the Benni Hossayn. It was characteristic of his brittle, desert-bred sensitiveness that he had not mentioned the real reason for seeking precarious asylum in the city slums instead of continuing the flight toward the Moroccan border where there was safety in the stone huts of distant cousins. It was characteristic of his wife that she had put this reason into plain words:

"We must also consider the child which I shall bear you, O my lord."

"Allah grant it be a man-child!" he had murmured. "A man-child to carry on our race."

"And our feud against the Benni Hossayn," she had interrupted, "and our hate against the French! May the Lord God bless neither the one nor the other!"

For she was a woman of the Benni Fuhara, and it was a saying wide-blown through the nomads' black tents that the women of the tribe were always a spear's toss ahead of the men in truculent, ribald lawlessness and readiness to take offence. Indeed it was she who, a few months earlier, after a dispute over taxes on the tribe's small, sorrel cattle, had persuaded Mansur to mount his young men on their swift-footed war dromedaries and to rise in rebellion against the French.

At first they had been victorious. Then the French had swept into the desert with horse, foot, and the guns, and had slaughtered the flower of their manhood. They had been helped by the Benni Hossayn, a vulpine race of Bedawin cameleers whose felt tents stippled the wilderness near the Fa oasis.

The few surviving Benni Fuhara had scattered into the dun waste, spreading afar the tale and pity of their doomed, stubborn race, while the sheik, outlawed by the French, his tribe wiped out, had bound Atheba on the saddle behind him and had ridden forth from that reeling wreck of strife, into the North, and had reached Algiers on their way to the mountains of The Scorpion. "Algiers is safest." Mansur had argued. "Men of a hundred tribes crowd the streets. All look alike to the *roumis*, the French."

They had not despaired of the future; and here they were now, in this deserted caravanserai, and there was the loud pounding at the door downstairs, setting every nerve a-quiver to its utmost capacity, suffusing their souls with muffled, shivering echoes.

A moment later, sharp commands rasped out in French and Arabic: "*Menhoo*—who goes there?"

"*Oukef*—halt!" Soldiers, doubtless, driving away the curious who gathered from the neighboring slums. Out of the bowels of the tottering old building came their coarse bellow, fraught with cruelty and malevolence, and it chilled the blood of those two up there on the top floor.

They stared at each other across the brown gulf of darkness. They could see no more than their dim contours where they squatted on the ground beside the huge Arab bed. They could feel each other's eyes; could feel the fear that bloated under the burden of sounds as the pounding was repeated violently. Presently, there came a popping, bursting noise, and then the crackle of steel, the dull, brutish thud of rifle butts, and footsteps mounting the creaky stairs—nearer, ever

nearer. Mansur rose. He passed into the moon rays that stabbed through a high, grilled window with a silvery gesture. The moon rays showed him of medium height, stocky beneath his swathing burnoose, the bearded face with just a suggestion, not exactly of weakness but of easy-going submission to a mind more impatient and hardy than his. Mansur—to use his own words—preferred riding with an idle whip and unused spurs. But there had been the cold iron of Atheba's ambition: ambition to make the Benni Fuhara masters of the desert from the shifting sand gulch called The Meeting of Wild Stallions to the rugged basalt ledge called The Night of Seven Green Stars, ambition to dare the rage of the French overlord; ambition that, ultimately, had brought him here—caught like a rat in a trap—a price on his head.

But he loved his wife very dearly. There was no reproach in his heart nor bitterness; not even now, with Fate spreading a grey net across his path. His words asked for no pity; held no self-pity: "It is useless to fight, as useless to surrender. Death stands on my left side. On my right stands death's twin brother. Still—" and he spoke in his usual, dispassionate undertone though he unsheathed his sword—"I would prefer to die fighting."

"It would be more decent," she assented gravely, "more in keeping with the traditions of the Benni Fuhara."

Momentarily she was silent. She listened to the ominous rhythm downstairs. And suddenly this savage, primitive creature of ineffable mastery and unconquerable courage covered her face with her hands in a spasm of despair. "Forgive me!" she sobbed.

"There is nothing to forgive," he smiled. "Who can escape what is written on the forehead by the Angel of the Scrolls?"

"You are great-hearted. But it was my fault. I carry the curse of unstanched pride. I am—*hayah!*—a woman of the Benni Fuhara."

She spoke the last words in blame and, too, in excuse of self. Yet perhaps these very words and all they implied in inflexible determination to win out against whatever odds, gave back to her a measure of chilly wisdom.

"Put down the sword," she said calmly though hurriedly. "You can appeal to it when all else has failed. You must hide."

"The holes are only big enough for scorpions, child."

"Hide under the bed!"

"Too obvious!" he said while steadily, from below, stammered and grew the threatening, iron surge. "They will look there first of all."

"They may not—just because it is too obvious."

"No, no! They will find me and *wah hyat Ullah!*—there will be no room under the bed to clear a blade or strike a blow. My beard will be dishonored. I shall not even be able to die fighting...."

"Oh—but the soldiers—listen, listen...." as the voices drew nearer—"they are of the Arabs, of the Moslems. Of our own blood and faith! A whispered word in their ears—imploring their help....Please—it is your only chance. . . ."

At last, as always, he gave in, saying he had obeyed her during life. So why not in the hour of death?

"You will not die, my lord. I feel it—oh—" she interrupted herself—"quick!" as beyond the door feet came, feet slurred to a stop, as a heavy fist pounded on the door, as a rough shout demanded:

"Hey there! Open!"

She kissed him passionately. *"Yah zainu l'-alama aleyka salamu llah—"* she whispered—"on thee the peace of God, O beauty of the turban!"

He crept under the bed. Then, slowly, she turned. She faced the door. For a fleeting second terror led her brain to the point where numbness succeeds upon excess of fear. But she regained her self-control with a shuddering effort. She tightened her quivering nerves against the coming ordeal. She drew up her face veil. She was a woman of the Benni Fuhara; decent even at a moment of supreme agony.

Crash! Bang! Crash!—the heavy, pounding fist.

"Open! Open!"—the rough, impatient shout.

A grating, tearing sound as a bayonet was forced into the jamb.

The door splintered; gaped wide open. Somebody held a lamp. A ruddy light flickered; steadied; bored through the brown gloom. A sweep of bearded faces there on the threshold, crimson, blue-tasseled *chechias* pulled deep over broad foreheads. Uniforms. The gleam of a sword. Black holes of rifle barrels leveled in a straight, minatory line.

An order rasped out: "Halt!"

A thud of rifle butts dropping punctuations on the floor.

Then a voice from the coiling, purple shadows near the stairs landing: "Surrender!" and pushing to the front, the first to enter—followed by a young French lieutenant and a dozen *Askaris,* Arabs in the army of the Republic—was an elderly French civilian in double-breasted frock-coat and high silk hat.

The man introduced himself in excellent Arabic as M. Sevier, the *cadhi-el-bhats,* or examining magistrate, adding he had a warrant for the arrest of Mansur el-Andalusi, sentenced to death for high-treason, murder, and armed rebellion.

"My husband is not here," she replied calmly. "Be pleased to go away."

"Your tongue is false. Half an hour ago, coming from the bazaar where he bought dates, he entered this house. It is being watched. Nobody saw him leave. Also, standing outside the door. I heard voices. So—you see...."

"I was speaking to God," she interrupted.

"Praying for help?"

"No. I was cursing the French. I was imploring Allah to pour out their blood upon the edge of the sword."

She heard a faint, quickly suppressed laugh among the *Askaris.* A moment earlier, immediately after they had entered, her terror had returned, flooding her with grey, choking waves. Now, hearing that faint laugh, her terror ebbed away once more; once more she felt confident, capable of anything. She swept a glance at the row of soldiers, their faces blurred into indistinct shadows by the crimson *chechias* deeply pressed over foreheads at the proper, swashbuckling angle. *Hayah!*—she thought triumphantly—a shrewd head had a hundred hands. And her head was shrewd, very shrewd. Was she not a woman of the Benni Fuhara?

"Be pleased to go away," she continued, staring at the Frenchman. "This is the harem." And with superb arrogance: "It is not fitting for a man, an infidel at that, to enter here with loud words and the clank of strife."

"But—look here...."

"Goult, Sidi. Ma andi ma n'zid—" she said with dry finality—"I have spoken, sir. I have nothing to add."

The Frenchman sighed. He felt conscious of an illogical liking and admiration for this savage, fearless woman. There were those stories that it was she who [*Turn to page 101*]

They squatted on the ground beside the huge Arab bed. They could feel each others' eyes; could feel the fear that bloated under the burden of sounds as the pounding was repeated violently. Presently, there came a popping, bursting noise, and then the crackle of steel

And she rode home through the dark in the hollow of Buck's saddle, with Buck behind her

One Touch of Love

By Vingie E. Roe

AUTHOR OF "NAMELESS RIVER," AND "THE SPLENDID ROAD"

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES H. CRANK

Poets have sung of more than one King Cophetua who fell in love with a lowly beggar maid, and of princesses who likewise lost their hearts to squires of low degree. For love, whether in fairy land or in modern America, recognizes no barrier, brooks no opposition, and still laughs at locksmiths. In this delicate and deeply-moving romance of our Southern Slashlands, by the author of "The Splendid Road", you will read of a farmer who dared to lift his eyes to a Princess, and of a Princess who learned the truth about love from one of her subjects.

HOLLIS COVE lay basking in the late light, shiftless, contented, poor. Its sorry fields of corn and cotton were planted and tilled between the tall white boles of the "deadenin's," the rotted stumps of previous crops. The smoke from its cabins curled up in lazy columns; the baying of its hounds could be heard for miles. Where a cotton field straggled to the gum-woods' edge a man was working desultorily. A six-foot cotton sack, hung to his shoulder, dragged behind him down the row. He was bare-footed, and his denim shirt and overalls were frankly on the verge of dissolution. But the man himself was magnificent. He was not over twenty-four or five, six-feet-two or thereabout, broad of chest and thewed like an ox. The thatch of wavy, warm brown hair above his brows was alive and glossy, the eyes themselves smiling and content. Every little while he stopped to straighten up and look all around the clearing and up at the dreamy sky. His big fingers fiddled with the cotton bolls. In his every movement there was inherent laziness, physical delight in sun and wind and woodsland.

And every little while his voice flung out on the silence in a snatch of song—strong and resonant, rich as honey, in its true and untrained tenor. Now it was a line of some camp-meeting "rouser," again a verse of a foolish ditty, but to each he gave the power of his deep lungs in joyous abandon. The sound reached far in the autumn stillness. It caught on the ear of a girl riding down from the hills and set a smile pulling at the corners of her lips.

Something in its beauty tamed the fire of her bright blue eyes, made her kick the ribs of her ancient nag with impatience. And presently she rode by, nonchalantly, her head cocked airily, her hands folded loosely on her pommel.

The man saw her instantly. His keen ears had heard her horse's hoofs for five full minutes. He stood by the fence to watch her come, smiling in sprightly appreciation. "Hello, Sweetness!" he called as she rounded the edge of the field, "where you bound?"

"Whoa!" said the girl pulling elaborately at the willing animal, "Where you s'pose, Smarty? An' who give you leave-an'-license to call me that?"

"If you mean that name what I called you by, Miss Arminta, why, I don't need no leave. If a purty girl ain't sweetness, then I don't know honey when I see it."

"Mighty glib with your tongue, Perly Hines," she said coldly, "I know two other girls you call the same."

The cotton picker ran a hand through the wavy thatch. "I must be gettin' short of memory in my old age!" he said profoundly, "I'd clean forgot!"

"You clean forgot!" she mimicked viciously, "Well—Katy Jones an' Minnie Lou Baker ain't forgot. But here's one that will!"

And she set her heels in the old nag's ribs so sharply as to wake him from his slumber. The giant caught her bridle rein.

"Miss Minnie Lou," he said, "an' Miss Katy Jones, they're both fair an' good young ladies—an' so are you, Miss Arminta. All three as sweet as honeysuckle a-bloomin' in the spring, or the smell of wild grapes in the bottoms. I love you all—an' what's a man to do?"

"Of all things, Perly Hines! If you ain't the exasperatin'est person I ever seen in my whole life! And let me tell you," she went on shrewdly, "you don't rightly love anybody! You're just a triflin'—a-playin' with girls. I hope you get your come-uppance. And get it good an' plenty!" This time the old horse was full awake and at her slash with the braided rein he ambled off as fast as his ancient joints would permit.

"Good-night-Mehitabel!" said Perly Hines pensively. Then he stooped to his desultory work again, smiling amusedly.

The school house of Hollis Cove sat over at the west against the range of hills. It was built of logs and its furnishings were of the simplest. The razor-backs grunted under its pile-raised floor and in the stillness one could hear the slapping of gar-fish in the bayou beyond the fringe of trees.

To the heart open to benign influence the setting would have had a wistful appeal, but to one hopelessly downcast and homesick it was ghastly with loneliness.

It was so to the young woman who sat behind the ugly, scarred old desk of authority. Every sound in the golden silence fell upon her painfully; every dragging minute was an age.

"Teacher" was new to the slashlands—and an alien in every fibre, every thought, every habit. She was slim and fair, neat in her plain garments, quick of movement. Culture and refinement spoke in her quiet voice, her cool impersonality. Genteel poverty had sent her here. Ambition made her stick. This was her second school and she meant to climb by just such outlying steps to the city grades, to a place in life. But this first week had been a fiery furnace of the spirit. More than once in the log-house of Pap Provine where she boarded, she had set her teeth firmly in her lip to still its

quivering; had done her best to answer politely Mrs. Provine's frank probings of her past.

And now she was expected to hold spelling-school tonight, it being Friday! Nothing more disastrous could have happened to her. All week she had stood to her guns manfully, counting on the week-end holiday when she might be alone in her attic room; might write to those at home; might sink her soul in the wise philosophy of Emerson.

And now spelling-school!

In the midst of this someone outside said "whoa" and when she turned a girl stood in the open door. "You th' new teacher?" the apparition asked abruptly.

"Yes," she said, "won't you come in?"

"Nope. Jest ridin' by. Thought I'd take a look at you. You married?"

Mayna Freeland shut her lips in momentary embarrassment. Then she laughed—for the first time in two days.

"Why no," she said, "what makes you ask?"

"Last one was," said the girl frankly, "stringy ol' hen, though. You lookin' to marry?"

"Good Heavens!"

A deep flush stained the teacher's face. The girl in the doorway had been rolling a bit of sweet-gum in her fingers. Now she put it in her moist young mouth.

"Pore chanc't aroun' here," she said blandly, "ain't no young fellers free—not to amount to much. Buck Prince, he's courtin' Ellie Mancy, an' Perly Hines's courtin' three of us. There's the Hollis boys an' Jim Mancy an' Tid Provine, not t' mention Jake Powers—but I don't guess anybody'd go with Jake. Most of the boy's got girls a-ready—all them I named but Jake."

A flood of distaste swept through the homesick girl behind the desk. Her blue eyes looked widely at the speaker.

"I beg your pardon," she said a trifle stiffly, "but I'm not *'looking to marry',*" at the words on her own lips she had a wild desire to laugh, "I'm merely teaching school."

"Well, so long," said the airy young person in the doorway, "see you tonight. I'm comin'."

She was as good as her word, was Miss Arminta Sullard. She was present in the crowd that filled the schoolhouse to overflowing, and she was very busy.

"Teacher ain't fer fellers," she told Buck Prince. "Guess she's a man-hater." And Buck pricked up his ears. His eyes had been busy for the last ten minutes. They had missed no smallest detail of the new teacher in her trim blue dress, had not failed to note her grace of movement, her quiet bearing, the fair white beauty of her face.

Miss Freeland had held spelling-school before.

But she was astonished when the "choosing-up" had been completed and the two long lines of spellers lined the walls, for these people knew the old books inside out!

From ab to Xerxes they held their own with few fallen from the ranks, and these, strange to say, the younger fry.

At ten o'clock she picked up the little Bible from her desk—and found the women ready with Ahasuerus and Jehoiada and Abiathar. The men went down more readily, and after half an hour there remained standing only old Aunt Betsy Provine, pillar in Hollis Cove's House-of-the-Lord, and to her went the laurels of victory.

It was just here, before the stir and laughter of release, that Mayna Freeland, looking over the heads of the crowd, met fair-and-square the brown eyes of Perly Hines. They were laughing for he had just come in. With that first deep look the laughter died in them as if a hand had wiped it out. A sort of dullness came there instead—a s e t n e s s—as when some wild creature receives a death wound.

Perly Hines, lazy, smiling, devil-may-care, for the first time in his life was stricken. The fair woman on the platform, come from a n o t h e r world, abashed him. He was empty of pride.

Two days later Mayna Freeland, walking through the stillness of the October woods toward the Provine farm, came full upon him at the bayou's edge. He looked like a young god limned against the dark waters, his bronze head bare in the sun and his gingham shirt open at the neck. A veritable ashiness of emotion filmed his dusky skin.

"How do you do?" said the teacher kindly, "I saw you at the school the other night."

"Yes, ma'am," said Perly thickly.

The girl stopped at the bayou's edge, stood looking out across it. She carried her hat in her hand and the light caressed her golden head into a nimbus of glory—or so it seemed to the man.

Thinking, she momentarily forgot his presence. She was turning on her finger the modest ring of Professor Theophile Adams—Theo Adams, as mild as the day, as circumspect. He smelled of books and sunless corridors, but he was the best man she knew; the strictest in the observance of all duties, a man bound for Heaven if ever there was one.

"Teacher," said the golden voice of the slashlander, "I didn't meet ye by accident. I done it a-purpose."

Startled, she came back to the present and looked at him. He was desperately earnest, bare-faced, honest—Perly the philanderer, the guileful, the devil-may-care love-maker to all and sundry!

"Why," she said, at loss, "did you? Is there anything I can do for you?" He was not the first full-grown man she had known to come asking for "book-larnin'."

"Nary a thing," he said, "I jest wanted to look at you again."

"To look at me?"

"Yes, ma'am. There ain't no woman in this world that looks like you, I'll be bound. I had to see you—I had to."

He stopped and gazed at her in wonder. His brown eyes, sober and adoring, traveled frankly over every line of her face. They rested on her own, absorbed and forgetful of all things else, and for a moment the girl returned that young gaze as simply. Then a flush stained her fair face and she turned away abruptly.

With one long stride he reached her, laid a soft but compelling touch upon her shoulder, swinging her around. "I crave forgiveness!" he cried, "I do so! What did I say? Tell me—what did I say wrong?"

"Nothing," said Miss Freeland, "please take your hand from my shoulder."

Slowly Perly obeyed.

Stricken, he looked after her as she walked away, the sun on her gold head, her slight body moving with a reserve and pride which were magic to him.

If Perly Hines had fallen low under the spell of the new teacher of Hollis Cove, he was not the only one. It was not long before Buck Prince, hulking, huge, black of eye and hair and brow, heady and overbearing, began to ride by the Provine place on countless errands. However, she did not like Buck. There was in him a seeming of cruelty, something of the bully. He looked at her with so live a glance that something shrank within her.

She did not see Perly Hines for nearly two weeks after the meeting on the bayou's edge, and instinctively she compared him with this other—the look of his eyes, the humility of his bearing. Then she shook herself mentally. What were these back-woods folk to her? Nothing. Merely a stepping-stone to the portals of ambition—to the spot she hoped to reach before that vaguely understood day of her marriage to Theo. Theo seemed like a dream to her, so far away.

And then came the day when Ma Provine found on the back gallery a string of the finest, wide-mouthed black-bass imaginable. They came from the head of Bayou des Arc—and some one had speared them, for they were not striking at this season of the year. There was a note beside them, an atrocious scrawl of misspelled words, which said that they were "fer teechur"!

Like two beasts these sons of the backwoods fought

They did not come from Buck Prince, for Tid Provine told him of the incident and a flame of anger shot into his black eyes. Very promptly thereafter Buck took to coming into the Provine cabin of evenings, sitting with the family about the spacious hearth where the gum-logs crackled, and Tid saw to it that word went about the bottoms to the effect that Buck was "settin' up to teacher."

This came to Perly Hines, for whom it was intended. When he could bear it no longer he waylaid the girl once more as she rode home one day from school. He was nervous as a cat, twisting his hat in his hands.

"I crave forgiveness, Teacher," he said miserably, "but my heart is like a lump o' lead in me. Am I hateful in yore sight?"

He was so humble in his anxious earnestness that Mayna Freeland felt a faint stir of compassion. Perhaps it was the beauty of his sun-browned face with its dusky cheeks, its thick dark hair, that added to this feeling. At any rate she looked at him with the first touch of kindliness.

"No," she said primly, "but you must not bring me gifts like—like the string of bass."

Perly flushed painfully. "Why?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "I cannot have it."

"Why not?"

For answer the girl thrust out her left hand with its modest ring. "Because I am engaged to be married," she said.

If she had struck him she could not have hurt him more. Perly took one look and sat down abruptly on a fallen log.

"Land o' Rest!" he whispered, "I come too late!"

The low sun burnished his bent head. The bronze column [*Turn to page 68*]

He stood by the fence to watch her come, smiling in sprightly appreciation. "Hello, Sweetness!" he called as she rounded the edge of the field, "where you bound?"

What Became of Our Flappers and Sheiks?

BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

BY ZELDA SAYRE FITZGERALD

BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD *and* ZELDA SAYRE FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HELD, JR.

"Where do we go from here?" says the Flapper to her little brother, the Sheik. And that is what all the world wants to know. For every season brings a new crop of Flappers and Flapper-Jacks with ever-changing styles—the girls' bobs grow shorter and shorter and their skirts likewise, while their brothers at Yale or Princeton or Harvard wear their hair longer and longer—to match trousers, which are also fuller and fuller. What will become of this season's flappers, and what will all our sleek-haired young sheiks be doing in 1926? If you have a little sheik or flapper in your home, you will welcome these twin articles by the man who discovered the flapper and the sheik, and by the woman who was the model for the original flapper. F. Scott Fitzgerald, her discoverer, married her after he had described her and himself, in his famous novels, "This Side of Paradise" and "The Beautiful and Damned."

A FEW years ago there were so many experts on the younger generation, like for instance, the lady who wrote "Dancing with the Darkies" (which I may say I have never seen done in my own city), and Madame Glynn who said that young ladies always checked their corsets at dances. So every time I went to a dance in those days I always inquired for the corset check-room because I wanted to see a lot of corsets all hung up in a row. I even asked young ladies, while entering a dance, if there was anything they would like to check, but they never handed me anything immoral—even when I shut my eyes and held out my hand in case they should be embarrassed.

Then came the kind of younger generation who were all dressed up in bell-bottom trousers. The excitement was at fever heat. The newspapers in my town were afraid that the bell-bottoms would seize the city hall, raise a pair of trousers on the flag-staff and kill all the he-men.

Personally it made me nervous to have bells or any sort of musical instruments attached to my trousers, but I had no objections to anyone else doing it if he liked.

If you want to read about any of these kinds you had better lay this down right now. This is about the young man who was once saddled with the ghastly name of "male flapper"—a name that is as depressing as "lady wrestler," and was about as popular with the young man as "Liberty Lads" was with the doughboys.

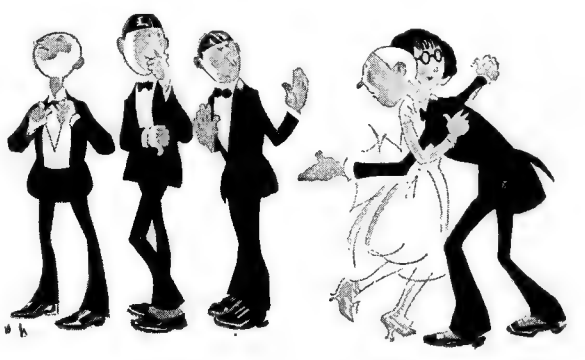
The midland cities have changed. Apartment houses have risen on the vacant lots where football teams composed of wealthy boys once played against football teams composed of "muckers." At fourteen the wealthy boy is no longer anxious to have enormous muscles and be Ted Coy of Yale, but to own a sport car and be Ben Lyons—or even Michael Arlen. The cheap literature of daring, of Nick Carter and Young Wild West, has vanished. It is a conquered world into which the post-war boy grows up; there are no outposts of civilization to grasp his imagination. He gets the impression that everything has been done. Instead of the Henty books he reads the moving picture magazines.

If by the time he is fifteen he hasn't a car of his own, some one else in his crowd is sure to have one—some one a little older or some one whose parents are too careless or too new to their money to think what having a car may mean. With a car one can be downtown, across a city, out of sight in fifteen minutes. So young [*Turn to page 42*]

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD *and* ZELDA SAYRE FITZGERALD

Accrediting the flapper with invidious ways of life has superceded the unveiling of grotesque statues of poets

The name Flapper is reminiscent of open galoshes



Even the stupid dumb-bells became Dulcies with charm

FLAPPER wasn't a particularly fortunate cognomen. It is far too reminiscent of open galoshes and covered up ears and all other proverbial flapper paraphernalia, which might have passed unnoticed save for the name. All these things are—or were—amusing externals of a large class of females who in no way deserve the distinction of being called flappers. The flappers that I am writing this article about are a very different and intriguing lot of young people who are perhaps unstable, but who are giving us the first evidence of youth asserting itself out of the cradle. They are not originating new ideas or new customs or new moral standards. They are simply endowing the old ones that we are used to with a vitality that we are not used to. We are not accustomed to having *our* daughters think our ideas for themselves, and it is distasteful to some of us that we are no longer able to fit the younger generation into our conceptions of what the younger generation was going to be like when we watched it in the nursery. I do not think that anything my daughter could possibly do eighteen years from now would surprise me. And yet I will probably be forbidding her in frigid tones to fly more than 3,000 feet high or more than five hundred miles an hour with little Willie Jones, and bidding her never to go near that horrible Mars. I can imagine these things now, but if they should happen twenty years from now, I would certainly wonder what particular dog my child was going to . . . .

The flapper springs full-grown, like Minerva, from the head of her once declassé father, Jazz, upon whom she lavishes affection and reverence, and deepest filial regard. She is not a "condition arisen from war unrest," as I have so often read in the shower of recent praise and protest which she has evoked, and to which I am contributing. She is a direct result of the greater appreciation of beauty, youth, gaiety and grace which is sweeping along in a carmagnole (I saw one in a movie once, and I use this word advisedly) with our young anti-puritans at the head. They have placed such a premium on the flapper creed—to give and get amusement—that even the dumb-bells become Dulcies and convert stupidity into charm. Dulcy is infinitely preferable to the kind of girl who, ten years ago, quoted the Rubaiyat at you and told you how misunderstood she was; or the kind who straightened your tie as evidence that in her lay the spirit of the eternal mother; or the kind who spent long summer evenings telling you that it wasn't the *number* of cigarettes you smoked that she minded but just [*Turn to page 30*]

It is a weird and lonely bit of beach and bluff and sluggish lagoon, which, tradition says, was once the haunt of pirates and wild buccaneers

The Mystery Lady

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF "CARDIGAN," "THE FIGHTING CHANCE," "THE HI-JACKERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

WHEN John Lanier saw a beautiful, well dressed young woman stealthily pick the pocket of Barney Welper —suspected crook and criminal —in the lobby of the Waldorf Hotel, he made occasion to speak to her. She tells him that her name is Maddaleen Dirck and that Welper has in his possession a valuable document which he has stolen from her brother. But what she does not tell him is that Welper and his confederates in Orizava Oil have robbed young Dirck of his patrimony, threatened him with arrest, and that he has fled to their ancestral home at Place of Swans—whence has come news of his suicide.

Lanier offers to help Maddaleen retrieve the missing paper. He introduces her to the Forty Thieves Club, of which he —and Welper—are members. Maddaleen joins the club, pretending to be Lanier's fiancée—and engages a room next to that of Welper.

WHEN Maddaleen finished, folded, sealed and addressed the note to Room *A*, she took a pistol and the master-key from her reticule, went out to the passageway, listened; then silently traversed the corridor to Mr. Welper's room. Swiftly she unlocked his door, turned on the light, locked the door from inside, and began her feverish search. Flinging the contents of the bureau drawers in every direction she rummaged everything, scattering hosiery, underwear, portfolios, jewelry about. She jerked the pillows from the bed, tore the coverings away, searched every pocket of every garment in his wardrobe, turned breathlessly to the small book-case and began to open and shake out the pages of each volume in turn.

That is where she found the paper she was looking for, among the leaves of a large, fat Bible. It was the copy, not the original parchment. Probably that was in his safe deposit.

Flushed and breathing rapidly she waited until self-command was restored; then she locked the door, placed pistol and master-key in her reticule, went leisurely down stairs, and handed to the doorman the letter addressed to B. Welper, Esqr.

As she descended the steps, she met Welper coming up. For a second her knees almost gave way, then she smiled prettily. "Good evening, Mr. Welper."

He lifted his very shiny top hat, and his bow was almost a cringe. She forced herself to walk leisurely to her taxi, and to say in a clear, careless voice: "To the Ritz, please."

As she seated herself and the cab moved off, she glanced sideways. Mr. Welper had paused on the stoop to watch her. As soon as her taxi turned the corner of Park Avenue she leaned forward and opened the sliding glass in front.

"The Pennsylvania Station," she said. "Fifty dollars if you don't get caught in the traffic!"

At the station she hurried to a telephone; called the Ritz; asked the desk to page Mr. Lanier; got him in a few moments: "Mr. Lanier? I have the paper I wanted—"

"*What!*"

"I have it. I came near being caught. Welper came into the club as I left. I tore his room to pieces but I found my paper. He *may* suspect you. I left a letter for him warning him to keep away from me and mine. And he may go to the Ritz to look for me because he heard me tell my taxi driver to go to the Ritz. So look out—"

"*You* look out!" he interrupted harshly. "If you're not utterly mad you'll stay away from the Ritz! I tell you that man is bad all through—"

"I'm not going to the Ritz. I'm going aboard my train in a moment—"

"What train? Where?"

"Don't ask me, Mr. Lanier, but give me an address. On my honour, I shall share with you half and half."

"The Imperial Loan and Trust."

"I'll remember. Thank you for what you've done—"

"I *beg* you to let me see you a moment—"

LANIER, in his drawing room, scribbled a note:

"Dear Miss Dirck,

"I am not hounding you; I am not blackmailing you; I'm not afraid you'll forget to divide with me; I'm not planning to double-cross you; and I'm not attempting to make love to you. And that's that.

"But what you've done tonight requires an interview with me before you go to sleep. I have Drawing Room A on this train. Please come to it. John Lanier."

He directed it to Section 12 and rang for the porter. Lanier said in a low voice: "For the young lady in Section 12. Ask her to send me an answer."

The porter remained absent five or six minutes, then reappeared, mysterious, important:

"The young lady wishes me to convey to you, suh, her ansuh in respect to your communication of this evenin', suh. I am requested to say to you that she will be pleased to considah a social interview with you in a few moments, suh."

Within those "few moments" there came a light knock on his door; he opened; Maddaleen stood in the corridor, wearing her scarf of silver fox over her black evening gown.

"Please come in," he said politely. His berth had not yet been made up; seats and sofa were available. They sat down vis-a-vis by the window. The girl's beautiful face was still flushed from excitement. She said: "I'm sorry I spoke to you as I did. I am ashamed."

"It's all right. You must be rather nervous."

"I am."

"I don't blame you. I'm going to exchange accommodations with you. You must take this drawing room and I'll occupy your section."

"No, thank you—"

"I understand," he said good humouredly, "that you don't care to be under obligations to a man of my sort. But I really don't mind a lower berth, and you really do need conveniences, comfort, and a good night's rest."

"Why should *I* concern *you*, Mr. Lanier?" she returned coldly.

"That you should feel perfectly fit tomorrow concerns our common safety."

"Has what I have done tonight compromised your security, too?"

"Probably. It has been their—*our*—custom," he replied gravely, "to search for and try to murder any member who has violated the neutrality of the Forty Club."

The girl's coolness and self-control preoccupied him. Her gaze met his; not a nerve twitched or a muscle quivered.

"Has that ever before occurred?"

"Twice since I have been a member."

"Did they discover the—"

"In both cases. That is why I'm concerned about you."

She gave him a flushed and troubled look; remained silent for a while, then, with some difficulty: "I'm not a crook, Mr. Lanier. And that is the—reason for my—attitude. Probably you believe I am a criminal. I've behaved like one."

Her lifted eyes were interrogative. He answered them: "You are a finished actress, Miss Dirck. I don't know what else you may be. You're the cleverest woman I ever knew. I actually am not sure at this moment whether you are straight or crooked. And I'm not a fool. I've told you that the members of the Forty Club are dangerous because they don't *look* like criminals. It's easy enough to see what sort of girl you *seem* to be. I know nobody who would not be disarmed instantly at sight of you. Who would not be perfectly certain of you the moment you spoke. But I have seen you pick a man's pocket. And I have seen a gun in your hand-bag. And I've seen you *act*. How did you ever put it over so quickly?"

She told him the story calmly, admitting that she had lured him to the Ritz to get him out of the way. She said, in ending: "What I have told you is true. My motives for behaving like a crook I cannot explain. Think what you please about me, Mr. Lanier. It really doesn't matter."

He said: "You've made up your mind about *me*, haven't you? That I'm a crook?"

"I suppose so. Does it matter?" she repeated coldly.

"Yes, it does. Because it puts us on common ground if I regard you as a crooked little girl," he replied smilingly.

"If your conclusion were a fact it would put us on common ground. But, whatever you choose to believe, I'm quite frank with you, Mr. Lanier; I'm not a criminal; I have never done anything dishonest; I am not interested in dishonest people; I *couldn't* be."

"Suppose I reform. Would it help me with you?"

She turned her head to look at him. His handsome face seemed serious, almost wistful. "It ought to interest any decent woman," she said, "if a man attempts to regain his self-respect—"

The porter appeared with Maddaleen's luggage, saying that Section 12 was now made up. He removed Lanier's effects; and that young man rose to make his adieux.

"About leopards' spots and Ethiopians we can continue some other time," he remarked cheerfully, "but what I ought to know tonight is your destination."

"I am going to Cape Charles," she said with a slight shiver. "I expect to take the boat from there to Norfolk."

"And then?"

She looked up out of eyes that were slowly becoming less hostile: "Why do you ask, Mr. Lanier? Do you really mean it kindly?"

"I ask because I don't intend to leave you for a single moment until you are safe."

"Oh. . . . What do you intend to do? Follow me?"

"Keep a lively and sophisticated eye on you." He added, smilingly: "Set a thief to watch thieves, you know. I ought to make the best of watch dogs . . . . Of course," he added blandly, "after we divide 50-50 I won't bother you with my attentions."

"Naturally," she said with faint contempt. And, oddly enough, it hurt her to realize the base and selfish motives of this man. She said with heightened colour: "Well, if you think it advisable to remain in my vicinity for a while, I'll tell you where I'm going: I'm going by train from Norfolk to a little crossroads hamlet called Stede's Landing. From there I shall journey in a launch to an island called Place-of-Swans. I live on one of them. It is a weird and lonely bit of beach and bluff and lagoon which, tradition says was once the haunt of pirates and wild buccaneers. It is my only real home. And there are real men there," she added, looking insolently at him, "who care for me and know how to take care of me. And are not paid crooks."

He found Maddaleen standing at the open door and gazing out across the bay

"I appreciate," he said, grinning, "your girlish confidence in my being as rotten as I seem to be." He went off toward Section 12. There he opened a suit-case, and changed his evening clothing for tweeds and knickerbockers. Then he extended himself flat on his bunk, took a pistol in either hand, and fixed his eyes on the locked door of Drawing Room *A*, where a ceiling light burned.

"That is the cleverest, the most dangerous, and most crooked woman in the United States," he reflected; "or else she is the straightest, pluckiest, *and* cleverest. . . . . But—I'm taking no chances."

His two pistols placed upon the blankets on either side of him, he rang for his porter and requested a telegraph blank. When the pad was brought he sat up cross-legged on the bunk, covered both pistols with the sheets, fished out a fountain pen; and wrote a night letter to one Donald Mayne:

"The two men and the woman indicted in the Orizava Oil matter are Eugene Renton, Harry Senix, and Helen Wyvern. Welper, the brains, has not been named. The action of the Government has been premature. Departments do not co-ordinate. Those named will vanish. ....

"For your personal and confidential information other matters more important than Orizava Oil are linked with that corporation. These matters include the recent sale of Tiger Island to the Du Bloon Syndicate; the negotiations with the Mexican, Guatemalan, and Costa Rican Governments and with the Government of Panama for concessions in Chiapas, at Ixlu, in the Perlas Islands, and at Old Panama. The two or three millions cleaned up in Orizava Oil are nothing compared to plans for a two hundred million clean-up financed by Orizava profits.

"I am keeping in touch, always mindful of your interests and mine. Welper knows quite well that we must have ours in anything pulled off, but he doesn't dream how much we must have.

"I may wire for you at any moment. Until I do don't let anybody at the Forty Club put anything over on you in Central America. And don't worry about me. J. L."

Lanier leaned forward in his bunk and touched the porter, who was waiting in the aisle. "Send this from Cape Charles," he said. "And I want you to secure for me two cabins de luxe on a private corridor on the Norfolk boat. Can you do it?"

"I'm sorry, suh—"

"Could you do it for a fifty dollar tip?"

"Yaas, suh—"

"Do it. Get the two best on the boat for us and I'll give you a hundred dollars."

THE sleeping car was dark and silent.

A little after two o'clock, Lanier swung himself noiselessly to the edge of his couch, sat listening for a moment, then, pocketing both pistols but holding them grasped in both hands, he rose and walked swiftly down the corridor.

A man was busy with the locked and curtained window of Drawing Room *A*. A tiny ray of electric light streamed out of his scarf-pin and revealed two abnormally small hands roaming over sill and pane. "Barney," said Lanier calmly.

The soft fingers, instantly still, remained motionless on the pane. Slowly Mr. Welper turned his head in the darkness, and the thin star-ray from his scarf-pin fell upon Lanier's breast. "What do you think you're putting over?" inquired Lanier in a low voice full of cold contempt.

Welper's voice was as cautious and as calm: "I'm after what's mine, John."

"Walk out into the vestibule."

After a fraction of a second's hesitation Welper turned with a mousy movement and moved silently toward the vestibule, followed by the younger man. Through the glass sides the starlight made the two men visible to each other. "Now," said Lanier, "what are you trying to do to my girl, Barney?"

"Do you know what she's done to me? Frisked my room at the Forty Club."

"What did you ever do to her, Barney?" asked Lanier; and there was a hint of a smile in his voice.

"I never did anything to your girl. But I know now where I first saw her. And she followed me. She put one over on you, too, John. Or—"

"Get this, Barney," said Lanier in an even voice, "she's my girl and that's that."

Welper moistened his lips. His sly, half-veiled eyes fell to the side pockets of Lanier's coat. He knew now that he was covered with two pistols.

"Safety first, my friend. Get it out of your bean that I'm doubling on you. I could have killed you there in the corridor. You've a gun and a 'can-opener' on you. Any jury would have thanked me. Is that right?"

"Yes, John—so far."

"All set, then, as far as it concerns me. And now I'll take you all the way, Barney. Do you know what would happen to you if you had croaked my girl?....Think of that the next time you jump to a conclusion. You're twice my age; you've a hundred times my experience, Barney; but I don't fly off the handle over a scrap of paper. And now you listen to me. Here's the whole business; my girl told me you'd stolen a document that is her property. I warned her not to pull anything inside the Forty Club. Being a kid she didn't think I meant it. She played me for a boob, planted me at the Ritz, slid on a back-trail to the club, palmed the master-key, and got her document. Then she called me at the Ritz and spilled it. I handed it to her good over the wire and I guess I scared her, for she started to beat it till it blew over. But she couldn't get away with *that*. I came after her—and I guess she realizes what's coming to her, because she's locked herself into that drawing room, and I'm sitting up to nab her. And that's the situation—"

The young man stepped close to Mr. Welper and looked him in the eyes:

"*You* keep out of this," he said. "I'll maintain discipline in my own family. *I'll* do the punishing. You'll get what's yours. But, if ever again you meddle with what belongs to me, you can pick out your style of casket and your own favorite hymn."

After a pause Welper said: "Very well, John. When do I get my document?"

"When I take a stick to her, I suppose."

"You promise?"

"Certainly. She gives up or I beat her up. Do you think any skirt runs my business?" Lanier's smile became so unpleasant that Welper's ebbing suspicions ebbed faster.

"I don't understand yet," he said softly, "how your girl knew the value of that document. But she did. She got a glimpse of it. Then she took a taxi and followed me. She played you for a sucker, got into the Forty, frisked my room—all for that paper. Why?"

"That's past me, too," said Lanier. "But don't worry; she'll get what's coming to her and you'll get what's coming to you, Barney. If things seem to break bum, you come to *me*."

"Yes, John."

Welper's sly eyes sought the door of the rear sleeper.

"You in *there?*" inquired Lanier.

"Yes, John."

"Alone?"

"Sam Potter."

"Anyone else to follow you?"

"P-possibly Gene and Harry—"

"Eugene Renton and Harry Senix?"

"Well, I left word—"

"Oh, go back to bed, you old Dodo! What's the matter

with you, starting the whole club out to 'get' my girl and me when you've only circumstantial evidence?" Lanier's right hand flashed out and ran over Welper like lightning: "You've two guns, a knife, a squirt and a go-easy on you, not counting your sectional can-opener. What do you think you're doing, mobilizing like that? Go to bed. You sicken me."

Lanier turned on his heel, jerked open the car door, and left Welper with his loose mouth partly open.

Lanier could have gone to bed and to sleep. He was certain of that. But this girl's security had become a positive obsession already. The image of Maddaleen Dirck remained before him all night—her unusual beauty emphasized by the black gown of mourning; her dark blue eyes, lovely and fearless; the enchantment of voice, of her smile—

A few minutes before the train rolled slowly into the station at Cape Charles, Maddaleen came from her room, dressed in a black wool traveling gown and hat. She nodded to Lanier with polite reserve.

"No," he said, "that won't do. Please act. We've been followed. Last night they tried to kill you."

She gave him a startled but incredulous look; saw the grave concern under his smile, felt the full shock of fear.

"Probably we're watched," he said calmly. "We'd better play our parts from now on. Behave as though we were in love but had quarreled."

Her voice was not entirely clear and steady: "Shall I—kiss you?"

"Yes, that's corroborative evidence. Put both hands on my shoulders."

Maddaleen placed her ungloved hands on Lanier's shoulders; and stood so, blushing furiously.

"My part is to sulk," he whispered.

"I understand—"

One arm slipped around his reluctant shoulder; he turned, sullenly, but she drew his head against hers, laughing, and kissed his cheekbone. "Who followed me?" she whispered close to his face.

"Welper and Sam Potter."

"What did they do?"

"Welper tried to jimmy your window."

He felt her hands trembling on his shoulders.

But now the train was slowing to a stop; passengers emerged from sections and began to fill the aisle; porters appeared outside along the dim platform. Lanier drew her to the vestibule. "Call two porters," he said to his own porter. "Send that night letter; get those two staterooms and be mighty quick about it. Then come to the boat for your tip."

And now on the dimly lighted platform he drew the girl aside and backed her against an iron pillar; and stood so as to cover her with his own body, passing his left arm through hers. His right hand clutched a levelled pistol in the depths of his coat pocket.

"Look!" she interrupted; "there is Mr. Welper!"

"I see him. And that big, jolly looking man with light eyes is Sam Potter. Try not to forget *his* face."

"They don't see us," she breathed.

"Oh, yes they do."

He felt the girl beside him shudder.

"Maddaleen?" he whispered.

"Yes—"

"You *are* game aren't you?"

"I hope so . . . . Yes."

"Very well. If they try anything I'm going to shoot through my coat pocket. If I do, don't move."

"I—won't," she faltered.

"I'll *have* to kill them both if they turn tricky. You'll be cleared. So will I, for that matter. I want you to look up at me and smile. Quick—"

She turned her head, smiled adorably, laid her vivid cheek against his shoulder:

"Don't be angry, dear," she murmured. "I'm sorry I tricked you."

"What you need is a beating up," he interrupted with cold brutality.

The act was on. Welper's sly eyes watched them askance as he moved about the platform, busy with baggage and porters.

"You'll love me better if I give you what's coming to you," he growled; and took possession of her arm roughly.

"Jack, dear, I'm sorry—" She leaned closer to his shoulder with a sort of scared coquetry. "I'm sorry, Jack—"

"You'll be sorrier before the day's over." Then he murmured under his breath: "Turn nasty and defy me. I've *got* to beat you up on the boat, but I promise it won't hurt."

The girl took her cue; drew away from him with a defiant, sinister little laugh; and again he jerked her back to his side.

"You rotten bully," she exclaimed with a venom that really startled him.

Welper, passing close behind them in the crowd, heard Lanier say in a guarded voice, thick with ferocity:

"Give me what you stole from Barney Welper, or I'll whale the hide off you when I get you on board!"

Sam Potter, following two negroes carrying the luggage, caught up with Welper. "Hey," he whispered jovially, "d'ye hear what John is handing that gay-cat of his?"

Welper nodded cautiously.

"I hope he takes the skin off her," said Mr. Potter with a satisfied grin. They went aboard the brilliantly lighted boat and stood in the centre of the saloon, watching the crowd of passengers slowly moving through.

Presently: "There they come, Barney," whispered Sam. "Turn your back and I'll look around your right ear at them—"

"I see them in the mirror."

Maddaleen and Lanier passed amid the throng, piloted by laden porters.

"They've got the best stateroom,," said Porter. "Some front they pull. What?"

"He means to marry her," remarked Welper, as they entered their own stateroom.

"Oh, *that* bunk?" sneered Potter.

"No; it's level, I guess. They're tied tight and good, those two. You can tell: there's something in the girl's eyes—and in the fellow's. I was hasty, I guess..M—m, yes; I guess John is going to make her eat her lip-stick—and like it. But if he hadn't been that kind of guy—I—m—m, I think that little lady would have been 'found' in Drawing Room *A*, Sam—discovered by a porter this morning with her pretty head out of joint—m—m; and with both ornamental eyes open and a sailor's knot in her silly neck. You going to bed, Sam?"

"Ho—ho!" roared Mr. Potter, selecting a cigar from his vest pocket. "I'm going to eat first. Come on to breakfast, Barney—And say; the corridor runs aft right past their stateroom. I'd like to hear him beat her up."

They strolled through the saloon toward the after saloon-deck; and both paused in the corridor by the door of the stateroom.

Through the keyhole Mr. Potter's large cable-chain of gold and sapphires, which spanned his stomach and anchored watch and keys in his vest pockets, was visible to Lanier. He recognized the lavish jewelry as Mr. Potter's, straightened up, signalled to Maddaleen that the expected eavesdroppers had arrived, and that their act was on again.

"Come here," he said, threateningly. "Bring me that paper you swiped. Do you hear?"

"I hear you."

"Well, I'm waiting."

"I won't give you that paper."

"You won't?"

"No!"

"You *won't?*"

Welper and Potter heard a scuffle; a slight scream instantly muffled, as though by a hand. The struggle became graphically audible; the listeners almost could see the two young people in the cabin swaying, reeling, clutching each other,—see the infuriated, panting girl dragged away from the bunk where she sought refuge;—see the very blows that fell from Lanier's limber walking stick—which fell, actually, upon the bed.

"I'll teach you to play crooked in the Forty Club when I tell you it isn't done there!" came Lanier's cool, malignant voice, followed by blows and choked whimpers from the struggling girl.

Potter was fairly squirming with pleasure as the noise of blows increased with sobbing and crying.

"Will you give me that paper?"

"Yes—O, yes!"

"Well, then hand it over!"

There came an interval of suspense punctuated by strangling sobs. Then the girl's exhausted voice:

"There, Jack, darling—"

Welper and Potter, listening with painful intensity, gazed triumphantly at each other.

"He's got your stuff for you," motioned Potter with his thick lips; "come on down to breakfast, Barney."

"That's what she needed," murmured Welper. "M—m, yes; whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. M—m . . . She'll be crazy about that young man after this. They all fall for the man who knows how to beat them up."

In the stateroom Maddaleen, dishevelled, flushed, palpitating, sat on the bed breathing fast and unevenly. Lanier leaned against the door, his features set in stern lines, listening to the departing eavesdroppers. After a little while he ventured to open the door and look out. The corridor was empty. "Now," he said, turning to the girl, "give me the paper you took from Welper. We'll have to give it back. But I'm going to make a copy of it for you."

Lanier seated himself at the little desk, pulled toward him a sheet of the steamer's stationery, and took from his key-ring a gold pencil-case fitted with indelible lead.

In a few moments the girl came back. She had a paper in her hand.

"I'm trying to throw a sop to that bloodhound," said Lanier. "I want to get him off your trail if I can—permanently . . . . After all, isn't a copy of this paper sufficient for your purpose?"

"Yes—"

"Does it matter if Welper possesses the original as long as you have a copy?"

"N—no."

"Well, then?"

She still hesitated. He gave her a puzzled glance, then reddened:

"You don't wish *me* to see it. Is that it?"

"Yes," she admitted, "that is it."

"You're afraid of treachery," he said calmly.

She [*Turn to page 77*]

As she descended the steps she met Welper coming up. For a second her knees almost gave way. Then she smiled prettily. "Good evening, Mr. Welper," she said.

ARE Cities the curse of civilization, or are they its supreme expression and its goal? And if so, out of their great melting pots what will eventually come—gold or dross? In this brilliantly searching analysis, Doctor Cadman fearlessly faces this issue now challenging us. "Tragedy lurks in the lure of the City," he says. "But our youth cannot be provided with a fool-proof city any more than with a rogue-proof one. Nor do we want our boys and girls of today shielded from all buffeting. Possibly the hardships of city life will mean to them what the struggles of frontier life meant to their forbears." Dr. Cadman presents here a great thesis and, as always, handles it revealingly.

The Lure Of The City

BY THE REV. S. PARKES CADMAN

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED BY HUGH FERRISS

To the country lad the giant skyscrapers appear ramparts of the city of success

IT WAS in 1892, the year of the World's Fair at Chicago when everyone who could do so journeyed to the "Windy City" to join in its celebration, that a picture in the art gallery drew a goodly number of daily visitors. It was not a masterpiece to be preserved in a museum, but it had the resistless appeal of domestic affection and simplicity to the general mind. Its message was plain for all. The scene it depicted occurs somewhere in our land and every other at least every twenty-four hours—a boy leaving the parental roof for the first time, perchance for the last; his face flushed with repressed excitement, his father and the team waiting at the door to convey him to the railroad station in the glen below the hill farm; his mother with her toil worn hands resting on his shoulders, and her eyes of sacrificial love searching his very soul.

This was all, but it was enough to start thousands of spectators musing on the lure of the city. Behind the picture, behind its arresting figure of the mother, one heard the siren voice of the town summoning her son. He was severing home ties, leaving a safe anchorage for the thrill of life's adventure in the crowded ways of men. A hundred years before he would have crossed the Alleghanies, following the call to the new west. In 1892 as in 1925 he set out for the city.

That popular and moving play "The Old Homestead" emphasized the same wanderlust. One recalls its pathos and humor. How uncles, cousins and aunts from "away back" roared with laughter at the blunders of Uncle Joshua in the city drawing room! How they wept over the sorrows of the prodigal's father, and rejoiced when he found his boy! What gusts of emotion swept through the breathless audience when the music of the hymn pealed forth from a nearby church, while the father cried "My son! My son!" Of course the play was rankly sentimental, crudely constructed, in certain parts unreal—mere melodrama. Probably it deserved some of the strident asperities heaped upon it by the drill sergeants of the stage. But they could not wipe it out. It carried on while not a few of their favorite plays died, for the reason that it suggested a grim realism hovering in the rear of its rusticities.

Tragedy lurks in the lure of the city; it is actual in the youthful experiences of many who rush thither to learn that all is not gold which glitters. Their elders, cautious and conservative, resent the town's fascination for their children. Even when they live in it, frequently they are not of it. The belief that youngsters should improve rather than enjoy themselves is still widely held. That both can be done together does not seem possible to some parents.

Probably all agree that the city offers more openings for good or evil than does the country. Yet those who shrink from its sway have reasons for their reluctance. Crimes of violence are rampant in cities, vice flourishes there: puts on its most seductive airs, flaunts its enticements. In 1922 there were 260 murders in New York City, 137 in Chicago, and more, in proportion to the population, in Memphis than in either New York or Chicago. In 1921 there were 1145 robberies in New York City, 2417 in Chicago, and a corresponding number in numerous other American cities of the first class. These statistics uncover a grave national problem.

Happily, sober, decent and orderly citizens are still in the majority. But they are disorganized, and so not always equal to the united pressure of corrupt politics and vicious pursuits. Yet those citizens are unalterably opposed to flapperism, to promiscuous sex contacts, to constant drinking and dancing, fiddling and feasting. The average industrious, thrifty and clean blooded farmer and artisan groups loathe the admixture of gin and blasphemy, rum running and bootlegging, and their kindred iniquities which defile small towns and big cities, spreading their contagions near and far. Undoubtedly, this lewd game of demoralization brings huge fortunes to rascals who prey on young simpletons of both sexes, or retail their vile stuff to older but law breaking people who are without excuse for their betrayal of the young. The social set which "puts the feet above the head to swear the brains are in the feet" is fair game for ruffians who combine everything disreputable with a rough and ready bravado. They can usually induce susceptible adolescents and not a few adults to fall into their net. That these evils should be brazenly paraded is the shame of the city, and they are not entirely absent from the country. Palatial residences, handsome avenues, gilded centers and refined social intercourse do not compensate America for the damage done to its rising generation by the recklessness which engenders crime.

After all, our youth is the living protoplasm out of which the Republic of tomorrow must be grown. It cannot be provided with a fool-proof city any more than with a rogue-proof one. As in nearly every other instance of this sort, the remedy is in the hands of the people.

It is customary for such writers as I have in mind to deride the countryman. He is their "boob" relation—melancholy, slow, lumbering, gullible. The dislike is mutual since, whatever he is, the countryman has a latent or open aversion for the city man. It is admissible that his aversion springs from prejudices as well as principles. But they are frequently healthy prejudices in behalf of living one day so that one can live the next, and these predominate in rural communities. So the plain person from the hinterlands is never negligible. He originally made this nation; he has rendered it great and lasting services, he saved it from defeat or destruction on at least three historic occasions. The men and women who are attached to the simple life outside cities are prone to solid views;

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True, the city offers more openings for good or evil than does the country, but tragedy lurks in its lure

She was lost in a contemplation of the shining water, the way to the south

ANN FASCITT

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

AUTHOR OF "JAVA HEAD," "CYTHEREA," "BALISAND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

Roving the imagination of Joseph Hergesheimer, the famous American novelist, are half a score or so of "dream women" whom he constantly ponders, but who have never quite succeeded in forcing their way into one of his books. But as an artist's sketches are often as interesting as his finished portraits, so these studies by Mr. Hergesheimer exhibit all the vitality and all the fire of the fascinating characters developed at full length in his novels. This is the fourth of this series of his "dream women" whom he is describing in McCall's, and, although Ann Fascitt is a feminist and believes herself completely outside the world of love-making, you will agree that in her Mr. Hergesheimer has discovered a flavor and charm that is all her own, showing that the eternal feminine can never quite be lost.

IT had been my intention to go to Monroe, Louisiana, to see E. K. Means, but the error of a ticket-seller had started me well toward the Monroe that is in Alabama; and, finding my mistake in Mobile, it was necessary for me to wait there two days at least before I could go on to any proper destination. Mobile, at first, disappointed me, but that was because of the song, the magic of a phrase—the musical adoration of a yellow girl down in Mobile had, through years, convinced me that it was the most romantic city in America. But the romance was not easy to discover:

The hotel, though, was remarkable—a vision remotely Gothic touched with a Byzantine fancy; it was like, really, a cathedral with spittoons; and when, in the morning, I ordered red snapper—a superlative fish—no matter how I lowered my voice the echo of that unsingular demand would roll in a sonorous thunder under the high domed ceiling. Once, thoughtlessly, I asked for salt in a tone sharper than usual and the splinters of sound, I was sure, echoed in the dining-room long after I had gone. The mezzanine balcony, open on the main floor, was the customary shadowy retreat—the shadows had the feel and appearance of ancient dust—for girls always fully dressed for the street, always alert, expectant, but never meeting anyone and never actually stirring. They were invariably brightly dressed, calculatingly feminine, and in no circumstance living at the hotel.

I talked to them, naturally—they were at once southern, in the middle Atlantic sense, and metallic, a contradictory state of being; but they didn't, ultimately, engage me, and I gave up any thought of pleasant company. Then, in the manner of an ironical comment upon my conclusion, the note was brought to my room from Ann Fascitt. It was as direct, as bluff in composition, as her name—

She was in Alabama for the organization of a mass meeting in the support of a league of militant women. Which I didn't know; even when I was talking to Ann Fascitt I couldn't remember the name of her party; but it was the most aggressive, the one best worth attention, she explained, of them all. I came to allow that, admitting to her that my ignorance about women's parties, political and sociological, was too profound to allow any distinguishing of one from the other. This declaration she met with the visible restraint of superiority and resolute patience.

But, reading her note, before I saw her at all, she interested me not because of her announced and grave purpose, but for the reason that she must be amazing seated, more or less, among the bright little vultures of the mezzanine. I telephoned her at once—she had a cool decided voice precisely like the pen strokes of her writing—and arranged to meet her that morning. Her appearance—the level hand she held out was precisely like her voice—surprised me.

Ann Fascitt was, undeniably, attractive: she was slender and tall, but not too tall nor too slender; she had a cloud of ashen blonde hair loose about her ears, clear grey eyes, a mouth decided but not pinched; and she was dressed in black with a single strand of small good pearls. Her slippers, strapped about her ankles, were specially engaging. However, she gave me no time to linger over details which she regarded as frivolous; she plunged at once into her intention.

It happened that I hated to listen to people, but, with Miss Fascitt, I disciplined myself into a sort of attention, for it was very important that I should understand, as far as possible, what her mind and ideas were. Ordinarily, they would have only annoyed me—frivolous details—but, suddenly, I had an uncommonly favorable chance to discover [*Turn to page 71*]

THEY told him he would find her "a dangerous woman", this adventuress who had intrigued his son. And then he found in her the girl he had known years ago, the Dolores he had once worshipped. Could he, offering himself as a substitute, persuade her to release his son? Reckoning without love, this might have been the solution, but a love such as Dolores had borne him through many years of devotion, can strike a strange compromise, and the memory of the past guided her to the only course she could follow.

A Dangerous Woman

By Margaret Pedler

AUTHOR OF "THE MOON OUT OF REACH", "THE LAMP OF FATE", "THE VISION OF DESIRE"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LITTLE

She was sure of herself, sure of her undimmed beauty

DEAR Peter: I'm just off to seek fresh fields and pastures new. Italy is altogether too elegant for the likes of me, and if the spars of the old tub I've chartered for the purpose hold together, I'm proposing to spend the next few months cruising about in the South Seas. But before I shake off the dull dust of these civilised parts, here's just a word to the wise: Recall that blessed son and heir of your home to England, *and do it quick*. The climate here's a deal too heating to the blood—young blood, anyway—and if you want to save his soul alive, you'll get him home.

"To put it concisely, young Toby's in the toils of Dolores di Ravoglini, an extremely beautiful person who lives in a gorgeous villa on the Bay of Naples. An adventuress, of course, but unique in her own line. You don't see her anywhere in public. In fact, current gossip has it that she never goes outside the grounds of her villa. But her toils have caught, one at a time, more good fellows than one cares to think of, and some of them never get over it. Besides, her tastes, apparently, are catholic. I, personally, know of a rising young barrister who, since his acquaintance with the fair Dolores, will rise no more, and equally well of a certain highly-placed personage who was only hurried home by his suite in time to save a European scandal. She's a dangerous woman, with this veil she has woven about herself of mystery, aloofness, wit and—the beauty; she'll swallow Toby at a gulp—make no more of him than a hors-d'oeuvre. So my advice to you, old son, is—get him home. You're asking for trouble if you leave him to his own devices out here any longer. Yours ever, Jim."

The man to whom this letter was addressed read it through for the second time, and the clouded expression for which it was responsible deepened on his face. It was an arresting face, that of a man of forty-eight or thereabouts, finely chiselled and sensitive, with keen grey eyes and a clean-shaven mouth closing in a straight, stern line which was oddly contradicted by the sweet-tempered uplift at its corners.

"Dolores!" Peter Bettington repeated the name aloud. It was curious that from the shock of dismay with which the letter had smitten him the one salient point which emerged, with a surprising clarity, was the fact that the woman who was evidently in a fair way to spoil his son's life bore the same name as the woman who had played a part in the days of his own youth, "Nearly five and twenty years ago," he mused.

A quarter of a century is a big slice out of life; but to Peter, looking back along the vista of the years, it did not seem as long as that since the time when he and that other Dolores—Dolores Daventry—had played at love together throughout the whole of a golden summer by the Cornish sea. He could see her now, with the eyes of his mind, as clearly as he had seen her then with the adoring eyes of ardent youth—a slip of a girl with night-black hair and cream-white skin, like some wonderful black and white etching, looking up at him with the dark, fringed pools of eyes which had been the gift of her Italian mother. Born of mixed English and Latin parentage, the South had predominated unmistakably in her temperament. She had all the fire and passion and allure of her maternal ancestry.

How he had worshipped her! Probably—almost certainly—he would have married her if Barbara Grey had not chanced to cross his path just then—Barbara, restfully simple and sincere, with serene blue eyes and nondescript fair hair, and that frank, half-boyish camaraderie and charm which seems to be the peculiar heritage of the Englishwoman. The strange, indefinable call of race had to be reckoned with. Unconsciously Bettington reacted to it, and before long, with suddenly clarified vision, he was wondering how on earth the exotic, feverish beauty of Dolores could ever have appealed to him. The glamour and the spell were gone.

Subsequently, when his engagement to Barbara Grey was announced, Dolores had been one of the first to offer her felicitations—with an insouciant gaiety which had effectually disposed of the idea that her heart had been any more seriously involved than Peter's own, and during the years of perfect happiness which succeeded his marriage he had practically forgotten all about her. Once he remembered vaguely hearing that she had married, and later still came the news that she had divorced her husband, neither of which facts had seemed to be even remotely connected with his own life.

And now this gravely warning letter from Jim Burnaby, with its mention of the name Dolores, had suddenly reminded him of things which had long faded from his memory. It was only a coincidence, of course, the similarity of name. But for a moment it brought the past vividly before him. He could see again the gaunt, stark cliffs of Cornwall, with the dazzling blue sea breaking in a smother of flying spume against their rugged sides, hear again the roar that did not drown the sweet voice and low laughter at his side, he could recapture the clean, sharp tang of brine in the air as it mingled with the faint, elusive scent of stephanotis which had been wont to signify for him the presence of Dolores.

He brushed his hand across his eyes, deliberately dismissing the recollections which had suddenly risen up from the past to confront him. The present [*Turn to page 79*]

In a hospital room Nora found her brother with Big Boy Morgan watching beside his bed

A Son of His Father

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "WHEN A MAN'S A MAN," "THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH," "THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

NORA O'SHEA, who has come to Big Boy Morgan's Arizona ranch in search of her brother, is held a prisoner at the notorious Black Canyon ranch, owned by Zobetser. Holdbrook, Zobetser's ally in smuggling operations, is to come into possession of Morgan's ranch the next day, provided his record is clear at that time.

WHEN Big Boy Morgan, Charlie Gray and the Las Rosas cowboys returned from the east mesa late that afternoon they were not long in hearing from Wing Foo of Nora's prolonged absence.

The men were about to saddle fresh horses to go in search of the Irish girl when Holdbrook rode into the corral. Morgan, at once, asked him if he had seen Nora, and Holdbrook answered easily: "Certainly, I have seen her—I have been with her all day."

"Where is she now?"

"At Black Canyon with her brother and Dolores."

There was an angry movement among the cowboys—with low muttered exclamations and growling comments they drew closer together. Morgan's voice was cool but charged with something which caused a hush to fall upon the little company. "I think, Holdbrook, you had better explain."

"Explain what?"

"How did Miss O'Shea learn that her brother was at Black Canyon?"

"I told her. That's all there is to it. I told Miss O'Shea that her brother had left you and was working with the Black Canyon outfit. She went to see him. Dolores invited her to stay the night. She accepted. She is coming back tomorrow. Day after tomorrow Larry comes back to work for me here at Las Rosas—if that's of any interest to you. As for what Nora thinks of your high handed interference between herself and her brother, you will hear that from the girl herself."

AT the old adobe ruin a quarter of a mile below the barn and corrals, a great horned owl perched on a corner of the crumbling walls. From somewhere in the hills a cow bawled mournfully. A coyote, scouting for his evening meal on the farther side of the valley, yapped his weird chorus. A man appeared suddenly in the patch of moonlight in front of the ruin and as quickly vanished in the black shadows of the ancient walls.

An hour passed. There was no movement within the old ruin but the owl did not return to his place on the corner of the wall. Then in the stillness came the sharp sound of a horse's iron shoes striking against a rock, and in the black shadow of the ruin there was a sudden movement. A moment later a horse and rider approached—coming along the ridge across the sea of grama-grass through the bright moonlight and the black shadows. When quite close to the ancient walls the horse stopped and a low, musical voice called in Spanish: "Pablo, are you there?"

The vaquero came out from the black shadows of the walls and Dolores slipped from the saddle into his arms. But it was not long until the happy pair were interrupted by a sound which came from the farther end of the ruin. Pablo, with a quick movement, swung the girl behind him and in the same fraction of a second a gun was in his free hand.

"Who ees there?" he called sharply and repeated the challenge in Spanish.

A familiar voice answered from behind the corner of the wall. "Don't shoot, Pablo; it is all right."

"Señor Gray! What ees it that you do? Pretty near one little minute more you get yourself killed for sure."

As Charlie Gray stepped out into the moonlight and came toward them the vaquero returned his gun to his holster and put his arm around Dolores. The student removed his hat. "Congratulations, Pablo. Miss Dolores, I am very happy for you. Will you both forgive me for intruding at such a moment?"

"Gracias, Señor," returned the Mexican girl quietly. "It ees ver' sure that my Pablo and me know how you are all the time one good frien'. It ees because of La Señorita Nora that you come, I theenk, yes?"

"Yes, it is for Nora. You see, Pablo, I couldn't quite believe all that Holdbrook told us about meeting the girl and I noticed that you seemed puzzled over it, too. When I considered your love for Dolores I could see a reason for your telling Nora about her brother and helping her to go to the canyon, while Holdbrook had every reason for not telling her. Of course I reasoned, too, that you would surely send word by Nora to Dolores that you would wait for her here."

Pablo smiled happily. "Me, I think you one smart man, Señor Gray. Ees it that Señor Morgan an' the others know how you think?"

"Not a soul knows anything about my coming here, Pablo. Tell me, Dolores, is Miss Nora safe? Is it all right for her to be at the canyon with her brother?"

"No, no, no, Señor Gray, it ees all wrong. Me, I love La Señorita Nora and so, Señor, I will tell you all—everything that Injun Pete will do and I will tell about that Black Canyon that I hate."

The Mexican girl then gave to Gray in detail all the facts about the operations of Zobetser and his Black Canyon outfit—told him of the shipment that had been brought to the canyon by automobiles the night before—how the arms and ammunition were at that moment stored at Pete's place and would be forwarded tomorrow night, and explained how Nora's visit to the canyon, at this particular time, together with her arraignment of the Black Canyon outfit and her threats of arrest, had placed her in grave danger.

"And then thees man, Jim Holdbrook, he ees try to make La Señorita Nora say she will be his wife and tell to her how it ees she will be send away into Mexico with the smugglers if she do not say the 'yes' to heem. But Señorita Nora, she will not say to heem the 'yes'—she say 'no' because of her love for Señor Morgan—but that, La Señorita did not say to me—then Holdbrook and Injun Pete they make again the talk what they will do. Pete, he ees say sure how he will send La Señorita away. Holdbrook, he ees say 'no,' he will make with her the marriage and she shall not be send away because when she ees marry with heem then will she not tell about the Black Canyon what they do. And so Injun Pete, he ees send the, what you call, messenger, to Zobetser thees night to ask of heem what ees bes' thing he shall do."

"Good!" cried Gray. "Now listen, Dolores, you must go back to the canyon and don't let them think that you have started anything—you can do that?"

"Si Señor, that ees easy to do, what you say."

"And, Pablo, don't you let a soul know what we know, sabe?"

"Si, Señor. But ees it not best that we tell Señor Morgan an' the boys so that we can go to Black Canyon quick an'

Pablo swung the girl behind him. "Who ees there?" he called sharply and repeated the challenge in Span-

bring La Señorita Nora an' her brother away from that place?"

"No, Pablo, that would not do. There is a better way—a way that will save Nora and save Las Rosas for Mr. Morgan, too."

"Me, I know," cried Dolores, "it ees if Holdbrook ees, what you call, arrest before tomorrow that ees July first—then will he not get Las Rosas from his father. Ees is not so?"

"Exactly," said Gray. "So do as I tell you, Pablo. I am off now, for Tucson. Don't keep Dolores. Adios."

THE next morning Nora, in the cabin where she was held prisoner, was just able to glimpse an approaching automobile as it passed from her sight where the road up the canyon drew closer to the foot of the bench on which the house stood. Then presently she heard the motor stop at the corrals below. What did it mean? Breathless with anxiety and hope and fear, she listened to the voices of the men in front of the house. She put her ear to the door but could distinguish no word. The squaw motioned angrily for her to go to the far corner of the room.

The man, who alighted from the automobile under the eyes of Indian Pete, Holdbrook and the Black Canyon riders, climbed the path up to the house level and approached the group of men with the air of one who comes on no uncertain mission. He was of medium height, dressed in ordinary business clothes, and by the gray in his beard and hair would have been judged as a little past middle age. He wore tinted glasses and his skin, without the deep tan usual to men of Arizona, was dark which gave to his face a somewhat foreign look. Pausing a moment at the head of the path he coolly looked over the men of the Black Canyon outfit, then with perfect assurance addressed Indian Pete who stepped forward to meet him.

"You are in charge here, I believe?" His voice and his manner of speech strengthened the impression that the man was not a native born American. Indian Pete grunted a surly reply.

The stranger looked the squaw man up and down with slow appraising gaze then he said sharply: "I am not mistaken, I think—this is Mr. Jake Zobetser's ranch, is it not? You are Zobetser's foreman?"

A hint of respect came into Pete's manner and tone. "That's right, sir. What can we do for you?"

"I was sure I had not missed the road," returned the stranger with just a suggestion of relief in his voice. "They told me at the little town back there that I could not go wrong. I am come from Mr. Zobetser in answer to the message you sent last night."

Pete's close set eyes gleamed warily through his narrowed lids. "Oh, you have, have you?"

The stranger again looked Zobetser's man over with his cool, deliberately appraising air and when he finally spoke there was an edge to his voice that caused the squaw man to shift his gaze. "Send these men about their business. I prefer to talk with you alone."

Pete motioned to the others and they withdrew down the path to the corral. But Holdbrook held his place. The stranger said with a shade more courtesy: "You are Mr. Holdbrook, I presume?"

Holdbrook bowed.

"It's all right." growled Pete, "you can say what you have to say before him."

"I am well aware of the fact that I can say what I have to say to Mr. Holdbrook. I should explain that I am Mr. Zobetser's Chicago partner. It is I who attend to the eastern end of these shipments which, through Zobetser and his organization, go to our customers in Mexico. I am in Tucson for a conference with my partner, Mr. Zobetser, and the people to whom we have been sending arms and ammunition. The meeting with the gentlemen from below the line is not until tomorrow night. I was with Mr. Zobetser last night when the messenger came. As this matter is of unusual importance and Mr. Zobetser feels compelled to be in Tucson today to personally meet the gentlemen from Mexico when they arrive, he asked me to come here in his stead. It would be well, I think, if you men would tell me in detail about this Irish girl coming to you and how much she knows. Is she aware that you have a shipment here on the place now which is to be forwarded across the line tonight?"

Indian Pete appeared reluctant to talk, and inasmuch as the man had been addressing himself mainly to Holdbrook that gentleman answered.

When Zobetser's partner was satisfied as to the details of the situation, he said: "Mr. Zobetser thinks—and I agree with him—that it would be a disastrous mistake to send this young woman away. She must be returned to Las Rosas."

"What!"

"Exactly. Listen—Mr. Holdbrook has made her presence here, for one night, appear reasonable to her friends at this other ranch—but don't overlook the fact that they know she is here. If she disappears there are sure to be inquiries which would be very dangerous for us. If she returns to her friends today everything will appear perfectly natural and the fact that she has been here to visit her brother and has returned will help to allay any suspicion that may already have arisen. Do you not see?"

"I see what she'll do to us if she gets back to Las Rosas," said Pete.

"She will do nothing," returned Zobetser's partner, "because of her own brother who would suffer if she talked."

"She's already figgerin' on the kid turnin' state's evidence," said Pete, "and he's sure to do it when he gets the chance."

The man in authority turned again to Holdbrook: "This is what Mr. Zobetser says you must do: 'Tell this young woman that her brother shall leave Black Canyon tomorrow and join her at your ranch, and that he, Zobetser, will be personally responsible for the safety of her brother as long as she keeps what she has learned to herself, but that if she makes trouble Larry O'Shea will not live to give any evidence against his companions.'"

"Them's Jake's orders, be they?" asked Pete.

"Exactly, sir," came the crisp reply.

Holdbrook hesitated. He was not wholly pleased at this turn of affairs but he did not see how he was to better the situation. While he was thinking it over, Pete called to Dolores in Spanish and the Mexican girl ran to the cabin. A moment later she reappeared followed by Nora.

WITH their horses saddled and ready, the Las Rosas men waited that morning for Charlie Gray, who now, like Nora, was missing from the ranch. What had happened? What had Gray feared might happen? Would Holdbrook bring Nora back to Las Rosas as he had said he would? They were all under the umbrella tree talking in low tones—listening for the sound of the expected automobile bringing Gray,—when Nora and Holdbrook rode over the hills from the direction of Black Canyon.

"Look!" said Pablo, "it ees La Señorita Nora—she has come back safe."

In a dead silence the Las Rosas men watched the approaching couple. The Irish girl, as they rode up to the gate in front of the house, kept her face turned away and her eyes fixed on the ground Paying no attention to the silent group under the umbrella tree, Holdbrook helped her from her horse and escorted her to the house.

It was Stub who broke the silence. "And that settles it. I reckon. It looks like they've settled things, all right."

"It's hard to believe, jest the same," said Curly mournfully.

FROM that moment when, obeying his positive orders to return Nora to Las Rosas, Indian Pete

ish. A familiar voice answered from behind the corner of the wall. "Don't shoot, Pablo; it is all right."

sent Dolores to bring the Irish girl from the cabin, the Black Canyon foreman did not speak to the man who had brought the message from Zobetser.

As Holdbrook and Nora passed through the gate and started down the canyon, Indian Pete again spoke harshly to the Mexican girl, accompanying his words with a commanding gesture toward the cabin. Dolores hesitated with a frightened, appealing look at the stranger. But another word from the squaw man started her toward the cabin and Pete followed.

The stranger, thus left alone, saw the door close behind the man and the girl and turned slowly as if to go down the path to his automobile. Then he paused, hesitated and again faced toward the cabin. A muffled cry came from behind that closed door.

The stranger moved toward the house. To the men at the corral it would merely look as though he had turned back for a final word with Pete, but the moment he reached a point back from the brow of the hill where he could not be seen by the observers below he quickened his step. At the same instant another cry came from the cabin—a low muffled scream of terror which ended in a choking groan.

The stranger broke into a run and without an instant's pause threw open the cabin door and dashed into the room.

In one corner the squaw crouched on the floor, cowering close to the wall. At the other end of the room Indian Pete held the struggling Mexican girl by the throat.

"I told you what I'd do," the squaw man growled as he shook the slender form of his victim with brutal strength. "You let that Irish girl take Holdbrook away from you and lost me my chance at Las Rosas on purpose, you—"

A hand fell on his shoulder. Without releasing his grasp on the girl's throat he looked around.

"Stop it!" said the stranger sharply, stepping back a pace.

Indian Pete, with a snarl, flung Dolores half way across the room and faced the intruder. He did not speak but the deadly menace of those close set eyes warned the other man of his anger and the stranger started to draw a gun from the side pocket of his coat. But the man of the cities, unskilled in the handling of such weapons, was not quick enough. With vicious strength the Black Canyon foreman leaped and struck. The blow landed with crushing force on the stranger's chin. The gun flew from his hand and he fell against the wall, dropping limp and half unconscious to the floor, where he lay huddled in an inert heap with his face hidden in his arms.

Indian Pete, without taking his eyes from that form on the floor, waited.

Presently the man stirred then, as consciousness returned to him, he raised his head and moved so that he lay with his back to the wall.

With an exclamation the squaw man leaned forward.

The stranger lifted himself weakly to a sitting position with his back to the wall.

An oath and a snarling laugh came from Indian Pete and he stretched forth his hand, pointing to the face of the man on the floor who was now looking up at him. That staggering blow of Pete's fist and the crashing fall against the wall had dislodged the stranger's dark glasses and with more startling effect had torn a false beard loose from one side of his face.

As the meaning of Pete's pointing finger dawned upon him the man on the floor put his hand to his face. Instantly he understood. With a quick jerk he removed the false beard and revealed clearly the countenance of Charlie Gray.

"I knowed there was something funny about you," growled Pete with a snarling satisfaction. "If Holdbrook hadn't been so sure you was all right you couldn't near a fooled me. I reckon I can fix it though." And with that, there was a wicked looking knife in his hand and he began moving warily toward Gray who was struggling to his feet to draw away from him.

The unarmed man, weak from the effect of that stunning blow, could have offered but little resistance to his would-be murderer, but at the very moment of the squaw man's attack the situation was changed with startling quickness. Larry O'Shea stepped through the open door. Pete, with his back to the door and intent upon his murderous purpose, was unaware of the Irishman's presence until a blow from Larry's gun, well placed behind the squaw man's ear, stretched him on the floor at Gray's feet.

To relieve the fallen man of his weapons, to snatch a riata from a peg in the wall and to bind Indian Pete hand and foot and improvise a gag for that vicious mouth was, for the Irish lad, the work of a moment. From the now helpless Black Canyon chief Larry turned swiftly toward the door but stopped in his tracks. With her back against the door which she had closed and with Gray's gun which she had snatched from the floor, Dolores was coolly threatening the squaw who had attempted to go for help.

"'Tis a good girl you are, Dolores—and quick," said Nora's brother. "You may just as well be tellin' that Injun mother of devils that if she so much as breathes out loud we'll cut the tongue out of her."

The Mexican girl translated the Irishman's threat and added one of her own and the squaw slumped down again in her corner.

When he was satisfied that the squaw would not dare call for help Larry said to Gray: "The saints be my judges, sir, but when I stepped through that door and saw your face and Pete reachin' for you with his knife I near dropped dead with fright. Tell me, sir, what does it mean, your comin' here with the whiskers and all?"

In a few words Gray explained. After leaving Pablo and the Mexican girl at the ruin Gray had driven to Tucson and had gone straight to Chester Solway, who was the only Tucson man he knew, and the banker had called in the government special agent. The messenger, in his auto, had been met on the outskirts of the city, placed under arrest and quietly held for safe keeping. The officer wished to take the Black Canyon outfit with the arms and ammunition in their possession, and to arrest Zobetser in Tucson at the same time. The soldiers were at Sassabe. Word had been sent to them but the troopers could not arrive at Indian Pete's place before late in the afternoon.

"Well, sir, and what's to prevent you from going now?" asked Larry. "All you have to do is to walk down to your car as if nothing had happened and drive away."

"And leave you and Dolores here, to face the consequences? Not much! So put your Irish wits to work and tell me how we can hold the fort until the soldiers get here."

TO Jack Morgan, the return of Nora and Holdbrook together from Black Canyon marked the end. Nora's refusal to even greet her friends was assurance enough that Holdbrook had told the truth about her visit to Black Canyon and her brother.

The ranchman had been alone some time when he heard a familiar sound—the rolling beat of a horse's feet—a running horse. Moved, more by that instinct which comes from life-long habits, than by any definite purpose, the man got to his feet and swung into his saddle. The running horse broke over the crest of the ridge beyond the hollow and, urged to desperate speed by its rider, plunged with long straining leaps down the hillside toward Morgan. It was the Mexican girl on her half wild pony.

When Dolores saw him sitting there she swung her mount toward him and threw the animal on its haunches. "Señor Morgan—queek. Señor Gray and Señorita Nora's brother Larry, they are shut in the house at Black Canyon. If you do not go with the Las Rosas cowboys to [*Turn to page 107*]

She felt pity sweep over her for this strange, old woman who had become so pathetic a thing

The Disappearance of Old Madame

By Marion Poschman Valensi

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES ROGERS

"Will he love me when I am old?" They TALK *of love—this new, most modern and sophisticated generation of young people—but do they* KNOW *what love may come, in age, to be? In this deeply-moving story of a love that laughed at Time you will read the answer to the eternal question of every woman's heart—will he always love me, even when my youth has fled?*

THE peculiar friendship between Madame Virolay and Dora began during the scant six weeks' run of "The House With Eight Windows." At that time they, with two other actresses, shared the dingiest dressing-room in the theatre. On one occasion Madame gave Dora a string of crystal beads which she had brought from Paris; on another she lent her a somewhat sadly moulting bird of paradise. Madame Virolay was, perhaps, attracted by Dora's youth. Dora was attracted to Madame, because, in spite of her present state, the old lady made her think of foreign places and romance. And so it happened that Dora, the nonchalant, gaily-colored, material little offspring of Broadway, came to know the real story of Madame Virolay's disappearance.

Madame Virolay herself belonged to that district of cross-streets lined with occasional theatres, little hole-in-the-wall restaurants, cheap shops and dingy rooming-houses—that lies between the glittering necklace of Broadway and the dark chain of the Sixth Avenue elevated structure: a district where disappearance and arrival are such a daily occurrence that the disappearance of this woman was noticed by only a few people and scarcely wondered at.

It is quite possible that the people who ate the sixty cent table d'hote, regularly, at Moulon's were stirred by a vague curiosity. It is probable that Monsieur Virolay was not missed. He had not always dined with Madame; and a wizened, crooked-backed old Frenchman with sharp, black eyes, who showed the ravages of ill temper, and who grumbled about everything, was easily forgotten. Especially when Madame Virolay was at the same table. One did not easily forget the awful old lady with the black lace picture hat trimmed in atrocious red cotton roses; with the strip of black velvet about her scrawny throat; with the lips that wore their carmine rouge like the last spark of flame against gray ashes; the penciled eyebrows; the terrible green-gold bleached hair.

But it was Dora who decided to investigate the disappearance of Madame Virolay. She had just begun to arrange a rhinestone bandeau in her hair; they reminded her of the crystal beads that Madame had given her. She recalled the day and how the old lady had clasped them about her neck very suddenly, stepping back to see the effect. She even remembered Madame's exact words. "I—I wanted to see how they really used to look. Keep them, dear—keep them with the compliments of Madame Virolay!" She had said this with the manner of one who is conscious of conferring pleasure, honor; and, as she spoke, she had looked off into space, into the past. Dora was sure of that.

She had just finished clasping the gaudy rhinestone bandeau in her hair and was adding a final touch of powder to her face when she turned to Marcelle, who sat cross-legged on a trunk, sewing spangles on her dress for the next act.

"You know, Cella," she said, "that show of Murty's closed a couple of weeks ago, and I heard of a part in 'Silver' that I thought old Virolay could get, so I hiked around to Moulon's where she eats—and they say she's not been there for about two weeks! Might be sick, eh? Poor old thing, I hope nothing's wrong."

"Ugh!" Marcelle pretended to shudder. "It makes me shiver just to think of her!" Then she laughed. "Listen Dora! Know what I thought last time I saw her? Well, that the old girl would be better off with beads and a prayer-book than that red necklace and clutching the rouge pot—"

"Well," Dora broke in, "you can't look at old Madame Virolay without feeling something—just as if she's got something that none of the rest of us has got to look forward to—or something to look back on, that none of the rest of us has ever—"

"You make me sick!" snapped Marcelle. "I tell you I don't *like* that old woman. She gives me the willies!"

"Sure. She gives a lot of women the willies, wondering if *they'll* keep clutching the rouge and face cream when they get to be her age, and seein' the hard and sad death of beauty—"

"Now listen here, Dora," Marcelle insisted: "It's not just the way she gets herself up. It's this. I think she's got something that she's keeping back! What do we know about her, anyhow? Does she ever tell us anything? Besides, she's no more French than you or me or Bill, the doorman. And old Virolay, her husband—you know I think she hates him sometimes, and yet she keeps on livin' with him—supportin' him, even, bein' good to him. I wonder what she married him for?"

"Good grief! Ask your own friends the same thing! An' listen to me, Cella, if I was you I wouldn't be so darned mean. Didn't she loan you that cape of hers? And wasn't she the one to find out about the doorman's kid and start the collection. I'm telling you I like the old bird—and I'll bet there was a time when none of us poor imitations could hold a candle to her. Ever notice how she holds her head up when she's got one line? Ever notice how she can drape herself down in a chair, and hang her hand over the arm? Graceful! Say, nobody but a woman that's had *some* looks learns those tricks—"

"Dearie," cried Marcelle, "just because she gave you that string of glass beads, that she said come from Paris, you don't have to defend her on the stand! I tell you she's like a kind of nightmare that haunts me, and I'm not takin' it back!"

"Well," Dora shrugged. "All this talk only sends me downstairs to telephone Murty and see if *he* knows what's happened to her."

In less than five minutes she was back. "What do you think, Cella," she said quietly. "The old man cashed in his chips a week or so ago with pneumonia. They made up a purse down at Murty's to help with the funeral, and sent it to her; but since then they haven't heard. Say, they've got about as much feeling as a bunch of rag dolls—that crowd! For all we know the old girl may be down with it—or dead and buried!"

Marcelle lifted her shoulders. "Well, she's old enough to die, if she'd admit it. You," she said, and hesitated, "you'd better get that five out of my purse. She might need somethin'—that is if you're goin' up."

"Well, somebody ought to go. I'll say it's not in my line to minister to the sick nor comfort widows; still I guess I ought to do it."

DORA climbed the three flights of walnut balustraded stairs in the rooming-house on Forty-eighth street and paused at the door of the third floor back. She knocked and waited.

From within came the soft, quick call of Madame Virolay. There was something in the sound—an eagerness, a warmth—that Dora had not remembered. She heard a nervous flutter as of silk, a little slamming of drawers. It reminded her of that small flurry of excitement that sweeps a girl's dressing-room at overture. Then Madame Virolay opened the door.

The change from the miserly darkness of the hall into the

light-flooded room gave Dora the sensation of coming out of cellar-like cold into dry warmth. She realized that it was not only the light that gave her this sense of warmth; a glow of color was there, too, and a vague undercurrent of gayety. But she was sure this feeling she had was not brought about entirely by the peacock fan, the throw of tapestry, the brasses, nor by the water-color above the mantel and all the other gold-framed pictures. Nor by the lace curtains, looped back in continental fashion with bows of ribbon—though all of these were quite unexpected in the third floor back on Forty-eighth Street, with its shabby carpets and its battered walnut furniture. The cause lay in something more subtle. The girl's eyes travelled to the magenta cloak lying across the bed, then to the lace peignoir with its gay ribbons, flung across a chair. The air of the room was filled with the light, heady odor of scent and powder—blended odors belonging to the dressing-room of a young actress.

Madame Virolay had taken Dora's hand in her own. The jingle of her bracelets and the clasp of thin, ring-laden fingers brought Dora up sharply, so that she forgot the room and found herself fascinated only by the face before her. If caring for Monsieur, suffering at his death, had added new hollows to Madame Virolay's cheeks, they had been filled out with an extra layer of rouge. The terrible greenish-gold of her hair, piled high, with an appearance of archness and daring, framed her once oval and now softly sagging old face like a horrible, garish frame about an antique and crudely retinted portrait. Her shriveled lips, thickly crimson, lifted, it seemed to Dora, in a smile of triumph and assurance. The velvet band about her throat was faintly gray with a dust of powder. The lace falling back from the neck of her gown and from her thin arms, brought out in sharp relief the parchment coloring of her skin. Dora felt numbed by a sickening revulsion that she had never known before. She of the gay paradise plume, of the quick wit, could find no words.

"Sit here, dear!" Madame Virolay pushed forward a chair. Dora felt herself sag down into it. A wave of contempt swept over her. It was all horrible, loathsome. Marcelle had been right.

"I came," said Dora slowly, and she made no effort to conceal the knife-edge of scorn that had crept into her voice, "because I heard of Monsieur Virolay's death. We thought—"

"Oh, of course!" It was as if a sudden awakening wave of remembrance had swept back over Madame—as if a thin, gray veil of gauze had been flung over her face. "Yes," she said slowly, "it was sad—very sad. He was sick, you know, only a few days. I didn't—" She flung her hand out with a gesture of apology, as if to account for the colors.

"No," said Dora. "I see. It was just that we, Marcelle and I, thought you might need us. But since it's all right—" She started to get up, stiffly, a bit contemptuous.

"I haven't gone back to see any of them since. I haven't even eaten at Moulon's. Somehow I—" Madame Virolay's apology was dissolving hopelessly.

Dora, gazing at the new hat with its silver tissue bow and its roses that lay on the bed beside the magenta cloak, wanted to laugh aloud. To herself she was saying, "No wonder she disappeared—no wonder! Even *she* wouldn't have had the nerve to show herself this way!" Then, while she gazed in a horror of fascination at the hat and cloak, she realized that old Madame's speech had ended in a small choking sound, and that she was telling her to sit down. And, impelled by something stronger than her own contempt, Dora obeyed. Madame Virolay gave her a quick, conciliatory look: Dora felt that look penetrated all of the things that she had been thinking.

"Oh! Don't you realize that I know what your thoughts are—that I read your eyes?" said Madame Virolay. Her look changed to one of complacence. "But it gives me only amusement," she finished. After a second of silence, she threw back her head and laughed. It was a maddening, light laugh of satire and coldness, yet it had a sound of youth—an appalling, incongruous sound coming from the rouged lips of this old woman.

Dora's eyes turned hurriedly to the door. There was no doubt about it. Old Madame had gone mad—stark, staring mad. Then Madame Virolay bent swiftly forward and forestalled even that thought. "No," she was saying very quietly, "you are entirely wrong. I am absolutely sane. You came expecting to see me weeping, prostrate, perhaps ill—is that it? The shade should have been drawn. Black crêpe would have been fitting—but no." The light in her eyes dimmed slightly. "No, little Dora, one mourns only for lost love—lost happiness! I wore my sorrow many years ago, and not in flowing crêpe even then. But you," she smiled, "you little, gay-colored, glittering, audacious babies of today—what do *you* know about love?"

Dora reached out her hand. Even if she were mad, she wasn't afraid of her. She felt pity sweep over her for this strange, old woman who had become so pathetic a thing.

"I suppose," smiled Madame Virolay, "you are going to suggest taking me out to supper? You're very, very sorry for me, aren't you, little Dora? But you needn't be, *now*. I'm quite happy. I am really."

She began to laugh in caught, hysterical sounds like sobs. Her nervous, delicate fingers unlocked the second drawer of her bureau, and she took out a great package of photographs of the period of high hats, bustles and [*Turn to page 75*]

She had just finished clasping the gaudy rhinestone bandeau in her hair, and was adding a final touch of powder to her face, when she turned to Marcelle, who sat cross-legged on a trunk, sewing spangles on her dress for the next act

The horse is the pet of the Circus world

Mrs. Robinson as she is today

Josie DeMott Robinson on one of her favorite horses

THE CIRCUS LADY

By Josephine DeMott Robinson

THE Circus Lady married Robinson, a Congressman from Ohio, and gave up the excitement of circus life for the calmer pleasures of teas, dinners and receptions. During the gold rush of 1897 Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left politics and went to Alaska. Three years later when they returned, Mrs. Robinson's hair was white. They had endured terriffic hardships—but that is another story! Civilized life now seemed very comfortable and also very dull and the Circus Lady began playing with the stock market and what happened to her is told on this page.

I INVESTED heavily. What the word margin meant—it had always been rather vague to me—I learned with a vengeance to the tune of nearly all I had.

Steel, which was to have risen to such glittering heights and have carried me with it, sank to eight, and the last I heard of it people who claimed to know were expecting it to go still lower.

I began to wonder what I could do to help better our condition. A lot of things came to my mind of which I had heard, or read, as handy helps to making an income. Chickens always have a prosperous sound, so I bought an incubator and eggs, and I spent most of my nights as well as my days in watching the lamp.

Later, in the brooder, the cunning white and yellow bunches seemed to be getting along fine until one morning a lot of them were dead in the brooder though I never learned why. Plenty of them survived, however.

I never did make much money out of my chickens, for by the time they grew big enough to market I simply couldn't give them up. They were all my friends by that time. Every chicken knew me, and I knew each one of them. I couldn't let any beastly market man buy them.

I read somewhere that goat's milk was much in demand by hospitals, so I began buying one goat at a time till I had fourteen. About that time I realized that they were eating more than I could get for their milk, and to cap the climax I couldn't find anyone who wanted goat's milk. As usual, I had by this time become very fond of my goats. I remember promising to sell a kid to a neighboring farmer, and when it was born the little thing was blind. I can see myself now, sitting on the floor with the kid in my lap, the impatient farmer waiting, while I wept over it.

It was getting to be a great life. Here I was completely surrounded by goats, chickens and dogs, all eating their heads off, and all my friends who could not be sold.

When I let my mind drift back to the past, the life that always stood out happiest and most secure was that of the circus. I understood it, and the people. But thinking much about my vanished world made me blue and unhappy, so I tried to put it out of my mind.

But I looked about me, and realized something must be done to help our resources. Our home was so plainly a gentleman's country place, with its beautiful bridges and ponds and terraces and bushes all needing the care of experienced gardeners, and would bring us in nothing.

Then one day in New York I saw, hitched to a milk wagon, a horse that my heart and head were immediately set on owning. I realized he would be of no service to me, but he was a horse in ten thousand and I wanted him. Perhaps it was a homesickness. I had had no circus horse of my own for so long. I spoke to his driver and learned he was a young five year old, had never given the company a bit of trouble, and couldn't be bought. I found out where his stable was and went there after working hours to talk to the horse and the men. He was a regular pet with the men.

I lost myself in dreams of what such a horse, if broken might be. Foolish thoughts, for how could I break him? I had no ring, and no one to rough ride him. Anyway I had been out too long. If I had the ring I couldn't do it.

My Joe and his trainer getting ready for the show

At a theatre where a circus act was billed, the performers of which were old friends of mine, I went back stage to talk about old days.

"I wonder," I said carelessly, "if I could ride again."

Fred Lamont, whose act I had been watching, looked at me. "I'll bet if you had to, you'd do it," he said.

I went home thrilled. Circus tents, parades, music, all the dear past I had put so resolutely behind me came back. To be out of the life for fifteen long years, living like a gillie, never exercising except fitfully—did I dare to dream again of a horse and a tarleton skirt and centre place in the dressing room and the cherished centre ring?

Before my courage evaporated I wrote a letter to the milk firm asking if I might buy this horse, Joe. But they did not want to sell. He was too good a horse. Finally, through a friend, I managed to buy him, saying I wanted him to put in a depot wagon.

I could not change his name, but I could add to it, so he became "My Joe" and stayed that till the end of the chapter.

Mr. Robinson was astonished, for he could not know just what I meant to do with him. I didn't know myself. I suppose back in my mind was the idea of breaking him to sell to circus people.

Well, My Joe arrived in Hempstead a different horse, head up, eyes wild looking, and ready for a good run. Perhaps it was seeing the open country again. Perhaps it brought back memories of his baby days, and he wanted to kick up coltish heels as he used to do.

But I set in to train him, still with no definite purpose, but knowing that, no matter what became of him, My Joe would prove an asset.

Next morning I was up bright and early and out to the stable to see him, give him sugar and carrots and lead him around. He was a beauty, and I was proud of him.

But that little walk with him showed me something. His starts and jumps caught me very inactively removing myself from in front of him to save myself from being stepped on. Perhaps I had been out too long to break in a horse. So I put My Joe back in his stall and ran to the house. When I got there I was puffing and panting from the little run. I certainly was a proper gillie.

I had given away all my tights and my costumes long ago, but in one of the trunks I found my old pump pattern and I made a little pair of working pumps. Then I set to work to condition myself before I tried to work with My Joe.

In lieu of bars, I braced myself against the mantle-piece and tried what is known as the Grand Battement—that is, throwing the leg away from the body, first to the front, then to the side, then to the back. The leg went up falteringly and I watched in amazement. Was that [*Turn to page 26*]

"It would have been a wonderful dinner if —"

How often the hostess realizes with vexation that her dinner has been above all criticism except for some one shortcoming in it!

And how important it is that the soup course at the beginning shall not be the "if" which she tries so hard to avoid!

No doubt the enormous popularity of Campbell's Soups is due largely to this fact: Housewives realize that Campbell's are always to be depended on, that their splendid quality is uniform and always the same.

Every time you place Campbell's Tomato Soup on your table you are certain it will be a soup you are proud to serve—a puree of rich tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" blended with golden butter and seasoned by chefs who know!

With bubbling tone, my saxophone
Weaves spells of syncopation.
Add Campbell's pep, then how they step
With frisky jubilation!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Cream of Tomato!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.

THE CIRCUS LADY

(Continued from page twenty-four)

really my leg, doing such a feeble, forlorn kick?

I knew now that I had been out too long. I was too old. I sat down disconsolately before the fireplace and cried and cried for my old place in the circus, for my ignorance in emulating people outside my world, where strength had been almost a religion. I cried to find what a weak worthless body I owned. All I was fit for was to shuffle through life and exit easily.

And then suddenly I sat up and shook away the tears. From far away in the dim past came my father's voice. I was not conscious of any words, but just of its heartening accents, on a day when the practice had seemed too hard and I gave way to tears. He always could make me feel that if I would only brush away the tears I could see success ahead of me.

So I wiped the tears away, and with my father's encouraging voice in my ears, I set to work to find success again.

I considered the liabilities. The years since I had ridden were many—from 1890 to 1905—no one had ever been out that long and gone back.

I considered my assets. I was not crippled; I had courage and ambition; perhaps stretching each asset to its utmost, would rout failure.

So I began rebuilding, doing a thing the profession had never heard of and that everyone without exception said was impossible.

But tears were over now. If my effort was poor, I would say defiantly, "not so bad," and do it again. In my girlhood days I did each exercise twenty times. Now I could do only five, and when I made it six at last, I rewarded myself with an extra cheerful "not so bad." It took a month, and the stagnated muscles were so stiff sometimes at first that if I had had time I should probably have gone to bed with a doctor in attendance.

Having been famous for my somersaults on a horse when I was a girl, I naturally would have to live up to my early name and reputation if I came back. That trick looked a long way off. But so had the battements the month before.

I kept on with my work, never allowing a handicap to creep in under the guise of a headache, a sleepless night, or any other poor excuse. Sometimes it took all my courage to keep on with those exercises, and perhaps there were even days when I borrowed on that courage, but I did it.

My Joe, too, could run around the twenty-two foot circle at least eight times now without getting dizzy and could start off first gait in a canter. I had no ring so we—the lone utility man and I—brought up dirt from a hill on our place in a wheel barrow, and made a vaut for the horse to run against. After a few times around he had it levelled, and then the thing had to be built up again.

I needed some one now to help pitch me over in a back somersault. The trapeze bar had taken care of my arms and the battements had brought back my leg strength. It was time for the somersault. So I sent for my brother who was amazed because I wanted to ride again. No one knew of the Wall Street losses. I merely said I wanted to see if it could be done—that I loved it more than anything in the world, anyway. And I really think this was true. So we started in to practise in earnest like the regulars.

Days passed into weeks and weeks into months. There were some dark days—but I had only one thought now. I was going home—to a home that held memories of happiness, and freedom from worries. Of course there used to be rainy days and Fixers and uneven lots but how minor they were to me now compared with that one joyous thought: I was going home.

Actually to go back—to hear the crack of the ringmaster's whip; to hear again the pleasant "hello;" to watch the other acts, knowing I, too, was there with mine. The dear world I had lost was slowly coming in view again.

I kept on practising, especially the somersaults. Now some riders I have known, who are called somersault riders, can turn them on horses but cannot turn a proper one on the ground. They depend on the lift from the horse to throw them high enough in the air to turn over. But the training which had made me a finished rider had been the same as the foundation work a premier dancer goes through with: the arms, the legs, the hands, the fingers, the toes—all are trained to a coordination in grace and beauty. It is difficult, wearisome work.

People behind the scenes have often spoken of me as a naturally graceful person. It was not so. It came about from close application in my childhood, from days of practise in the ring barn. It was hard and never ceasing work that put me in the class known as graceful.

It was time now to hunt an engagement. At first I thought of trying out with a small show, but I lost that thought as soon as I learned the salary they suggested. The only show willing to pay the salary sufficient for a somersault rider was, I knew, the Barnum show. So I went over to the New York office. It was the first time in my life I ever went into an office to ask for work, and I didn't know just how to do it. Inwardly trembling, but outwardly calm, I called at the office.

"What name?" said the office boy.

"Mrs. Robinson," I said, realizing a minute later that no one would know who it was.

But I was ushered in anyway. Harvey Watkins, the general manager, wheeling around to see who Mrs. Robinson was, said "Well if it isn't Josie DeMott. Sit down. How's the farm?"

Other people came along. "Hello, Miss DeMott. Come down to look us over?"

After a while I said shyly, "I want to ride again."

They looked at me in surprise.

"Well, got a horse?" came from Mr. Watkins.

My courage was coming back. "Yes, I have. Been practising, and doing my old act—somersaults, high side seats, carrying my foot around—"

Mr. Watkins nodded his head, the surprise still in his face.

"Well, Joe, you always could show 'em. Come along in and see the Old Man."

Mr. Bailey looked surprised, but held out a welcoming hand. He was a very quiet, courteous man, the sort one could always talk to. So I told him how lonesome I had been for the circus; how I had bought a horse and had him broken; how I was riding and could turn somersaults again and dance as I used to, and I wanted to go out with the show.

"After all these years, Mr. Bailey," broke in Mr. Watkins, "and I'll bet she can do it, too."

Mr. Bailey had listened carefully. Then he said gently, "You should never have left the business, Josie. But I'm glad you're coming back to us."

"Sure you can do 'em, Joe—the somersaults?" asked Mr. Watkins.

But Mr. Bailey said very quietly, "If she says she can, she can," and turning to me, "your word is enough for me. You were a good rider and always filled every part of your contract. When you were born the riders were born good. Nowadays they make them and they don't make them good."

He asked all about my horse, his gait, his looks, and things were made ready for contract signing. But here I balked. Someone must come first to Hempstead and see me ride, and after a while Mr. Watkins agreed, though Mr. Bailey seemed to think the time wasted.

Going out, Mr. Watkins said to me, "Say Joe, have you still got all that hair you used to have? Be sure you wear it hanging down the way you used to . . I can remember that dark mop always falling on your shoulders in the finish, and it helped your act lots."

I certainly was glad then that I had gone to the beauty parlors and had it turned a proper brown before I went to the offices.

Mr. Watkins came on out the following Saturday. It was a queer tryout; my ring out in the middle of a ploughed field, my horse, my brother, and I, in old flannel practice suits. Before I was half through, he made me stop.

"That'll do, Joe. You're there all right. Don't do any more." And as we parted at the station, he called, "You're engaged. Come over Monday for your contracts."

I knew that in order to get in the proper mood, I had to get in closer touch with the circus atmosphere. Chickens and pet dogs and goats and ponies would only remind me of neglected frolics, so I went to Jersey City with My Joe where there were a number of Barnum people rehearsing. Once there and mixing again with the old life, Hempstead seemed very far away. It was the old dream life now. I saw, heard, and did only that which meant circus, and every day brought that happiest of thrills—the thrill of the remembered, the thing I loved best.

Everybody at the Garden was glad to see me back, as well as surprised. There were a great many strangers too, but as a rule this profession of ours has heard of your family, even if it doesn't know you, so you never feel an entire stranger.

Of course I caused unusual excitement. Here I was, fifteen years out of the ring, with a reputation behind me that every circus person knew about, known for years as the only somersault rider in the world—here I was, back at the old stand.

The poster that showed me standing on my horse, was lettered, "At Home on a Horse's Back," and "From the Society Circle to the Circus Ring," and one other—"Back to Her First Love." I liked that best, for it was my own sentiment.

Now My Joe had never been in a circus, and the dozens of property men arranging nets, the flying trapezes, the clowns, running around everywhere, blowing horns, shooting off firecrackers, were too much for him.

I had to walk him up and down every minute I could spare, to let him see that there was nothing to hurt him. But I don't believe I ever saw a horse with his head as high as he could throw it in his fright.

When the band began to rehearse, I really thought Joe was going to have a fit, and I began to wish to myself I had an old broken-in horse to ride as I had been advised, so that Joe might have had his first season just travelling along and getting used to things. It was not fair to him and I should have used a company horse until Joe became a trouper. But on the other hand, a bareback horse must have a good gait—clear, not dragging along with the hind quarters. My family had always used perfectly gaited horses, and My Joe was one of the best I have ever seen. I felt I could get him through all right.

The call came for Dress Rehearsal, which in circus parlance corresponds to what theatres call a "First Night." Costumes are worn, and the whistle blows for the beginning and the ending of acts. The Garden is filled with newspaper people, with friends and relatives of people in the show, and it is also the cue for all the old troupers long out of the business to come together again. Besides, performers from other parts and circuses come to see the big opening.

The overture was playing at last. Was it three times they played? I didn't like to ask, for I didn't want anyone to know I had forgotten. I stood waiting, in my new costume, with the little new pumps on my never quiet feet. I wouldn't have changed my present place with any I had ever had before—any at all. I was a true circus woman, and now I knew it, and I was among my own again. I could hardly wait to get back in the centre ring, where I had belonged all these years. Even my misgivings about Joe left me. Each act went in, and I could hear the applause that followed its entrance and its exit. And then, suddenly, it was time for my act. As of old, my brother was prompting me on my way to the ring. "Just take it easy now. Ride him around till he settles. Don't do too much the first time. The ring is all right. Take it easy now." And I rode in.

All around me I heard a rousing reception. I had been so engrossed in the mere fact that I was in a real ring again, that I was surprised at the noise. Then I looked around and saw that I was being welcomed back. My heart rose and fell, and sat down right where it belonged. I smiled and waved to the friendly faces and settled down to the business of my act and Joe.

Now my act was like any principal act, except that I did somersaults. This is the hardest riding trick there is, and few in any generation attempt it. I was under contract to do three somersaults each time I rode, so the eyes of the profession were focussed on my ring with unusual interest.

I rode that night a beautiful act, good in every way. I did a trick known as in and out side seats, continuously three times around the ring. I went three times around the ring on garters. And I did my somersaults. I was happy beyond words, for I had made good again.

I learned later that my brother-in-law watched me carefully, and when he saw me actually go over in my first somersault, he pounded the rail and shouted, "She did it, she did it, and she's forty if she's a day."

I also learned after the show that bets for and against me had been plentiful, and that there had been as many bets against my really coming back as there had been in my favor.

Well, the big show was started. My Joe had done beautifully.

I have not explained that in the show we call the banners over which the rider jumps objects. And an object holder must be a well trained man in the business, so that if the rider jumps low or high, he must be ready to swerve the banner, so that she does not stumble over it.

In the afternoon show I was riding easily and all was well. Suddenly My Joe cut across the ring while I was high in the air, due to the unskilful work of one of the holders, and I came down with my knee twisted under me, straight on the ring curb. Someone helped me up, and when I got my breath [Turn to page 30]

The faithful elephants are often pressed into service on the long hauls from town to town

Money's Red Flag

THEY—thousands of men and women—have precious dollars saved through years of self-denial and courage. Shy and self-conscious, they are oftentimes so much embarrassed it is hard for them to ask their questions—questions which have haunted them for days—questions which have kept them awake wondering and worrying.

Once they get the notion that their dollars can be doubled or trebled in a short time, through speculation or luck, nothing but the loss of all or part of their treasure brings them to a clear understanding of the perils of investment. They need the danger signal—money's red flag of warning—the danger signal of unwarranted risk.

* * * * *

To the office of a big insurance company come pathetic stories of money lost in speculation and unwise investments. Dismayed men and women, when it is too late, tell their experiences of funds provided by life insurance or saved by thrift, lost in wild-cat schemes promising great returns, sunk in "sure thing" tips from well-meaning friends and relatives, or frittered away in stock speculation.

The pity of it is that the hardest blows often fall on those least able to bear them—on men past the age of self-support, on women with no business experience, on young people trying to get a start in the world.

The Eternal Temptation

Over and over again one hears, "Surely there must be some way that I can get more than 6% on my money with safety. I am promised—practically guaranteed—that a certain stock will pay 10% or more and probably double in value. Only a few people know about this. A friend has just told me and says I must act quickly or lose the chance. Shall I invest?" The answer, in most cases, is "NO—that is not an investment, it is a speculation."

The dollar pirates know that few of us would resist the temptation to get-rich-quick if we could feel sure that the golden opportunity had arrived at last. With that bait they lure their victims. They point to a few fabulously wealthy men and tell you that these men took chances. But they say nothing about the brains and the hard work which these men put in, along with their money. The victim listens, believes, plunges—and loses.

DOLLAR PIRATES!

"The first thing to do, Blackie, is to look at the map and pick out a town where smart people have money in banks. Somewhere in this big United States people have been saving up coin for years, just waiting for us to come and get it."

So said J. Rufus (Get-Rich-Quick) Wallingford, smiling and engaging character from the pen of the late George Randolph Chester. So true to life—his counterparts are to be found the world over. Bold in the open and cunning behind cover, they plunder alike the simple, the greedy, the rich and the poor.

According to Postmaster General New, the people of this country are robbed by dollar pirates of more than $1,000,000,000 a year in mail-fraud schemes alone! How much more is lost through other frauds cannot be estimated.

Don't let a Wallingford get *your* savings!

Records show that in all lines of business, good, bad and indifferent, large and small, the majority of new enterprises fail. And in the purely speculative, big-promise ventures the losses are appalling.

There is a definite danger line in investing money, and that line is located today at about 6%. This does not mean that everything below 6% is sound, nor that everything above is speculative, but—Money's Red Flag of warning appears at this level. Beware of the untried, unseasoned offerings. Remember—"the higher the rate the greater the risk." Remember also that those who have but little money to invest are the ones who can least afford to take chances.

Investing is a Profession

Without study and experience you cannot know the difference between safe investment and dangerous speculation. Investing money is a highly specialized profession based on a wide knowledge and constant study of many lines of business. None but experts know the comparative and ever changing values of various investments. Safe investments cannot be made on memory of *past* values.

Go to a bank and ask to be directed to the best man to advise you about investment. You will find yourself welcome in the best bank in your community, even though you have only a small amount to invest. The banker of today will try to protect you against fraudulent investments because general prosperity, which includes yours, helps the bank's prosperity.

The United States Government is trying to put out of business and put in jail all investment crooks and especially those who prey upon persons of small means—who can least afford to lose their money. Whenever you receive circulars or pamphlets or letters offering to make you rich over night, turn them over to the Post Office Department so that the Government may investigate, and, if necessary, prosecute.

Better Business Bureaus of various cities, bankers associations, national associations of manufacturers and other groups are issuing warnings against fake stock promoters. Many organizations are joining hands to prevent the stealing of billions of dollars by these financial tricksters.

Many of the foremost manufacturing plants are trying to protect their workers by issuing warnings in pay envelopes and on Bulletin Boards. Suggestions for notices will be mailed on request to interested executives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will neither criticize nor advise as to any particular investment but will be glad to mail free a booklet, "How to Invest Your Money" dealing with the general problem of investing which may aid you to avoid financial pitfalls. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

First of a new series on houses that have character

The principal charm of the old Dutch houses is the long graceful roof-lines, sloping softly over the walls as shown, here, in the Dyckman house which still stands among New York's tenements and skyscrapers.

The dining-room has a Dutch wing-table, Chippendale chairs and a rush-bottom chair with bannister back. A simple mantel of hewn timber has molded frame and Dutch tiles.

Drawings by Otto R. Eggers, Associate in The Office of John Russell Pope

On the floor of the living-room of the Dyckman house is a beautifully braided rag rug as appropriate, today, with drop-leaf and tip-top tables, as in olden times.

The Dutch-Colonial House *and* How to Furnish It

By MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Consulting Architect, and* DANIEL P. HIGGINS, *Associate in The Office of* JOHN RUSSELL POPE

WE AMERICANS have a self-confident attitude. We take our resourcefulness for granted as a guarantee of perpetual success and prowess.

Is this attitude well founded? Are we all that we suppose ourselves to be? Let us pause to look at ourselves as we really are.

The past has put into our hands the unfailing key to ourselves—that is, our buildings, which are the tags of our character. Let us travel up and down any of our Main Streets. Are we pleased with ourselves as we look at piles of tortured building materials, jazzing signs and restless, defiant, unneighborly roof lines? What is our character and nature, judging by these telltale evidences?

To be personal, judging by the house I live in, what am I? The house is warm and sanitary and protects me from the elements but am I a happy and a reputable citizen?

As I look again at my house, it seems to be too tall for its base. It looks like a fat youngster bursting through its jacket which has grown too small for it.

I never really saw my house before. How did it get that way? It comes to me gradually that the real-estate man first sliced the land into thin strips and the house had to be built within those limits; and right there the shoe began to pinch. Then an uncomprising program required just so many rooms, most of them in the second story. They all had to be square—no sloping ceilings—and the laundry had to be in the cellar! You are all familiar with these cut-and-dried requirements which have forced the little house up into the air while the impotent builder has tried to hold it down with camouflage.

These requirements are not exactly yours nor mine. They have just grown to be so. If we stop to think, the program itself is topheavy. The poor builder, who had a dim sense that so little a house should be a low, demure cottage, has tried to fool himself and me by running an imitation roof-line down along each side, which subterfuge means nothing at all but extra cost. The house was like all the others and I called it a home. It never occurred to me that, judging by my house, I am not at all what I represent myself to be.

And how about my neighbor next door and his house with a Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann back? I am sure that I have overheard him quarreling with his wife. If we would be honest people, let us live in honest houses; and if we would have peace, let us live in houses of beauty and repose!

I would not dare to utter this indictment if there were not already many rays of hope on the horizon. Many readers write to us, expressing their appreciation of what McCall's is trying to do to improve the small house. Communities as well as individuals are actively expressing a desire for clean streets, gardens of flowers and homes that bespeak cleanliness and beauty and room for quiet thought.

Not many of us realize nor appreciate that our forefathers have left us a rich heritage of homes of character and beauty, whose spirit we can make our own if we will study the "why" of their beauty and charm, and revivify in our natures those world-old but always young inspirations, needing only to be interpreted into our modern requirements. Who knows but that such reversions to simplicity and honesty of expression will develop eventually new methods of construction in building, which unlike other sciences has stood still for hundreds of years?

We have no great distance to go for worthy and inspiring precedents. Our Colonial forefathers, in the stress of their struggle for independence and freedom, developed the only comprehensive style of architecture which is truly domestic in character. Right at hand are innumerable examples of our early Colonial homes. Come with us on a personally conducted tour of acquaintanceship with some of these old homes when we have nothing to distract us from their simplicity and beauty.

In New Jersey and along the Hudson River we have many charming examples of the contributions of the Dutch settlers to our early architecture. They were a sturdy, energetic people who made a business out of their adventure and developed an extensive fur trade with the European countries. Their building was unique because [*Turn to page 32*]

SPRAWLED over our streets and countrysides are architecturally horrible contortions called "Colonial" houses, "French cottages," "Italian villas." We Americans are beginning to grow conscious of these atrocities and to desire, in their stead, small houses that are architecturally true to type and genuinely beautiful.

Even when our houses are architecturally fine and true, we ruin them, often, as homes, because we put into them furniture entirely unsuited to the type of house in which it is installed. The simple benignity of a New England Colonial farmhouse type of home is marred utterly when the house is decorated with Italian Renaissance furniture.

In a new series, beginning on this page, Miss Mead and Mr. Higgins, who is an associate of Mr. John Russell Pope, and Mr. Otto R. Eggers—a group of three of the most distinguished architects in America—tell us the characteristics of the various "historical precedents" which are popular for small houses today. Thereby we can know the true from the false.

They will tell us, too, of the furniture appropriate for each type of home.

On another page of this issue is shown a design for a modern six-room Dutch-Colonial house.

Why Mrs. William E. Borah believes in this care for her skin

The wife of the distinguished Senator from Idaho speaks from a unique experience

"THE WOMAN who cares about the dignity of her appearance—in the political life of Washington, on the plains of Idaho—looks to the smoothness, the firmness of her skin.

"The Pond's method keeps the skin in the pink of condition, rejuvenating it from the strain of official entertaining and the fatigue of welfare work. Just as surely, too, do Pond's Two Creams protect the complexions of women who ride the sage-brush-covered prairies of our great West. For these two excellent Creams, in which I firmly believe, are made to serve women of all pursuits, in all climates, everywhere."

Mary McConnell Borah

DAUGHTER of a former Governor of Idaho and wife of its present Senator to the United States Congress, Mary McConnell Borah was destined from the first for public life. Her father, the late William J. McConnell, prominent in the development of the western frontier during the 'eighties and 'nineties, was one of Idaho's first governors and its first United States Senator after it became a state.

Mary McConnell rode her own ponies over the sage-brush plains. The young man who was her father's private secretary and who often accompanied her on these rides fell in love with this golden-haired slip of a girl who rode so fearlessly and well. Not long after they were married the Senatorial toga fell upon this young man's shoulders. And then came the test of formal officialdom at Washington!

Mrs. Borah met it with complete success. Her dignity, her graciousness, the girlish freshness of her appearance made her at once a favorite. Ever since, she has responded unceasingly to the countless official and social demands of Washington life.

NO woman is busier, yet Mrs. Borah finds time to work for sick Veterans of the World War cared for in three great Government hospitals in Washington. She visits them every week, writes their letters home, takes them cigarettes, magazines and, always, cheer!

Mrs. Borah believes in a rounded life, in a woman's looking after the details of her appearance. During a visit with her not long ago in her Washington apartment I asked her what she believed to be the best way of caring for the skin. "A good cream," she answered, "for cleansing and keeping it firm and fine. And another for protecting it." Then she told me how the women who live on the great western plains of our country must protect their skin as they ride or drive over the prairies. "The alkaline dust of the desert ruins their complexions unless they guard them carefully. This is just where Pond's Creams are such a help. They keep the skin from becoming parched and lifeless in this dry atmosphere."

MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH, *wife of the Senator from Idaho who is Chairman-elect of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of the next Congress, is a prominent leader in Washington Society*

FEW women have had experience as wide as Mrs. Borah's. But women of important place and social prominence everywhere are pursuing this same balanced care for their skin in which Mrs. Borah so firmly believes. They are depending upon Pond's Two delicate Creams which you should daily use as follows:

Every single day cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always at night, and always, too, on returning from an outing, with your finger tips pat this purest, lightest, creamiest of creams over the skin of your face, throat, arms, hands—and its delicious fragrant touch will never fail to please you. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores. They will bring to the surface every trace of the dust and dirt which clog them. Wipe off all the cream—and the dirt that comes too—and repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with a bit of ice.

Over your newly cleansed skin, before you powder, smooth the thinnest possible veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Light as thistle-down, soft and fluffy, you won't wonder a bit that it makes your skin look lovely. Its surface has a positively damask smoothness now and you will find that over it your powder goes on beautifully and stays smoothly and ever so long. Moreover, this thin veil of Vanishing Cream acts as a protection, guarding your skin against the rigors of any weather, against drying, chapping and burning from sun and wind. So if you want to follow this method, to secure the best results always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out.

WHEN you buy Pond's Creams—as you'll surely want to right away—ask for the new big generous jar of the Cold Cream. The Vanishing Cream comes in smaller jars since you do not use it up as rapidly.

* * *

Among other women of distinguished position who have expressed enthusiasm for the Pond's Method are

Her Majesty, Marie, Queen of Roumania
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont
The Vicomtesse de Frise
The Duchesse de Richelieu Mrs. Marshall Field Sr.
The Princesse Matchabelli
The Lady Diana Manners Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop
Mrs. Livingston Fairbank
The Princesse Marie de Bourbon

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these Two Creams and an attractive little folder telling you how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K
139 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

The index finger in the picture above shows you how your jaw is curved. Note how the Pro-phy-lac-tic, in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation.

Are you cleaning *ALL your teeth* every time you brush them?

All your teeth need the tooth brush as much as you need all *your teeth*

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth-brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

Consider this tooth brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle follow the curve of your mouth? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep.

There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't clean, and its scientifically arranged bristles are of such resilience that the film of germs and mucin is quickly swept away.

SOLD by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is "Are you cleaning *all your teeth* every time you brush them?" After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 30, 1926.

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PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass. 7-DD3
Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped.....
.....
.....
Name.....
(First name in full)
Address.....

The Circus Lady

[*Continued from page 26*]

back I mounted My Joe again and completed my act by turning somersaults. My leg felt queer, and something was hurting my side. But I finished my act.

The audience cheered me wildly while I was doing it. I smiled and waved till I cleared the ring, and in my dressing room I could still hear the clapping. But by this time it was not the paramount thing. Something was very wrong. My knee joint was hurting me terribly, and I was frightened, for the knee injury is the worst our riders have.

At my hotel a doctor was called. An examination was made, and his verdict sounded the knell of my riding career, just begun again. I had torn all the ligaments excepting one that surrounded the knee. And I had fractured two ribs besides, which was what I felt hurting me when I went over in my somersaults.

"But I must ride tonight, doctor. You'll fix me up some way, won't you?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Can't be done."

"But I *have* to ride. Bandage me very tightly and I'll be all right."

He laughed at that, "My dear girl, it will be at least eight months before you can walk on that leg again."

Eight months. And the show was going on and I was to be left behind, just after I got back in it. The management told me to go home and get well, that my place would be open to me even if I couldn't come back till the last day of the season!

So back I went to Hempstead, feet first, all bandaged and heartbroken. And all I thought of as I lay there was that the doctor had said I couldn't walk for eight months—at least!

Well, maybe he was right. But he had specified no definite time as to when I should be able to *ride* again. Maybe I did limp a bit while I was getting on the horse, but exactly two months from the time I left the ring I was back in it again, bandaged and braced, of course, but I was there! I caught up with the company at their stand at Washington, and after that I stayed. I could turn only one somersault at a performance for a long time, but then, there was no one else riding the ring who could turn any, so one had to be enough till I got stronger.

While the rehearsal was going on for the beginning of my second season back with the Barnum show I heard one clown say to another, "It's Slivers," under his breath.

Looking in the direction in which they were staring, I saw, standing alone in the entrance, a tall, handsome young man surveying the rigging in the air, unconscious of the commotion he was causing. Slivers was the much-talked-of pantomimic clown who had just returned from his triumphs in England. To me he meant only one more danger of having my horse shy in my act, since I concluded that he would be allotted to my ring. I knew of his famous baseball act, and I could see my horse jumping every time Slivers raised his bat.

As I expected, Slivers was allotted to my number. Realizing that he was used to having things his own way, I wondered just how to approach the subject of having him keep out of my horse's sight while I was riding. It was with apprehension that I opened my act the next day. And it was with relief that I saw Slivers, who had ceased his clowning the instant I began to ride, stand at one side with arms folded during my entire riding period. It was a pleasure to work with a clown of this sort.

I had never seen his work, but as soon as I did I immediately joined the general opinion—Slivers was a king among clowns.

I rode another season, making my third, and then the knee which had never been wholly cured, probably because I never gave it a real chance, began to trouble me again. My mother constantly pleaded that I had done enough, and urged me to return to a private life. So I retired for the second time.

I brought My Joe home with me, to Hempstead, and used him in a depot wagon, going back and forth from the village for supplies.

I felt sorry for My Joe. This was no sort of life for him to be leading. All he needed was a chance to make him one of the best ring horses. So once again I made a ring and rode Joe bareback. I got children from the neighborhood to play around us and throw papers and run wheelbarrows so he would get used to anything in the ring.

While this breaking in was going on people used to park their cars around my grounds and watch the work. After a while they began to ask me whether I couldn't teach members of their families to ride. I had a few professionals working with me too, but I sandwiched the amateurs between them, until after a while the professional part disappeared and the amateur part grew into my present riding school at Garden City.

Many riders wanted to buy My Joe, but I knew he had to be handled by a very skilful rider, one who would be patient when he behaved badly through fear, who could love him enough to pet him even when he caused her to miss or fall. A harsh voice was a whip lash to My Joe. His owner would have to be an exceptional person.

This person came along in little May Wirth, who loved My Joe from the first. She rode him, and stuck to him when he tried to hunch her off—and she fed him apples for punishment.

The Wirth family lived at my home for some months, and May practiced My Joe daily, loving him more and more. I knew he would have the best of care and love as long as he lived so I sold him to my friend May. It was hard to let him go, and know he was My Joe no longer.

He travelled everywhere with May and was always her pet until he died three years ago in Iowa.

So Joe was gone, and with him the last of the actual old life.

[*Continued in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

What Became of Our Flappers and Sheiks?

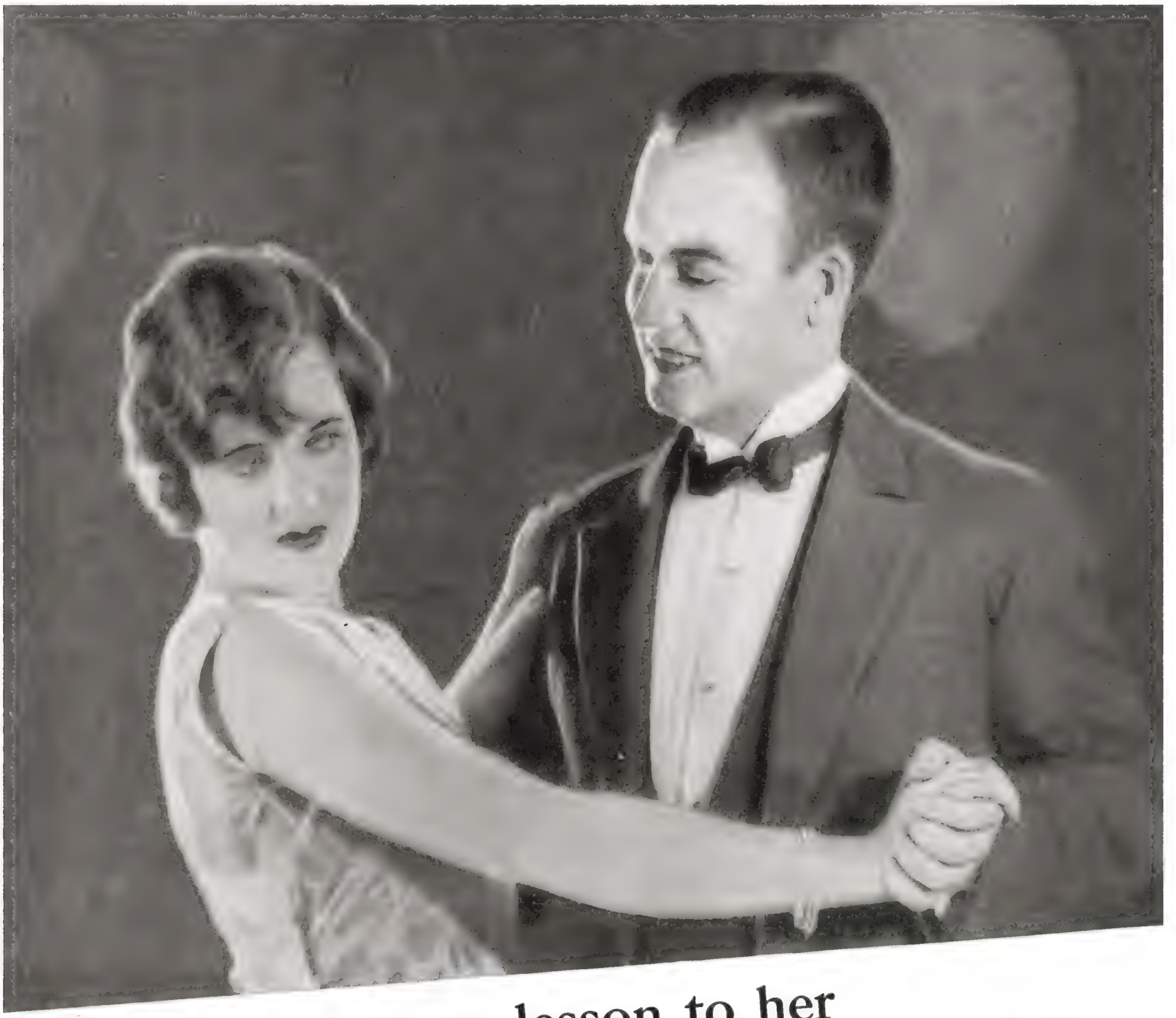
[*Continued from page 12*]

the *principle*, to show off her nobility of character. These are some of the bores of yesterday. Now even bores must be original, so the more unfortunate members of the flapper sect have each culled an individual line from their daily rounds, which amuses or not according to whether you have seen the same plays, heard the same tunes or read reviews of the same books.

The best flapper is reticent emotionally and courageous morally. You always know what she thinks, but she does all her feeling alone. These are two characteristics which will bring social intercourse to a more charming and more sophisticated level. I believe in the flapper as an involuntary and invaluable cupbearer to the arts. I believe in the flapper as an artist in her particular field, the art of being—being young, being lovely, being an object.

For almost the first time we are developing a class of pretty yet respectable young women, whose sole functions are to amuse and to make growing old a more enjoyable process for some men and staying young an easier one for others.

Even parents have ceased to look upon their children as permanent institutions. The fashionable mother no longer keeps her children young so that she will preserve the appearance of a débutante. She helps them to mature so that she will be mistaken for a step-mother. Once her girls are old enough to be out of finishing-school a period of freedom and social activity sets in for her. The daughters are rushed home to make a chaotic début and embark upon a feverish chase for a husband. It is no longer permissible to be single at twenty-five. The flapper makes haste to marry lest she be a left-over and be forced to annex herself to the crowd just younger. She hasn't time to ascertain the degree of com- [*Turn to page 66*]



It was a lesson to her

SHE certainly learned something that evening. And that was: Never to accept an evening's invitation to dance unless she had danced *before* with the man who asked her.

He seemed very fond of her and almost monopolized her dance program.

By the end of the evening she not only disliked him cordially but he was almost revolting to her.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses: note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

"The PINEAPPLE *is especially* DELICIOUS *today*"

Your baker recommends it—and you know that it is one dessert that never fails to please—a luscious, golden Hawaiian Pineapple Pie!

Meringue, criss-cross, all-over crust—take your choice! The important thing is, be sure it is made of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—not merely pineapple-flavored. Ask your baker! Or send for our free recipe book which tells how to make Pineapple Pies, as well as Salads, Ices, Puddings and other Hawaiian Pineapple dainties!

Enjoy Canned Hawaiian Pineapple often—both *Sliced* and *Crushed:* for its healthfulness; for its matchless tropical flavor, and because it is nevertheless just as economical as any canned fruit that you can serve.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

CANNED 2 WAYS

Sliced Crushed

—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Dept. 47, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge, your new book, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In order: spindle-back, rush-bottom chair; roundabout chair; Dutch armchair; wing-chair

The Dutch-Colonial House—
And How to Furnish It

developed, so to speak, wholly "out of the ground" and out of their necessity. They did not bring with them builders and artisans as did the other colonists. Their first buildings were crude but their unfailing energy steadily improved their building craft.

Their houses are not built of brick, as you might expect of a people whose mother country had acquired a reputation as makers of brick, but of such materials as they had at hand. Sometimes the walls are of stone gathered from the fields in clearing the land; sometimes the walls are of heavy timbers filled in between with stone and the whole covered with stucco; again clapboards or shingles were used. Sometimes in a single house three or four different materials were employed in the construction of the walls. But because each material had a purpose and was adapted to its best use, these houses, so structurally reasonable, have not, as one might think, the appearance of being thrown together. They "belong."

The principal charm of the old Dutch houses is their subtle roof lines—not the stuck-up gambrels which we see on every hand and which are wrongly called "Dutch Colonial"—but long, graceful roof-lines sloping softly over the walls in wide projections, casting deep shadows and protecting the walls from the fury of the storm. They always will be beautiful. Time can never make them old-fashioned.

Modestly nestled among the skyscraper tenements of Manhattan Island is one of our best examples of a house built by the Dutch colonists, the old Dyckman House on upper Broadway. Its simplicity and repose suggest a quality of permanence which is restful and refreshing as you approach its door and the homey atmosphere of the thrifty Dutch traders of the 17th and 18th centuries fills its spacious rooms.

A little of the history of this old house will show the versatility of these Dutch builders.

The low, adjoining wing at the side was at one time an old bake-house, one of the few structures left standing in this vicinity by the Britsh Army of the Revolution. The Dyckman family, returning to the site which they had already occupied for three generations, made the little bake-house the nucleus of their home and added the house proper to it. The windows, door, hardware and other materials were salvaged from other razed buildings and assembled into this result, which could not have been so happily accomplished if the builders had not had a keen sense of the fitness of things.

The manner of living of the Dutch traders determined in a great degree the development of the Dutch Colonial House. Practically all the living-rooms were on the ground floor, the spaces under the sloping roofs being used for drying of fruits and vegetables and for storing of hams and grain and other provisions. The Dutch were good providers and left no waste spaces. Every crack and cranny was used to store away something.

For this reason they were good and economic planners. The design of the Dyckman house would require little change to make it a convenient and comfortable plan for a modern house. The addition of closets, a bathroom and modern plumbing and some inconspicuous dormer windows—for now we require more rooms in the second story with cross ventilation and less storage space—would make a modern home of great charm. But we are not seeking to be copyists—rather, to interpret the spirit of these early builders in the language of today.

The photographs on this page are shown by courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. They picture some of the gracious, lovely old pieces of furniture now on exhibit in the New American Wing where the steady stream of visitors testifies to the newly awakened delight of Americans in their Colonial antecedents. All the furniture pictured here can be purchased in good reproductions.

Highboy with tear-drops pulls is suitable in a Dutch-Colonial home.

Another attractive feature of the Dutch Colonial house is the window-shutters made of boards and cross-pieces with ornamental saw-cuts in the centre near the top. The cut-outs are conventional in character but usually inspired by natural forms.

THE original purpose of the shutter was protection from sun and storm, a little air and light coming through the cut-outs when the shutters were closed. Yet aside from their utilitarian purposes they are in reality so ornamental in character and add so much of smugness and pleasing proportions to the buildings that some students of the style have had the temerity to attach false shutters to their walls adjacent to the windows, thinking thereby to have achieved the ear-marks of the old work.

Such practice is deplorable. The honest house does not have to resort to this sort of sham. The old builders did not hesitate to omit the shutters where they thought that shutters were not needed.

The form of shutter that developed later with louvred panels is still as useful as ever for protection from the elements and allows for excellent ventilation at all times. The louvres may be made stationary, doing away with the sometimes noisy operating stick which is difficult to adjust and to keep in repair.

The old windows were invariably too small for our present day love of air and sunshine, so in this regard precedent should not be followed too closely.

The low ceilings which are characteristic of the old Dutch houses are good if the windows are kept high at the top for good ventilation. High ceilings make waste space, unless the windows go up with them, because from the top of the window to the ceiling is a volume of dead air. And it is costly to heat this added space.

To convince you that the Dutch builders instilled into their work the permanent spirit of beauty and homelikeness, which will always be fresh and new, our architects this month have designed a modern little home for you in the spirit of the old Dutch work. We are sure that some of you will want to build it. It is on another page of this issue.

No matter how satisfying in architectural spirit the old houses may be, you will agree, I am sure, that they would be made ridiculous if they were to be furnished with any of [*Turn to page 70*]

The early stretcher-table, gate-leg table, chest and tip-top table also belong in the Dutch home

Bon Ami

for mirrors

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

for cleaning and polishing

Brass, Copper, Tin and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs
Aluminum Ware
Fine Kitchen Utensils
White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
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Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Congoleum

IN half a second, little hand mirror, *you'll* sparkle too. No question about it, Bon Ami is a marvel for mirrors—big or little.

With a damp cloth, put a thin lather of Bon Ami all over the delicate surface. Wait till it dries. Then, polish it off with a clean, dry cloth—and that's all!

Quick, simple, safe, Bon Ami simply blots up the dust and streaks. That's the reason it's unequaled for cleaning and polishing windows, mirrors, white woodwork and so many other things around the house.

Then, too, it's so soft it can't scratch. Try it for all the things listed above and see for yourself what a gentle, thorough cleanser Bon Ami is! And it never reddens or roughens the hands.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Corner of Gold Medal Kitchen —a modern kitchen just like yours. Here Miss Betty Crocker and her staff Kitchen-test samples from each batch of Gold Medal Flour—to make sure this fine flour will always act the same in your oven.

Things Men Like

An Apple Roll that brings a joyous sparkle to the eye

Another Kitchen-tested recipe from the Gold Medal Kitchen. Miss Crocker and staff are creating new ones all the time. Kitchen-tested recipes with Kitchen-tested Flour—perfect results every time you bake! Send for the Gold Medal Home Service Recipe box. Read Miss Crocker's unusual offer.

Now a flour actually "kitchen-tested"

.... before it is allowed to enter your home—this process now eliminates half the cause of all baking failures

A FLOUR that cuts your baking failures right in half! A flour that acts the same way in your oven every time you bake!

We prove it beforehand. In the only *sure* way a miller can. By our *Kitchen-test.* In our own kitchen we actually bake from samples of every batch of this fine flour. Before any of it goes to you.

The cause of 50% of baking failures

The quality of a brand of flour may be excellent. Each sack may be exactly the same chemically. And yet—that flour may act differently in your oven almost every time you bake. Hence so many baking failures.

There is just one way a miller can be sure that each sack of his flour will act the same way in all your baking. By baking with it first himself.

That is what the millers of Gold Medal Flour discovered. The *Kitchen-test* is the result.

Uniformly perfect baking

We have a kitchen just like yours. Each morning we receive samples of each batch of *Gold Medal Flour* milled. My staff and I bake with them.

If a sample does not bake exactly right—that batch of flour is never allowed to reach you. Each sample must bake in the same perfect way as all the others.

Now you can bake with a light heart. Sure of success! Every sack of this fine flour acts the same perfect way in your oven.

Our guarantee to you

If you have never tried Gold Medal Flour, do this. Order a sack from your grocer and try it out as much as you please.

If it does not give you the most uniform good results of any flour you have ever tried—you may at any time return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer. *He will pay you back your full purchase price.* We will repay him.

Eventually—every woman will use only *Kitchen-tested* flour. It is the one way you can be sure every sack will always act the same way in your oven. *Why not now?*

Why Not Now?

My Special Offer of Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Recipes

AS my staff and I test the Gold Medal Flour in our kitchen, we are also creating and testing delightful new recipes.

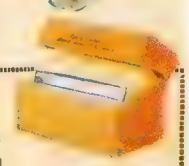
We have printed all these *Kitchen-tested* recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. A quick ready index of recipes and cooking suggestions.

Kitchen-tested recipes with Kitchen-tested flour—you're doubly sure of perfect baking results.

These Gold Medal Home Service Recipe boxes cost us exactly 70c each. We will send you one for that price. *And as fast as we create new recipes we mail them to you free.* Just think—new *Kitchen-tested* recipes constantly!

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, just send us 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Check the coupon for whichever you desire—the sample recipes or the complete Gold Medal Home Service box.



Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Washburn Crosby Company
Dept. 116, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Enclosed find 70c for your Gold Medal Home Service box of Kitchen-tested recipes. (It is understood I receive *free* all new recipes as they are printed.)

☐ Enclosed find 10c for selected samples of Kitchen-tested recipes.

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GOLD MEDAL FLOUR—*Kitchen-tested*

MILLED BY WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., ALSO CREATORS OF WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR, GOLD MEDAL CAKE FLOUR, WHEATIES AND PURIFIED BRAN

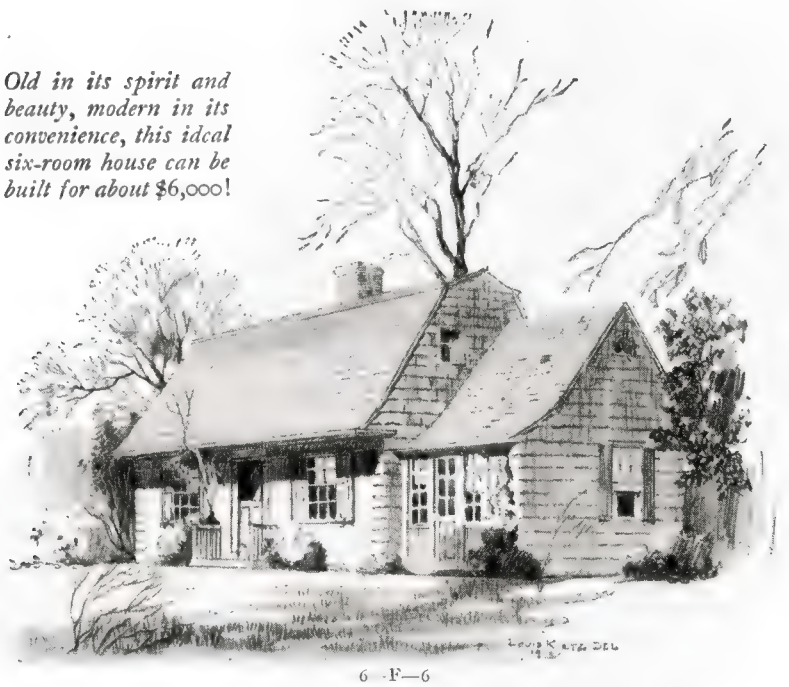
Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO—416.4 meters), St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily. Also W-C-C-O GOLD MEDAL STATION 416.4M cooking talks for women. 10:45 each morning. By Miss Crocker, Home Service Department.

"Service to the Northwest"

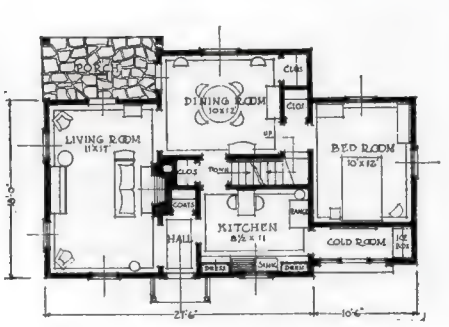
A True Dutch-Colonial

Designed by THE ARCHITECTS' SMALL HOUSE SERVICE BUREAU (*Controlled by* THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS), *Collaborating with* MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Consulting Architect.*

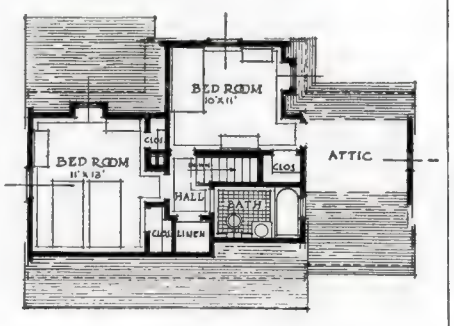
Old in its spirit and beauty, modern in its convenience, this ideal six-room house can be built for about $6,000!



6—F—6



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

6—F—6

THIS little design solves the problem which has puzzled architects for twenty-five years. The problem is: to place modern living accommodations in the second story of this, the original American bungalow, whose beautiful roof lines and sturdy proportions have excited the admiration and despair of artists and architects.

After long study, this plan has been evolved as the only possible solution. The stairs running the length of the house allow the bathroom and hall to be placed at the front of the house, and so the roof need not be pierced, on the front, with dormer windows. To do that would destroy the effect of the roof lines.

Nevertheless, all the bedrooms are corner rooms and have ample light and cross-circulation. As a result of this arrangement the house is not a modern hybrid horror, a "Dutch Colonial" so called, but an authentic early Dutch house of the type built by the old Holland farmers in Long Island, in the lower district of the Hudson River, and particularly in Bergen County, New Jersey. The type is here preserved but the house is made practical for modern living.

One of the details which is essential is the accuracy of the curve of the roof slope at the eaves. It is a simple, inexpensive construction but like most simple things which are good, it must be right.

The wealth of closet-space will delight the housewife.

This modestly priced house was achieved by eliminating waste space. There is no attic but an adequate attic storage-room is provided. This is a blessing to the housewife—no place for useless odds and ends to accumulate, these to be cleaned and "gone over" every year. Nor is there a needlessly large cellar; just sufficient cellar-space excavated to hold heating-plant, coal and so on. A cold room for food storage is provided off the kitchen.

TWO complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for this Dutch Colonial house will be sold for $30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans, on paper, $3; on cloth, $5; extra specifications, $2.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs, send for McCall's Service booklet, The Small House (price ten cents), showing four- to seven-room houses costing from $8,000 to $16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, $15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Restful Sleep at Night *and buoyant days*

A new way now to banish wakeful nerves and sleepless nights and keep your youthful looks and spirit

Over 20,000 leading doctors recommend this simple way. See what 3 days will do. Make this test.

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up! Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your morning logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a *natural* means to overcome this: A way to restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new woman. You are fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Youthful in looks and spirit. And you have the energy to carry you right through the day and the evening's social activities.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Luxurious Sleep That Restores

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound restful sleep, quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building up food-essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has *more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually *to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods* which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

Energy to meet the evening's social demands.

There is quick restoration for your tired mind and body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Restful sleep comes.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. You are alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Ovaltine brings sound restful sleep quickly, naturally.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors know and recommend it not only as a restorative but also for nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

A 3-day Test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send in the coupon with 10 cents in stamps.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body

My husband has had trouble sleeping for more than a year. He sleeps soundly all night now and is full of "pep" and feels fine. I am very glad we discovered Ovaltine.
Letter from MRS. G. R. BIGELOW, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"Ovaltine" certainly works wonders. I can vouch for it and I take great pleasure in spreading the "good word." It has given me my first restful night's sleep in three years.
Letter from MRS. S. T. PRESCOTT, *Chicago, Ill.*

Send for 3-Day Test

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 1410,
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(One package to a person)

THOSE spooks of Chill and Dampness are quickly banished by a Perfection Heater. It generously spreads warmth to every corner of the room as it radiates its heat in all directions. For less than two cents an hour, this cheerful partner of all heating systems will give comforting warmth *anywhere*, as it needs no special installation. You should have one.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7609 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

The Perfection is a radiant heater

PERFECTION
Oil Heaters

HOMEBUILDERS—Here Is a New and Greater Service for You

MORE skill is required to design a small house than a mansion.

Because the small house owner cannot afford to employ an architect, badly designed houses have been foisted upon him for years.

Yet—the builder of a small house can have the carefully considered and admirably designed plans by expert architects!

McCall's Magazine has demonstrated, in the past, that this was possible by employing the best architects in the country to prepare standard plans for its readers. McCall's now expands this excellent service.

The Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States is prepared to render on a large scale, the same kind of superior service that McCall's has offered over a period of years. In its desire to promote and improve home building, McCall's, under the able direction of its consulting architect, Miss Marcia Mead, has obtained the cooperation of the Bureau for the production of a special series of plans for small houses for its readers. These designs will be based on the precedents offered by the best historical types which are considered outstanding examples of good taste, including various Colonial types, the English and French cottages and the Italian villa. Each will be a six-room house. Each can be erected at a building cost of approximately $6,000.

What This Service Is

BADLY designed small houses have been foisted for years on the public because the small fee that could be paid to an individual architect did not permit real study to be spent on the design of the house. To correct this condition, the Architects' Small House Service Bureau was established through the generous cooperation of consulting architects.

It is easy to design a palace with an unlimited supply of materials, and an unlimited amount of money to employ the best workmen for as long a period as may be necessary. It requires proportionally more skill, concentration, and time to design a small house with limited materials and money sufficient only to employ a few workmen for a limited period. The owner besides can spend, for plans, a smaller proportion of the cost of his house than the wealthier man allows.

There are thousands of small home owners to one who can afford a palace. If several cooperate and employ an architect jointly, they can pay him sufficiently to have him put the necessary time and thought into the design. The organization of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau is based on this idea. The Bureau is controlled by the American Institute of Architects, certain of whose members in high standing have given freely of their time and thought to the establishment and proper functioning of its work.

Carefully considered designs are being produced. Each plan is the work not only of one man but is revised by a plan committee. Each set of plans comprises complete working-drawings, details and specifications. They are sold, many times over, at exceedingly low prices. The same house may be built near Philadelphia, in the outskirts of Chicago, or in Newark, New Jersey.

This plan service is available to any would-be purchaser of plans, although the Bureau advises against buying plans if his economic position is considered not strong enough to carry him through.

The Bureau also helps the client to select the plans which will best meet his needs. No human being is physically able to examine the hundreds of plans which are in its files, so the Bureau questions the homeseeker in advance. He is asked to register and to fill out certain information-sheets which are designed to sound out the principal features of his interest.

The information-sheets are sent free. They are:

1. List of Publications. To explain to the owner the material which has been prepared for him;

2. General Requirements as to size, arrangement, and type of house—To help the owner in selecting his plan;

3. Financing the Home—To assist the owner in drawing up his budget;

4. Costs in addition to Building itself—To protect the owner against unexpected extra expenses;

5. Atlantic Division Service Price List—To explain to the owner how Bureau Service is given and what it costs;

6. Mechanical Equipment—To help the owner with suggestions in regard to Heating, Plumbing, Wiring, Painting and so on;

7. The Function of the Contractor—To explain to the owner this important relation;

8. Drawing up the Specifications.

The first information-sheet, noted above, tells the owner about the material that has been prepared for him. It also gives a list of plan books that have been published containing small reproductions of both perspectives and plans.

The information-sheets listed above will appear in the columns of McCall's Magazine from month to month. They have been most thoughtfully prepared. Their purpose is to help the client thoroughly to analyze his problem. They are especially valuable in securing personal service for him because after this sheet has been filled out the expert architect can see at a glance the problem confronting the small home owner. It is therefore possible for him to give advice and directions to each small-house client.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

Please send Information-Sheet No. 1.....

Please send sample copy of "The Small House".....

Name..... Address.....

Town..... State.....

Remarks.....

.....

Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

AWAY with Scrubbing Brush, Pail, and Mop!

Today you can have lustrously bright floors, floors of lasting color and design —*floors that never need to be refinished.*

"WELL, it looks a little cleaner, anyway," sighs the tired housewife as she wearily sinks into an easy chair. But the dirt-filled cracks of the old worn boards —scars of countless battles with brush, pail, and mop—scowl back in seeming victory.

This is a scene from yesterday! Today thousands of American women, women who refuse to be household drudges, have floors that can be kept spotlessly clean with just a daily dusting. In their homes you will find modern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum—smooth, colorful, smart, and always spick-and-span.

All an Armstrong's Linoleum Floor ever needs is a good waxing once or twice a year. Then dust and dirt quickly brush up from its polished surface. Spilled things won't stain it. And it never needs refinishing.

* * *

The Armstrong's Linoleum Floors in the two attractive rooms you see here are more than just easy to clean. For they form a bright, colorful foundation for each tastefully planned interior.

Without cost, our Bureau of Interior Decoration will gladly help you plan equally attractive rooms—rooms in which floors of color and design inspire the decorative note. Address your letter to this Bureau in care of Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 886 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

The quickest and easiest floors to clean

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors can be cleaned as quickly and as easily as you dust a piece of fine furniture. These floors have no ugly cracks to catch and hold dirt. Instead they present a smooth, unbroken surface that is the easiest of all floor surfaces to wax.

And that's all the attention fine linoleum floors need—a good waxing once or twice a year. They never require scrubbing. Liquid wax removes all spots and restores the soft polish to the walked-on places. Then a daily dusting with a dry mop—and your floors stay smilingly bright for a lifetime of the hardest wear.

Laid quickly right over your old floors

A permanent floor of Armstrong's Linoleum can be installed in less time than it takes to refinish your old wood floors—and with not a hint of the bother, dust, and muss. First the room is cleared of furniture. Hangings and pictures can be left in place. Then a lining of builders' deadening felt is pasted over the old boards. Next the linoleum floor is cemented in position, its seams and edges tightly sealed with waterproof cement.

After the finished floor has been waxed and polished, it is all ready for use. And once you place your furniture and fabric rugs on its smooth, polished surface, you will exclaim, as many other happy housewives have, "I never knew a floor could be so pretty."

Patterns for every room

If Armstrong's Linoleum Floors were just soft, gleaming floors of plain color, they would still be beautiful. But today in Armstrong's Linoleum you are offered a host of smart colorings and patterns, all created by expert designers. You can see these new designs at good furniture and department stores in your city. It is human to want the best, so be sure to look for the Circle A trade-mark printed on the back of every yard of genuine Armstrong's Linoleum.

A book for home decorators

For those who want their homes to be furnished and decorated modernly and in good taste, Agnes Foster Wright has prepared a new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color." This book contains helpful suggestions based on Mrs. Wright's work as a prominent New York decorator. It will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents. Address Armstrong Cork Co., *Linoleum Division*, 886 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trademark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

PLAIN ~ INLAID ~ JASPÉ ~ PRINTED

FREE—

—$8.50 Set of Attachments With Each Purchase of a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner

(This Offer May Be Withdrawn at Any Time)

Have a Eureka delivered to your home for FREE use during housecleaning

Think of being able to secure—*absolutely free*—the famous $8.50 complete set of Eureka "high-vacuum" Attachments with your purchase of a Grand Prize Eureka! These wonder attachments double the amazing helpfulness of the Eureka—they shorten and lighten scores of cleaning tasks—make every day's work easier and more pleasant. Yet they can be yours now without a penny of added cost!

Then, as a feature of the great Eureka National Educational Campaign (ending October 31st), you can have a Grand Prize Eureka and Attachments delivered right to your door for FREE use during fall housecleaning. Simply get in touch with the nearest Eureka dealer—stop in, phone, or write; or mail us the coupon below and we will see that you are supplied.

Don't delay in accepting this amazing special offer, made to acquaint you with the wonderful efficiency that has made the Grand Prize Eureka so sensationally popular—the choice last year of over 27% of all purchasers of electric cleaners of all makes. Act now, and escape hateful housecleaning drudgery.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.
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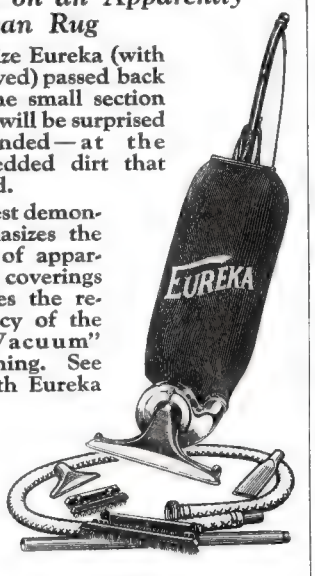
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners Since 1909
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ont.
Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., Holborn, London, W. C. 1., England; 58-60 Margaret St., Sydney, Australia

See the Famous Eureka "High-Vacuum" Test on an Apparently Clean Rug

See the Grand Prize Eureka (with its dust bag removed) passed back and forth over one small section of your rug. You will be surprised—perhaps astounded—at the amount of imbedded dirt that will be discharged.

This convincing test demonstrates and emphasizes the actual condition of apparently clean floor coverings and clearly proves the remarkable efficiency of the Eureka "High-Vacuum" Principle of Cleaning. See the same test with Eureka attachments.



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It Gets the Dirt

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Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co., Detroit, Mich.
At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner and Attachments for free use during fall housecleaning.

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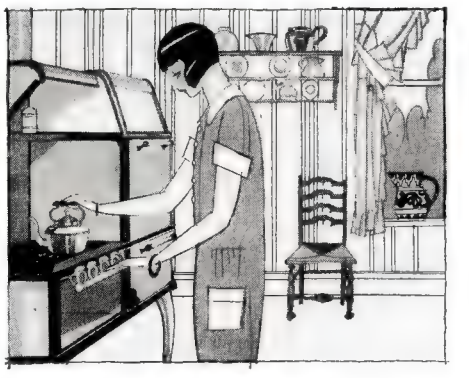
Address_____
City_____ Mc

When Your Dreams Come True

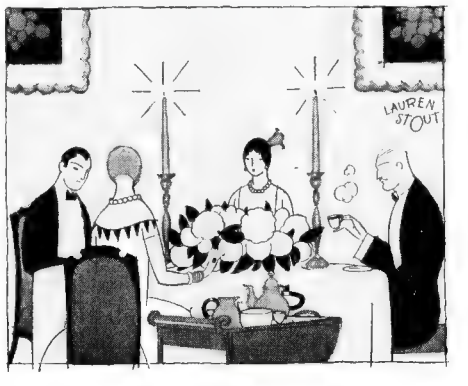
BY LOUISE THOMAS
Service Editor, McCall's Magazine

WHEN you and your Best Beloved see Mrs. Newlywed's house, with its green-shuttered windows and quaint doorway; and she introduces you to her garden—a real garden, where purple pansies smile at you on either side of the little path and poppies nod audacious greetings. . . . Don't you begin to dream of a small home of your own—you two?

IF, by the happiest of chances, the house of your dreams has come true, you will need imagination as well as colorful harmonies in furnishing its sunshiny rooms. So from the curtains at the wide casement windows to the smallest detail of your furnishings, be sure that your home expresses both beauty and individuality.



AS your kitchen is the very heart of your domestic labors, it should be one of the pleasantest rooms in your house. For bright draperies and decorative walls take away that "kitcheny" look and make a delightful background for you, in your gay little housedress. There are so many new contrivances, too, with which you can simplify your work.



YOUR first dinner-party! An occasion of simple dignity and charm; table-appointments as dainty and harmonious as the flowers in their midst; and a dinner so carefully planned and easily prepared, that you are not exhausted but can enjoy the party as much as your guests do. Outwardly you have perfect poise; inwardly you glow with glad surprise at your success as a hostess!

IF YOU would like to have your particular homemaking dreams come true, write for the following McCall service booklets: The Small House, The New Hospitality, A Book of Manners, Down the Garden Path, The House of Good Taste, and The Modern Home. The first three booklets cost ten cents apiece; we shall send you each of the last three without charge, except a two-cent stamp for each, for posting. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

KEEPS FLOORS AND LINOLEUM LIKE NEW

This Easy Liquid Way

IT'S so easy now to keep linoleum looking like new—with a beautiful, clean brilliance that brings out the pattern and color and a smooth, glossy finish that wipes off like glass. All you do is give it the Johnson Wax treatment. This takes but a few minutes—there is no stooping—no rags or pails—and your hands remain as clean and dainty as before you started!

Just pour Johnson's Liquid Wax on a Lamb's-wool Mop and apply a thin, even coat. This cleans the floor and, at the same time, deposits a protecting film of Wax which a few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush will quickly bring to a beautiful, dry, dirt-repelling polish. And *afterwards* your linoleum will require little or no washing—ordinary dry dusting will keep it immaculate.

The leading manufacturers of linoleum all endorse Johnson's Liquid Wax for cleaning, polishing and preserving inlaid linoleum.

A Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit is all you need to *put* and *keep* your floors and linoleum in beautiful condition. It includes Johnson's Liquid Wax, a Lamb's-wool Mop for applying the Wax—and a Weighted Brush for polishing.

The New Electric Way

If you like to perform your household duties electrically, buy or rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher. It polishes instantaneously and without effort. The Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher is light and easy to carry. It polishes under davenports, beds, etc., without moving the furniture. Operates from any light socket. Sturdily built to last a lifetime and guaranteed absolutely. For sale at leading stores. Write for FREE folder.

You can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher by the day for a nominal sum from any store maintaining a Johnson Service Department.

$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit—$5.00

This Outfit consists of:

1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax	$1.40
1 Johnson Lamb's-wool Wax Mop . . .	1.50
1 Johnson Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3.50
1 Johnson Book on Home Beautifying . .	.25
	$6.65

A Saving of $1.65!

This offer is good at department, drug, furniture, grocery, hardware and paint stores. It sells in Canada for the same price, $5.00.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON *"The Wood Finishing Authorities"* RACINE, WISCONSIN

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

AN ELIZABETH ARDEN TREATMENT *Photographed in Paris by Baron DeMeyer*

Has a summer of neglect left your skin coarse, your contour relaxed?

You can tone the skin and firm the contour only by a scientific method which stimulates circulation and nourishes and quickens the tissues into natural health. This is the method of Elizabeth Arden.

You CANNOT wipe away sunburn—or the coarseness and sallow color which follow sunburn—with a single cream. No toilet preparations are magical. Elizabeth Arden has proved that the only really effective method of skin treatment is that which aids and stimulates the natural activities of the skin.

Summer has relaxed the tissues of your beauty. Tone and stimulate the cells, and your coarse-textured skin will grow fine in grain. Brace and firm the muscles, and your contour will grow smooth and firm. Waken the lazy circulation and new cells will soon replace those that are sallow and brown. This is the scientific method of Elizabeth Arden.

An Elizabeth Arden Treatment is based on three fundamental steps—Cleansing, Toning and Nourishing. *Venetian Cleansing Cream* is used to remove dust and impurities from the pores without robbing the skin of its natural oils. Then the toning—with *Ardena Skin Tonic* and *Special Astringent*—closes the pores and invigorates the muscles by arousing swift circulation. Finally, the Nourishing—with *Orange Skin Food* or the delicate *Velva Cream*—supplies the nourishment to strengthen and firm the skin tissues. These three steps should be a part of your every Self Treatment at home. Elizabeth Arden recommends these Preparations for your daily care of the skin:

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Dissolves and dislodges all impurities in the pores, leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $4.75.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles and lines. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins; nourishes without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Venetian Muscle Oil. A rich penetrating oil, restores sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

Venetian Special Astringent. Lifts and firms the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

Venetian Pore Cream. Closes open pores, corrects their inactivity. $1, $2.50.

Venetian Bleachine Cream. A bleaching and nourishing cream, made of fresh lemons. Softens and whitens the skin, removes tan and redness. $1.25.

Venetian Amoretta Cream. An exquisite protective cream, gives a soft, smooth, natural bloom to the skin. An excellent powder foundation. $1, $2.

Poudre d'Illusion. Exquisite powder, fine, pure. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *White*, and a new becoming shade called *Minerva*, $3.

Write for a copy of "The Quest of The Beautiful," Elizabeth Arden's book describing the correct care of your skin according to her famous method.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations and Babani Perfumes are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK
673 FIFTH AVENUE

LONDON: 25 Old Bond St. BOSTON: 192 Boylston St. WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave.
PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix DETROIT: 318 Book Bldg. ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
LOS ANGELES: 600 W. 7th St. PHILADELPHIA: 133 S. 18th St. SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Ave.

Let's Not Grow Old

DIRECTIONS BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

Let a kind friend give you an occasional treatment.

MIDDLE *age is out of date so don't let your neck grow scraggy or fat and don't get a double chin. Taut muscles and good circulation keep your contours young. Follow your nightly cleansing with an application of tissue-cream, and with quick firm strokes—using either a patter or the two middle fingers—pat around the contour, the muscles in front of the ears, under the chin and around the neck. The illustration below shows a rapid stroke with the edge of the hands particularly effective for thin necks.*

THE *firm molding process here illustrated should really get down to the muscles. Begin under the chin and work back slowly and rhythmically. Complete the treatment by tying up the chin with a gauze band soaked in astringent.*

THE *chin and neck cannot be effectively treated apart from the rest of the face. There is too close an interrelation of nerves and muscles. Send a two-cent stamp for our facial chart with full directions for a facial treatment—cleansing, toning, nourishing the skin.*

IF *you have other problems of skin or hands or figure, we feel sure that our "Little Book of Good Looks" will give you just the information you need. Send ten cents in stamps for the booklet and address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.*

Gordon HOSIERY

of first Importance

To the smartly dressed woman of today, stockings are of first importance. They must be pure silk, of the finest texture. Anything inferior to Gordon will not do, anything better than Gordon cannot be had.

Women who have worn Gordon Hosiery for years on all occasions know that the well deserved and ever increasing popularity of Gordon Hosiery is due to its beautiful appearance and wonderful wearing qualities. It is skillfully dyed from the purest dyes obtainable in all the latest shades demanded by fashion.

Gordon Hosiery comes in all weights from the heaviest silks to the sheerest chiffons at a wide range of prices

To get Gordon quality always ask for Gordon by name.

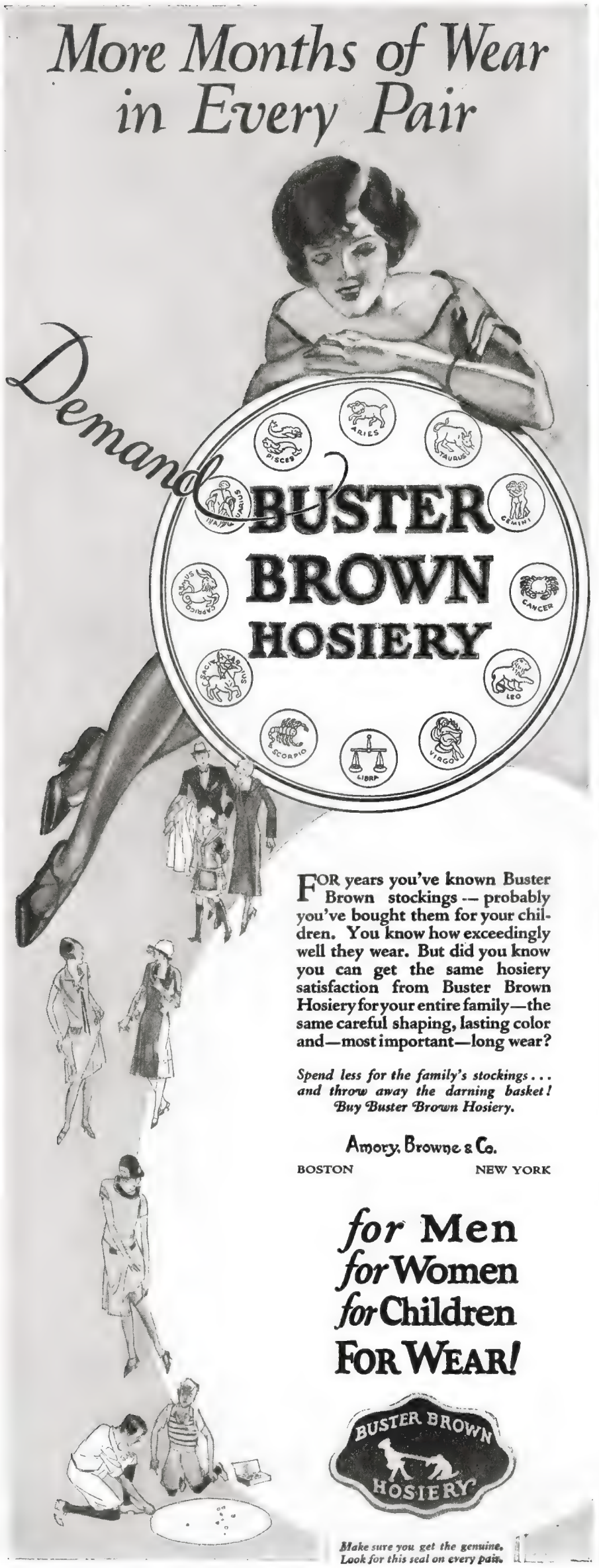
It is for sale almost everywhere at retail shops only.

BROWN DURRELL COMPANY

Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear

New York *Gordon Underwear* Boston

B D Co Established 1877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FOR years you've known Buster Brown stockings — probably you've bought them for your children. You know how exceedingly well they wear. But did you know you can get the same hosiery satisfaction from Buster Brown Hosiery for your entire family—the same careful shaping, lasting color and—most important—long wear?
Spend less for the family's stockings . . . and throw away the darning basket! Buy Buster Brown Hosiery.
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for Men
for Women
for Children
FOR WEAR!
BUSTER BROWN HOSIERY
Make sure you get the genuine. Look for this seal on every pair.

What Became of Our Flappers and Sheiks?

[Continued from page 12]

Tommy gets his car and the fun begins. What could be more harmless than for Tommy to take Marjorie to the movies? Why Marjorie's mother and Tommy's mother have known each other all their lives. Besides, it's done—other children do it. So Tommy and Marjorie are licensed to drift where they will through the summer night.

The probabilities are that Tommy and Marjorie will never so much as kiss. He tells her how he once "picked up a chicken" and took her to ride, and Marjorie is impressed with his temerity. Sometimes there is a faint excitement, a faint glow between them. Usually—not always, but usually—there is nothing more.

Tommy becomes sixteen. He goes out every night now—to the movies, to a dance, to a gathering on a girl's porch. It seems to his parents that there is always something and that the something always sounds harmless and is always what the other boys are doing. In fact, what worries Tommy's parents is what he is *not* doing. He was bright, as a little boy, but now, because he never has time to work at night, his report cards from his local private school are invariably unsatisfactory. There remains a solution of course—the prep-school. Smiles of relief from the parents. The prep-school will do the trick. Nothing easier than passing it off on somebody else. It is discovered, however, that most of the stricter and more thorough prep-schools have an annoying habit of asking for the boy before fifteen—and refusing to take him any older. So he is sent instead to some small prep-school in New York state or New Jersey that is not so particular.

A year passes. The popular Tommy takes his preliminary examinations for college. The examinations are an absurd hodge-podge and as the preparations for them have failed to intrigue Tommy's interest he scratches through, say, one out of five. He is glad to be home for the summer. He has his car again, and with the other boys of his age, is beginning to go to dances at various country clubs. He finds this most amusing—an unbearably pleasant contrast to the childish restraint of his prep-school. In fact, when autumn comes he persuades his father to send him to one of those curious institutions that are springing up all over the east—the tutoring schools.

Now the tutoring school has neither the discipline of a prep-school nor any of the restraining force that lies in the modeled public opinion of a great university. Theoretically the fact that there is no football team gives the boy time to concentrate on cramming. Actually it gives him time to do what he likes. The masters are smarter and better-paid than the masters in the small prep-schools. In fact they are so smart and they explain everything so clearly that they completely cure Tommy of any faculty of working things out for himself. It is notorious that although the tutoring school boys generally get into college they seldom survive the first mid-year examinations.

Meanwhile the lack of athletic activities in the school drives Tommy to express his vitality in other ways. He smokes incessantly and experiments with alcohol. Some of the boys are twenty and twenty-one years old. They are dull and unimaginative or they would long since have passed their examinations, so, for stimulus and amusement they turn to —New York. And Tommy does too. Many of the boys have automobiles because their parents realize how bored they would otherwise be.

We are almost all newly rich in America, and the number of millionaires who have any definite idea of a modern education is so small as to be negligible. They are aware, however, that their sons require an astonishing lot of money to keep up with the "other boys." An Englishman goes through an Eton and Oxford that are not so different from what they were in his father's time. The Harvard graduate of 1870 could keep a pretty good tab on his Harvard son of 1900. But all that Mr. Thomas senior in San Francisco knows about his son's school is that it promises to get Tommy into college.

Tommy is now eighteen. He is handsomely dressed and an excellent dancer, and he knows three chorus girls in the Follies by their first names. He takes this side of life much more seriously than does the college man—he has no senior societies or upper class clubs to hold up a warning finger. His life is one long week-end.

Coming home for another summer Tommy resumes his country-club existence in a somewhat haughty manner. His home town, if it happens to be in the middle west, bores him now. With a rather pathetic wistfulness he still reads the moving-picture magazines and thinks naively that he would like to have a test taken for the screen. He sees in the newspaper that the younger generation has been debauched by the movies and corrupted by jazz music, and in a dim way he supposes that the newspapers are right. He finds that the only things which do not seem to have given his friends a shove downward are the pie-eating contest and the penny arcade. Mingled with such nonsense he finds the statement that the boy of today is a great deal less courteous than his older brother in the preceding generation. And this, despite Tommy's ease of manner and his apparent worldliness, is quite true. It is due in some measure to modern dancing—not, as our local Savonrolas think, to the steps that are danced, but to the "cutting in" system which has cut the ground from under the unattractive girl.

In the age of the program, two or three dances were always devoted to the fat girl or the female Ben Turpin because Tommy's father and her father were friends. It wasn't anything to look forward to, even then, but nowadays if Tommy should ask her to dance he would have to dance with her until the musicians packed up their sandpaper and went home.

Tommy has never learned courtesy. He has no faith in any conventions but his own. If you tell him that his manners or his dance are "common," are borrowed from the lower classes, he will laugh at you and be right. He knows that if he wants to see close dancing forbidden or steps censored he must go to the cheap dance halls, the amusement park pavillions or the cabarets in small cities where the bouncer and the policewoman are on the alert to enforce the proprieties and keep the patrons from being—"common."

He is now nineteen. By this time he has managed to pass off almost enough examinations to get into college. But his ambition to enter college is on the wane—at least it fails to inspire him to successful effort. Perhaps the war occurred when he was at tutoring school and in the attendant disorganization of the universities he came to feel that it was the natural thing to give up going or leave in mid-term or find one's educational status in a sort of bizarre jumble. Besides, he thinks that he has had all the college has to offer—except the curriculum. So he comes home at twenty, perhaps after a hectic half-year at New Haven or Princeton, having now assumed to himself all the privileges of aristocracy without any of its responsibilities. He is a complete parasite, polished without being cultured, and "fast" without being vicious. There is nothing effeminate about him. He is healthy, good looking, a bit vacuous—perfectly useless.

I like Tommy personally. He interests me. He is pleasant company. And if he is useless, he knows it and makes a joke of it, says he is "dumb" and blames himself. He is convinced that he wasn't smart enough to get through college. He prefers married women to flappers, who rather bore him. You couldn't call him a "male flapper" to his face because he would probably knock you down—golf and boxing are liable to be his two accomplishments. He is simply a boy who under different circumstances might have been what is known in the editorials as "a useful member of society." He might have done more than cornered the wheat or manufactured a new potato peeler. If the wilderness is conquered there is a whole world of science, theoretical and applied, calling out for recruits who have money and time to spare.

I must admit that personally I have passed on. I am not even part of the younger generation. I have reached the stage where I ask, "How is the food?" instead of "How is

[Turn to page 69]

Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian

HER whole evening had been a success. Everyone had wanted to dance with her—and it was wonderful to hear so many flattering things.

Perhaps all those dull times she *used* to know were gone forever! It was amazing to find out how completely a girl could change her appearance by "knowing what to do." She had Madame Jeannette to thank—for it certainly made a difference, now that she knew how to care for her skin.

She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to select the proper shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and to apply it correctly for youthful beauty.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is used the world over by women who find that it meets every requirement of beauty, protection, and purity.

It has an exceptionally adhesive quality, which makes the powder stay on an unusually long time. It is made of the very finest ingredients.

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine."

Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of the face, neck and shoulders. It will give your skin that lovely effect of rose petal softness.

Lastly, a touch of Pompeian Bloom to bring exquisite youthful color.

Shade Chart for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Beauty Powder:

Medium Skin—The average American woman has this type of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

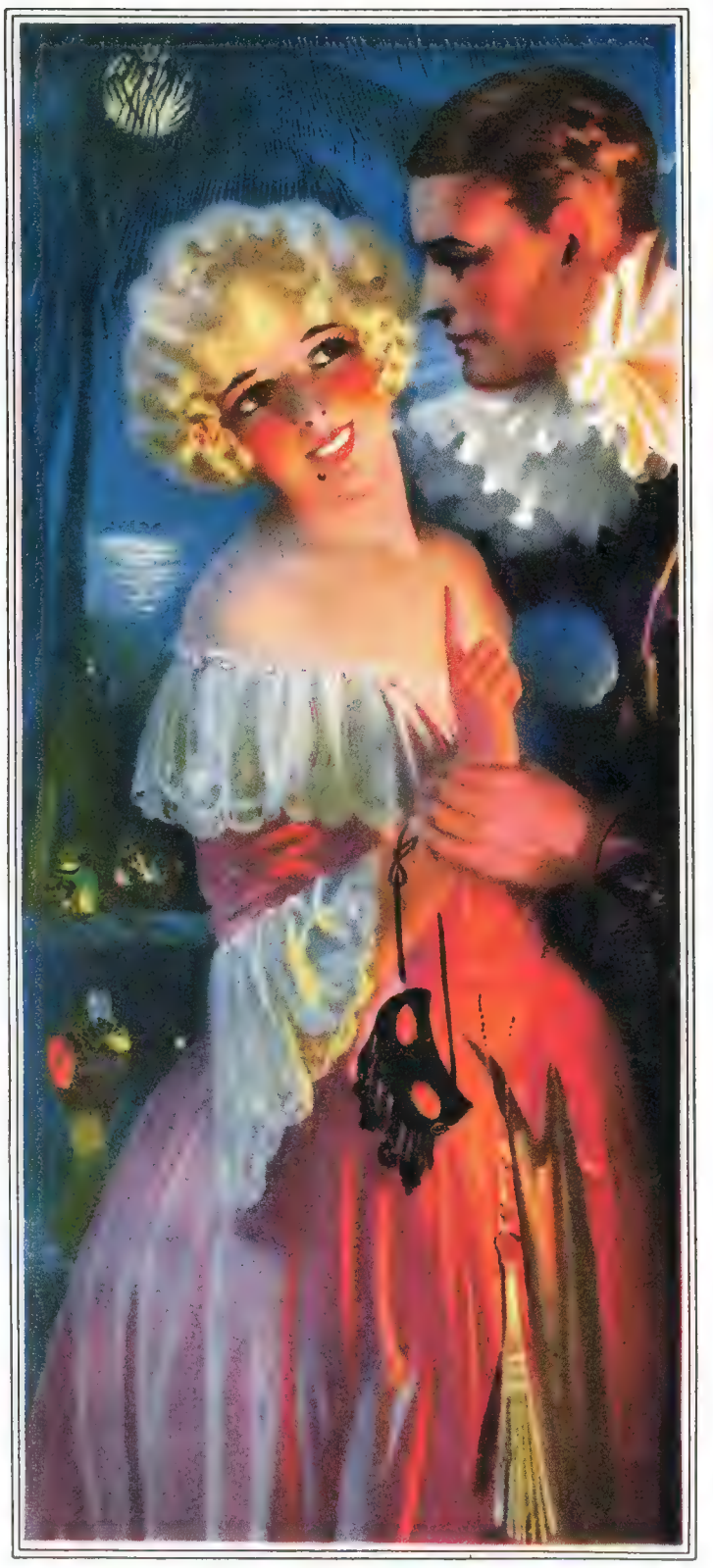
Olive Skin—This skin generally accompanies dark hair and eyes. It is rich in tone and should use Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pink Skin—This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. This type of skin is usually found with light hair, or red hair.

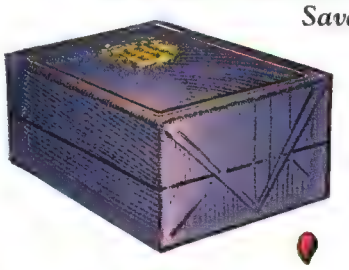
White Skin—If your skin is quite without color, use White powder. Only the very white skin should use white powder in the daytime.

Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

What is your title for this picture?



Save and study this offer



Pompeian Beauty Powder 60c

Pompeian Bloom 60c

Pompeian Day Cream 60c

Pompeian Night Cream 60c

Pompeian Beauty Powder

$1,000.00 for best titles

PLEASE help us get a title for this beautiful picture—the 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel. A few moments' thought may bring you cash for your cleverness.

Who will win this prize?

You—if you are the one who can best imagine yourself in this enchanting scene—a flower-scented night with a full moon splashing its silver through the palm trees and over the little dancing waves at Palm Beach, Miami—or is it California? Shut your eyes and think how wonderful it would be—you and the-dearest-one-in-the-world. That odor of flowers—are they orange blossoms? And is this fancy dress ball just planned for two hearts to find each other?

How would *you* describe this scene in a few words? Write down the titles that come to you; then send in the best one.

CASH PRIZES. 1st, $500; 2nd, $250; 3rd, $150; and 2 prizes of $50 each.

SUGGESTIONS. These titles may set your mind working—Beauty's Reward; Love's Hour; One or None?; "I Love You, Dearest"; Beneath the Palms; Beauty Wins.

RULES

1. Only one title for one person.
2. Ten words or less for the title.
3. Write title on one sheet of paper. Below title write only your name and full address plainly. Mail to the Pompeian Laboratories, Cleveland, O.
4. Coupon and coin for panel can be sent along with your title.
5. Contest closes November 30, 1925, but get your title in early.
6. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
7. Prizes paid December 15, 1925. Winners announced January 9, 1926, in Saturday Evening Post.

Note. If you plan to get panel anyhow, you can send for it first and study it in full size and colors. Then send in your title. However, no one is required to get a panel to enter contest.

GET 1926 PANEL

and Samples

This is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Executed by the famous colorist, Gene Pressler. Size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value 75c to $1. Sent for two dimes along with valuable samples of Pompeian Bloom (for youthful color); Pompeian Beauty Powder; Pompeian Day Cream (powder base); and Pompeian Night Cream (skin nourishing). Tear off the coupon now, enclose 2 dimes and send today.

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

The Pompeian Laboratories
3403 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel and valuable samples.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Shade of powder wanted?_____

Third Installment of the

LIFE *and* LETTERS *of* IVORY SOAP

EXCERPTS *from the true story of* **IVORY'S** *adventures with the* **U. S. ARMY** *and* **NAVY**
its encounters with **WILD ANIMALS** *and its contribution to* **ROMANCE**

"ON a certain dog-watch one night far out at sea we were gathered around the good old java pot swapping yarns. There were the bosun, and the bosun's mate, and a seaman bold, and me. The seaman bold, unfolding to stretch his legs, delivered himself of the following chant:

'A boy stood on the burning deck,
The flames about did roar;
He took a cake of Ivory Soap
And washed himself—ashore.'"

The original author of the chant is unknown, but the "me" of the story is Byron T. Mills, of San Francisco, who was in the Navy during the war and for a period after the Armistice. He tells the following story, also:

"My ship was sent to Hamburg on a special commission. When we found that there wasn't a decent cake of soap in the whole port, we almost wished we had shifted our coal for a cargo of Ivory. We took our ship's supply into the town, and they almost mobbed us. Cakes that had cost us seven cents brought a dollar. I hired a big luxurious limousine for a whole afternoon for one cake of Ivory. I met a Hungarian countess who wanted me to marry her and take over her castle in Budapest—I couldn't see it, but I gave her a cake of Ivory and she seemed just as happy as if I'd accepted her proposal. If I ever lease myself out for another war, I'll pay high for the Ivory Soap concession."

IVORY *buys laces and a* MEXICAN *welcome*

"IN February, 1924," writes a member of the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, "the U. S. Destroyer 'Sumner,' off the west coast of Mexico, got orders by radio to put into Salina Cruz—that tiny agglomeration of huts and tents on a slope of sand which was then in the center of the revolutionary area. The U. S. landing

party arrived on the heels of the Revolutionary Army which had raided the townsfolk six times. Noth-

ing usable was left except, as we soon discovered, some exquisite native laces which had been successfully hidden from the marauders.

"The customary haggling began forthwith. But money was worthless to the natives—they couldn't buy anything with it. They were ragged, and they were dirty—great Scott, how dirty they were!

"Then occurred one of the anomalies of history—they called for Ivory Soap! For Ivory they would sell anything. Some of the finest laces ever brought into the United States were bought for a few cakes of Ivory. And some of the officers and men found special welcome in the homes of local dignitaries by the tactful presentation, to the daughters of the house, of a cake of Ivory Soap."

Our correspondent adds: "Ivory Soap has been with the Navy so long that it is regarded as a standard canteen article. The Naval man knows that Ivory is recommended by his doctors and surgeons because he finds it in almost exclusive use in the 'sick-bay.' Of several popular soaps, Ivory is in demand by perhaps more than three-fourths of the crew."

The ex-Army adds its IVORY *story of the war*

THE Army refuses to take second place in the war-story of Ivory. A former lieutenant sends in this lively item:

"There were fifteen inches of mud from a three days' drizzle in that slithering lizard's paradise known technically as a rifle-pit. A floating object touched my leg. I got hold of it, washed it off, and found myself gazing at a half-used cake of Ivory Soap. Visions of a clean-up party and a shave at the old iron tub back of the hill!

"Curses! It slipped. But presently I saw it poking a white corner up through the black soup. Before it could escape again, I carried it in both hands back to the tub, stripped, took a shower in the rain, shaved with Ivory lather, washed my teeth with Ivory foam, and then turned over the precious cake to Happy Zeke, who repeated my performance. And as he stood there in his shivering nakedness, Ivory-lathered from head to toe, he grinned, 'Well, old duck, 99 44/100 % pure again!'

"I carried that same cake of Ivory to Belgium with me after the Big Show blew up and finally gave what was left of it to a little Belgian '*femme de chocolat*,' who said, 'Ah, savon Américain pour souvenir?'"

Apparently Ivory is as good as money almost anywhere in the world—to buy laces and limousine rides and ladies' smiles, and *eggs*—

A lieutenant of the Rainbow Division and his top sergeant traded a cake of Ivory to a French peasant woman for two dozen fresh "oofs."

"Look," said the Lieutenant, "this is lucky savon. As long as it floats you can be sure les Américains will win. If it ever sinks—like this, see?—you'd better pack up and leave la belle France, toot-sweet!"

They left her watching Ivory confidently afloat. Ivory still floats and the old woman is still safe in *la belle France!*

You CAN'T *fool a chipmunk, either!*

APPARENTLY Ivory, when available, plays an important part even in the life of discriminating chipmunks. In fact, it seems to be the prime winter delicacy of the chipmunk race, as witness two letters:

Our little friend Francis Throw, of Kimball, Neb., went camping with his parents in the mountains last summer. On the washstand behind the cabin were two cakes of soap, one pink, and one Ivory.

"One afternoon," writes Francis, "the Ivory Soap disappeared. Where had it gone? The next morning we missed another Ivory cake. Then we found where it had gone. The chipmunks had taken it! I was quite worried about them until I remembered Ivory was 99 44/100 % Pure."

"Safety first!" cry Nebraska chipmunks. And the chipmunks in New York State echo, "Safety first!"—

"Last year," writes Mrs. D——, "when we closed our camp on Goodyear Lake for the winter, we left two cakes of Ivory and two cakes of cheap perfumed soap in the bathroom. During the winter chipmunks got in and ate the Ivory, but would not touch the other. So I guess your advertisements must be true—99 44/100 % Pure."

Elephants and a poem with a MORAL

SPEAKING of wild animals, here is another story, from a railroad official:

His four-year-old grandson was watching a circus parade with his mother. Along came the elephants. Little Dicky pointed to the curved weapons carried east and west of the leading pachyderm's trunk, and asked what they were.

"Those," replied his mother, "are his tusks—they are ivory."

"Oh!" exclaimed small Dick excitedly, "then he has his soap with him, hasn't he?"

Now for our poem! It came to the Ivory biographer's desk not long ago, without a name, written on an old memorandum. Notice the quaint Quaker sound of it—can it be that some good Quaker lad, disillusioned as to the superficial values of pure

romance, finally identified cleanliness as the one all-symbolic value of life, and then penned this pæan of exultation? We leave the answer to you:

Do not wed for money, Friend,
For money hath a sting,
Do not wed a pretty face;
'Tis but a foolish thing.
Do not wed for place or fame;
'Twill disappoint thy hope.
But when thee marry, choose the girl
Who uses Ivory Soap.

HIS MOTHER'S *last gift*

THE following story comes from the mountain country of Virginia, and it is about an ancient storekeeper.

Many years ago, when Ernest Adams, a tried-and-true Ivory Soap salesman, was making trips through his territory in a piano-box buggy, he sold this old storekeeper an order. As he was about to leave, his customer said to him:

"Some time, Mr. Adams, after I've got better acquainted with you, I want to tell you a story."

Years passed. At every visit Mr. Adams asked for that story, but the old fellow refused, until one fine

day when the rhododendrons were in bloom and memories lingered in spring fragrance.

"Come with me," said the storekeeper mysteriously, leading the way to a dimly lighted room behind the store. From a cobwebbed corner he drew forth a battered leather trunk whose musty contents finally yielded an oblong object wrapped in an old piece of white silk.

"I treasure this more than anything I own or have owned," said he. "It was the last thing my mother gave me more than forty years ago when I left home to seek my fortune."

And with that he handed Mr. Adams what is probably the oldest cake of Ivory Soap in existence.

Thus Ivory is, as you see, a true cosmopolite, and has a share in the lives of all sorts of people the world over.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Copyright, 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

Guest IVORY

The dainty new cake of Ivory, made especially for the face and hands, just fits feminine fingers and the toilet soap holder. It costs 5 cents.

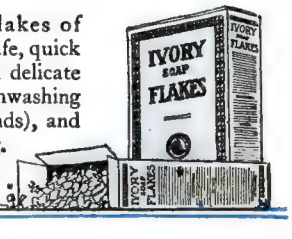
Bath IVORY

For the bath, most people prefer the medium-size cake of Ivory. "It floats," of course, so you never have to hunt soap on the tub-bottom.

Laundry IVORY

This economical cake is for general laundry and household use—it costs very little more than harsh soaps and protects both hands and clothes.

Tissue-thin flakes of Ivory for the safe, quick cleansing of all delicate fabrics, for dishwashing (to protect hands), and for shampooing.



Cream of Wheat cooked with chopped dates puts a new appetizing interest in breakfast. Its creamy wheat flavor blends deliciously with any fruit—prunes, raisins, figs or fresh fruit

Start the day right with breakfast —*with a delicious energy dish!*

The great American farce—breakfast! No meal is so slighted, so misused; and no meal is more important, according to diet specialists.

The average business man swallows a too heavy breakfast and rushes away. The average school child's breakfast is a "sketchy" affair chosen by a capricious appetite. The average mother forgets to eat in the rush of getting her family up and off.

In the morning everyone needs a hot, nourishing breakfast, to get into action for the day; just as a cold motor needs priming.

Energy our greatest morning need

The body's chief need at the start of the day is energy. Breakfast should supply this need fully and enjoyably.

There is one delicious food which perfectly meets this morning requirement—Cream of Wheat!

Physicians and dietitians know Cream of Wheat as a valuable carbohydrate food, exceptionally rich in energy substance or the vital force we all need.

It is a doubly valuable food because it is in such simple form

that the most delicate digestion can handle it easily and quickly, without extra effort.

Many foods are rich in energy; many others are easy to digest. But high energy, quickly available for use because so easily digested—in this Cream of Wheat offers an unusual combination.

As the first solid food for babies, Cream of Wheat has had a leading place on physicians' diet lists for many years. And for growing children, its rich store of energy fills an especially vital need.

An energy-breakfast for all the family!

An energy-breakfast! Tempting, satisfying, affording new enjoyment—have it tomorrow morning in Cream of Wheat! It will assure an ample morning energy supply for children and grown-ups alike.

And with Cream of Wheat you can put the magnet of variety in this monotonous old meal, for you can serve it in so many tempting ways. Try it cooked with dates, prunes, raisins or served with baked apples. Children love it with brown sugar or maple syrup. Its creamy flavor blended with fruit is particularly delicious.

Send for Free Sample *and Book of 50 Recipes*

Send today for free sample box of Cream of Wheat, containing enough for four generous cereal servings or to make any one recipe. With it we will also send our new recipe book which gives 50 tempting dishes made with Cream of Wheat—dainty desserts, breads, meat, vegetable and cheese dishes.

We also have, for mothers, an authoritative book on babies' and children's diet which we will gladly send you free.

Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 610, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me free sample and recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

Name_____

Address_____

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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Be It Ever So Simple, The Garnishing Is Important

Directions Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR

MAKING a dish good to look at as well as good to eat, ought to be just as much a part of its preparation as cooking it. The "proof of the pudding" is not altogether in the eating. Half of it is in the eye of the beholder! The simplest meat pie made from left-overs, or a plain cake or bread pudding will be accepted as eagerly by the family as the most expensive foods if you can only beautify it a little.

There are many easy ways to garnish, just as there are easy ways of doing everything. In our Laboratory-Kitchen recently we have been experimenting with garnishes of all kinds and through our experiments we have established a few practical rules which will be helpful to any housewife who wants to make simple garnishes for soups, meat, vegetables and desserts. Here they are:

Garnishes must be simple. They should be edible, if possible. They should not interfere with the serving of the food. They should look as if they had not been handled a great deal and as if they had not caused too much work in making them.

Do not plan garnishes which must be made at the last minute. They delay getting the food on the table. There are others just as interesting which can be prepared ahead of time.

Don't serve too many garnished dishes at the same meal. For example, a fowl elaborately dressed up with paper frills, radish roses and celery curls, shouldn't be served with molded spinach decked with hard-cooked egg; with fancy-cut potatoes; with a molded salad covered with fancy pipings of mayonnaise put through a pastry-tube and followed last of all by ice-cream similarly decorated with whipped cream, or a cake ornamented within an inch of its life with colored frostings elaborately put on. Any one of these, or at most any two of them, is enough for a single meal.

All crackers and bread used as garnishes or accompaniments should be crisp. All greens such as parsley, watercress, celery, lettuce and so forth, should be crisp and tender. Lemons in fancy shapes should be freshly cut. Vegetables cut in fancy shapes should be tender and fresh. In using vegetable coloring in frostings or foods of any kind the most appetizing colors are pink, yellow or green. Never use blue or purple!

Garnishes for Salads: Left to Right, Front row; Sliced, scored Cucumber, Pickle Fans, Beets and Pimento cut in fancy shapes, Radish Roses, and Celery Curls. Back Row; Fancy Molds, Small Fancy Cutters, Capers, Olives, Mayonnaise.

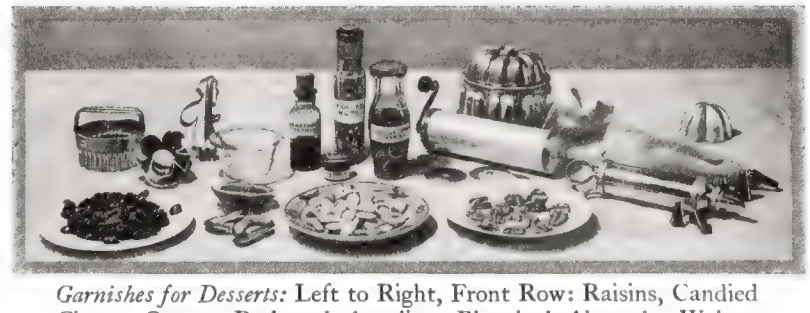
GARNISHES FOR SALADS

Half of the charm of a salad lies in its garnishings. Molded salads are more tempting if made in fancy molds. Cucumbers, scored lengthwise with a fork and sliced, make a delightful garnish, while pickle fans, beets, pimento and green pepper cut in small fancy shapes with the little cutters shown in the photograph, radish roses and celery curls add so much to a salad that one doesn't grudge the time spent in making them. Some [*Turn to page 56*]

Garnishes and Accompaniments for Soups: Left to Right, Front Row: Rolled Cheese Wafers, Parsley Crackers, Popcorn, Bread Rings and Sticks. Back Row: Minced Parsley and Roller Mincer, Paprika and Croutons.

Garnishes for Meat and Fish: Left to Right, Front Row: Green Pepper Rings, Hard-Cooked Egg and Egg-slicer, Lemon Cut in Fancy Shapes, Paper Frills. Back Row: Parsley, Watercress, Potato Rosettes and Rings.

Vegetable Garnishes: Left to Right, Front Row: French Vegetable-Cutter and Potato cut for French Frying, Lattice Potatoes and Cutter, Potato Balls and Cutter, Julienne Knife, Croustade made of toasted bread. Back Row: Potato-Ricer, Timbale-Iron, Potato Croquette and Croquette-Mold.



Garnishes for Desserts: Left to Right, Front Row: Raisins, Candied Citron, Orange Peel and Angelica, Blanched Almonds, Walnut Meats. Back Row: Fancy cutters, Custard-Cup, Vegetable Coloring, Chopped Nuts, Maraschino Cherries, Cookie-Gun, Fancy Molds, Pastry-Tube and Pastry-Gun.

The new LE PAGE'S GESSO CRAFT!
Opens a new Wonderland of achievement in gift making and home decoration
How to make attractive articles for home decoration
How boys and girls can make their own fascinating toys
How to make fascinating gifts for all occasions
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Vol. 1

These Four Fascinating Books

will bring to life the skillful Craftsman hidden in your fingers

IN YOUR fingers lies an unsuspected gift of skillfulness—more than you ever dreamed. It is waiting only for this fascinating new set of four, new, charming craft books to bring it to life and create a new and delightful accomplishment for you.

You have no idea how many lovely things you can make with the help of the 136 pages of illustrations and carefully prepared, easy-to-follow directions contained in LEPAGE'S CRAFT LIBRARY.

You can make fascinating gifts

IF YOU would like to know how to make charming gifts that please people for Christmas, birthdays and all gift occasions; if you ever want ideas for making novel bridge prizes or party favors—you should have these books.

You can make attractive articles to decorate your home

IF YOU ever wish for new articles of decorative value to freshen up your home, to make your home beautiful and a happier place to live in—decorative articles of just the right size and the right color, to place here or hang there, like a pretty desk set, for example, or a graceful vase, or a new lampshade, then you should send now for these books, and make use of their valuable help.

If you love flowers, these books will show you how to cover red clay flower pots and make them things of beauty.

Perhaps you admire the present charming style of painted bedroom furniture. These books will give you simple directions for applying decalcomanias by which you transfer to the wood lovely conventional designs in colors, or colored flower, fruit or bird designs. The books also tell you where to get the best decalcomanias.

Arts and Crafts with "Gesso"

VOLUME THREE, on LePage's Gesso Craft, gives you a simple recipe for making inexpensively your own "Gesso," though previously long kept practically a trade secret. "Gesso" is an old, old art which thousands of craftsmen have used with exquisite results. LePage's Gesso Craft makes available for the amateur, a wonderful new opportunity for making gifts and articles for home decoration.

Many "Gesso" articles are described in this third volume, including articles as varied as picture frames for your walls and charming pendants to wear around the neck and match any costume. With LePage's Gesso Craft you can give the fashionable Fifth-Avenue-look to many a five and ten cent article. LePage's Gesso is not brittle; won't crack.

You can make toys for the children

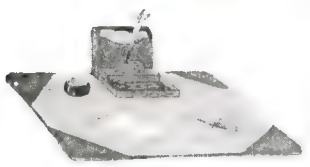
IF YOU ever have to answer the rainy day question, "Mother, what can we do now?" Volume Four of LePage's Craft Library will show you how to make for them all the toys they desire. What is more, both boys and girls can make these toys themselves, finding in the process hours and hours of absorbing fun.

Having become the owner of a set of these four new books, all these things that have been mentioned are open to you, and many more besides. They open new fields, new possibilities, for you.

Once the skillful craftsman, lying hidden in your fingers, is awake and conscious of his powers, you will be a very much surprised and delighted person. And all four books, containing a far greater wealth of ideas, are now offered to you complete for only 10 cents.

Send 10 cents for new LePage's Craft Library

TRY this new way of making things yourself. Just write your name and address on the coupon below, tear the coupon out and mail it today with 10 cents in coin or stamps, and we will at once send you a set of these four new LePage's Craft Books, postage paid. There is no further payment of any kind. Address LePage's Craft League, Dept. 104, Gloucester, Mass. Tear out the coupon now so you will not forget it.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In Bottles and Tubes

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Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's Craft Library. Please send a set of these four new books to:

Name.....

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City.....*State*.....

Every child would adore this Noah's Ark Pasture on his party-table. It is a plain cake decorated with green frosting and animal crackers

Party Touches, Easy Enough To Make For Everyday

BY LILIAN M. GUNN
Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

NO MATTER how delicious a food is, you don't want to serve it always in the same old way. A dainty garnish or an attractive decoration will make a surprising difference in an ordinary dish. It costs no more to have food tempting to look at than to have it unattractive. Sometimes it takes a little more time but every real homemaker is willing to give that.

Here are some recipes for garnishes and garnished dishes which you will want to try, either for a party or for every day!

POTATO GARNISH
To Dress up Meat, Fish or Vegetables

Boil potatoes and drain very dry. Peel and put through a potato-ricer. To every 2 cups hot potato add 3 tablespoons butter. Then to first 2 cups add 3 well-beaten egg yolks and to each additional 2 cups, add 1 more egg. Season mixture well with salt and beat until light and creamy. If mixture is too thick, a little hot milk may be added. Put into a pastry-tube and shape in rosettes, rings, borders, Duchesse potatoes, or any desired form. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

SWEDISH TIMBALES
Creamed Chicken, Meat, Fish and Vegetables are Delicious Served in These

¾ cup bread flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon salad oil

Sift together dry ingredients. Beat egg very slightly, stir in milk and add mixture slowly to dry ingredients. Add oil last and beat until free from lumps. Cover mixture and let stand, one hour if possible. Put into deep cup or bowl. Have ready kettle of deep fat hot enough to brown a cube of bread in 1 minute. Heat timbale-iron in fat, then dip it into batter until three-fourths covered and mixture clings to iron. Place iron quickly in hot fat and fry until a delicate brown. Slip from iron on unglazed paper to drain. The timbale cases may be re-heated to make them crisp if they become stale from standing but must be watched carefully to prevent burning. Just before filling, edges can be brushed lightly with white of egg and dipped into finely minced parsley to make a very dainty finish.

CIRCLE SALAD
A New Kind of Party Salad

Pare tart apples and core with apple corer. Cut in thick slices and marinate for 1 hour in French dressing. Place a ripe or green olive in the hole in center of each and serve on a bed of celery cut fine and mixed with mayonnaise. Extra mayonnaise can be served with it, or cooked dressing may be used, if preferred.

BROILED ORANGES
Try These for Luncheon or a "Company" Breakfast

Cut navel oranges in thick slices, discarding ends. Dry slightly with a linen towel and brush over with melted butter. Broil 5 minutes on a hot griddle and serve on rounds of toasted bread or cake spread with whipped cream. Sprinkle top with grated chocolate or shredded coconut.

NOVELTY SANDWICH
A Delicious Combination

Cut thin slices of cake in 3- or 4-inch squares. On one slice put a slice or layer of ice-cream and cover with a second slice of cake. Make a design of whipped cream on top, using a pastry-bag or tube. A colored ice-cream is prettiest for this.

CAKE BASKETS
Ice-Cream Tastes Even Better in These

Bake a sponge or plain butter-cake batter in deep muffin-tins. Remove centers from muffins leaving a cake-shell about one-half inch thick. In the bottom of each put a spoonful of raspberry jam or jelly and fill with ice-cream or sherbet. By sticking ends into edge of cake, make a handle over top of angelica or orange peel. A whipped cream rose may be put on top of ice-cream, if desired. A prettier basket can be made by frosting outside of cake before filling it.

ALPHABET GINGER COOKIES
The Children Will Love These

½ cup sugar
½ cup molasses
½ cup sweet milk
½ cup melted shortening
3 cups (or more) flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon salt

Mix together sugar, molasses, milk and melted shortening. Sift together flour, soda, ginger and salt and add to first mixture. Stir until thoroughly blended, then chill in ice-box. Add more flour if necessary to make stiff enough to roll out thin. Cut with fluted cookie-cutter and brush over with white of egg. Put each child's name on a cookie with alphabet macaroni and bake in hot oven (350° F.) 10 minutes or until brown. Makes four to five dozen cookies.

NOAH'S ARK PASTURE
This Makes an Unusual Centerpiece For a Party Table

Bake a flat cake and cover with frosting colored green with vegetable coloring. Have ready ¼ pound animal crackers and before frosting hardens cut little slits in it. Stand animals up in slits. Eyes may be made on the animals with a toothpick dipped in chocolate, if desired, before putting them on cake.

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

Now Ready for You
1872
IN 1872, the Mississippi River, with its palatial steamers, was one of the chief avenues of the nation's commerce. In that year, A. Montgomery Ward originated the mail order business, opening up a new highway of trade and bringing to the people all over America the low prices of the city markets on goods of standard serviceable quality.
During all these thirty-three years, Mr. Ward's policies of honest goods at lower prices have been carefully followed.
"We never sacrifice quality to make a low price."
1925
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
Catalogue Number 103
Fall and Winter 1925-26
NATCHEZ

Ward's Fall & Winter Catalogue is Yours Free

There are 700 pages of Money Saving opportunities in this book—*for you!*

There are 700 pages of fresh, new merchandise—one of the greatest and most complete assortments of merchandise ever gotten together.

One copy of this new 700 Page Catalogue is offered to you free—without any obligation. You need only fill in the coupon below or write us a postcard, and your copy of this Catalogue will be sent to you free.

$50 Cash Saving This Season for You

There is a Cash Saving of $50 for you if you use this book—if you send all your orders to Ward's. And we want to tell you here just how this big saving was made possible for you.

—***Cash buys cheapest.*** $50,000,000 in ready cash was used to make possible these thousands of bargains. Everyone knows that big orders and spot cash get the lowest prices.

We buy goods in enormous quantities—sometimes even taking the entire output of a factory—and by paying cash, get lower than market prices.

—***Merchandise Experts.*** Our force of buyers is composed of experts—specialists with long experience and wide knowledge of the goods they buy. They know manufacturing costs, they know how and when to buy standard goods at the lowest possible prices.

—***Searching the markets of the world.*** Months have been spent in searching every market. Our buyers go to all countries in their hunt for bargains for you—to find the biggest bargains the whole world has to offer.

Ward's Low Prices On Standard Goods Only

Our buyers have one rule to follow: "Buy only the kind of goods our customers want—the kind that stands inspection and use. Buy at the lowest prices—but never sacrifice quality in order to make a low price."

We never offer "price baits" on cheap, unsatisfactory merchandise—we never offer cheap, unworthy merchandise in our Catalogue to make our prices seem low.

Everything for the Farm, the Home and the Family

Almost everything you or your family needs to buy—everything to wear, everything for the home is shown in this new Catalogue at Money Saving prices.

A saving of $50 may just as well be yours if you write for this book—and send all your orders to Ward's.

Your Orders are shipped within 24 hours

Your orders will be shipped within 24 hours. That saves time. But besides, one of our seven big houses is near to you. Your orders reach us quicker. Your goods reach you quicker. It is quicker and cheaper, and more satisfactory to send all your orders to Ward's.

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(Mail this coupon to our house nearest you.)

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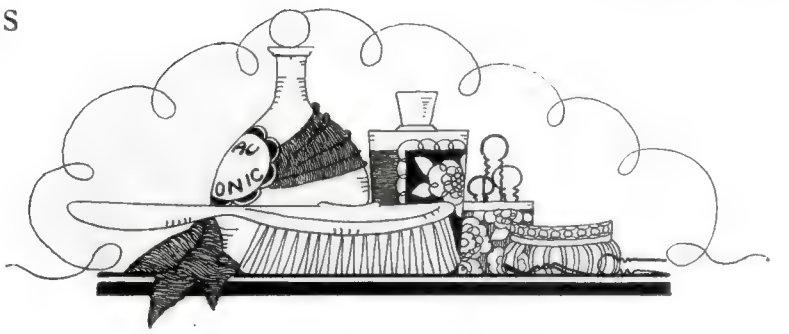
SPECIAL SERIES ON THE ETIQUETTE OF GOOD LOOKS

How Does The Well-Bred Woman Dress Her Hair?



BY EMILY POST
Author of Etiquette, the Blue Book of Social Usage

I WAS asked, recently, by a motion-picture magazine to point out what flaws I could in "Society" pictures. Flaws of behaviour, house appointments, servants' manners and liveries do not come under this subject but appearance does—and the most striking flaw in the appearance of the average actress who attempts to play the role of a distinguished social leader is that of exaggerated hair-dressing.

Just as vulgar framing can destroy the beauty of a picture so can vulgar hair-arrangement destroy the loveliest face. No woman can possibly look well-bred with a head seemingly loaded with the stuffings of a mattress either skewed in place with Christmas tree ornaments or tied on with circus trappings. The close bob has at least this to recommend it: It makes a small neat outline and cannot be "decorated" unless wrapped or harnessed.

The way you do your hair does more to enhance or mar the picture of your face, than any other factor. And happily, almost any woman or girl can have beautifully framing hair. If you have an ugly mouth or nose or chin you can do little to improve them. Your hair, however, can always (with artificial addition if necessary) be made becoming. It must be!

In studying your own outline, remember that the classic proportion of the head is one-eighth of the height of the body. And the ideal is a trifle less. If you are small-boned and slim, your head ought to be small and slim in proportion. If you are tall and not slim, too small a head gives the effect of a stopperless decanter. If you are short and plump, a head flat on top and sticking out in a bunch at the ears is about the most unbecoming frame you can devise. It should be lifted on top and fastened flat at the sides to make the outline higher and narrower. Fat faces look best with the ears uncovered. Thin faces are often flattered by a fluffy nimbus of hair, and really bad features can sometimes be disguised by a carefully balanced outline. A prominent nose is made less prominent if the hair is carried out beyond the forehead. Small features can usually stand a bare forehead; a long face is shortened by a bang, but an oval face with enormous eyes is the one type which is beautiful with hair parted in the center and drawn in heavy draped curtains over the ears. To the average face this mode is exceedingly trying and adds ten years to age. To the dark-skinned, straight-haired type, a Navajo Indian head-band is often strikingly becoming.

IT IS said the "bob" has come to stay because no woman will again take the trouble to cope with long hair. A rather fantastic reason! A rough mop of short hair is as ugly as a run-to-weeds garden, and sleekly pruned and well-controlled bobbed hair requires skill, ceaseless attention—and money!

The ultimate in bobbed perfection, which is a thing of beauty and a frame exceedingly becoming to nearly every face, can best be described as a continuous swirl of S-shaped waves. The waves "swirl" as it were, slantwise across the forehead, turning back over the temples and forward again, barely covering the ears. The part is on or toward the side; the top piece may or may not, cover much of the forehead but the side pieces do not go in front of the temples or below the lobes of the ears. The back is "shingled" but not so close that it can not be made to look waved. The most beautifully shingled head I have ever seen had the back hair brushed sideways so that it contributed to the encircling movement.

Having said that perfect hair arrangement could be achieved by everyone, I am forced now to acknowledge that a really *perfect* example of this swirled effect I have been trying to describe, can be done only with the right sort of thick, lustrous hair, handled by an expert—very expert! Because each undulation must go precisely so! Furthermore, its beauty is evidently very fragile—any movement at all and the meticulously fixed side pieces slip apart.

There are, of course, other varieties of bob that are easy to acquire and to manage. The straight Japanese-doll bob requires no attention except that one must go at regular intervals to have it trimmed and must spend time brushing and washing and tonicking it to give it the shiny gloss.

The frizzed mop-heads and tasselled straight-heads are dreadful. Dreadful, too, is a bobbed head on a middle-aged woman because almost invariably it is cheapening. If you disagree with this statement, suppose you call to mind the most *distinguished* woman you can think of—the one who represents most nearly your ideal of a queen. Mentally bob her hair! Where, then, has her queenliness gone?

A really perfect example of the swirled effect can be done only by an expert—very expert!

OF COURSE there are soubrette types who are not "queenly" under any circumstances and if they like themselves with shingled thatches, that is their own affair! If in cutting off their hair, they think they are cutting off twenty years as well, there are few friends frank enough to spoil their illusions by telling them they have added twenty years instead.

The thin look not a bit better than the fat. A very good illustration is Mrs. S— who at the age of forty-six was amazingly young-looking for her age. At forty-seven she bobbed her hair. With her short dress and boy-cut hair, she looked in the distance about eighteen. But as she crossed the room the effect of youth suddenly vanished and into focus came—an old hag!

In contrast to the woman who is struggling to look and behave as though she were her own daughter, is the far more characteristically American mother-of-the-family who takes no thought of her age nor her looks. She goes on doing her hair in the same old way—because she is used to it. It is quite possible that the "old way" is really the "best" way but it is a very good thing now and then to go to a hairdresser to try the effect of a new mode.

The woman whose hair is white must arrange it much more carefully than if it is still colored. If it curls naturally—even the very least wave—her task is easy. But if it is poker-straight, its arrangement is an everlasting time-taking nuisance because a curling tong is the one thing that must not come in contact with white hair. The safest way to wave it is to put it up on curlers. It can be set with water-wave combs only if it has some natural wave.

Having said that heat hurts white hair, I must add that I know several people whose gray hair (not white) is permanently waved, twice a year, without being marred. On the other hand, I could name dozens of heads that are of the ugliest yellow varieties. Gray-white hair that suggests a spun silver is the most becoming hair in the world. But it must look *spun*. This is accomplished usually by continual washings to make it clean and light as possible and by crêping it—or roughing it—on the under side, after each lock has been smoothly combed on the upper. Such white hair, by the way, should stand out more than would be pretty for dark hair.

In hair dressing then: avoid exaggeration in size, or disorder; never let your hair in any way suggest a Zulu chief, or a mop, or a plate of sausages; avoid, also, the hideous and vulgar mutton-chop-whisker effects of hair.

For those who cannot manage their hair, there are endless pieces, from a whole transformation to a pair of side-curls, that can be bought ready to pin on. A well-matched piece of some sort, by the way, is the only thing possible for the straight-haired on a foggy summer evening—unless, oh, joy of joys! it is permanently waved. Some people say that their hair thrives under permanent waving—and I am very sure it does not make any hair thinner. That it does break off hair that is dry and fine, is alas, all too true!

Where you part your hair or whether you part it at all; also whether you show your ears or not, is entirely a question of becomingness. To dye or not to dye is to many women a tormenting question. To all of the red, and many of the nut-brown types, the verdict would be: Do whatever your hairdresser can advise to keep the color from changing. To the fair-skinned, dark-haired, the verdict would be: Your graying hair is making you prettier every day. Hair dye would change you from a sweet-faced woman into the wreck of a beauty that never was. If there were in each community an advisory council composed of persons of unqualified taste how easy it would be, wouldn't it?

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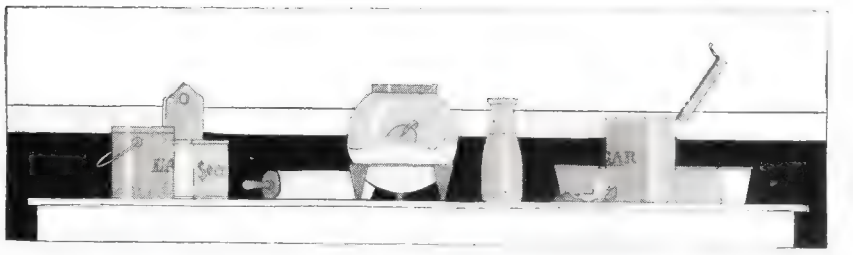

The shortening, milk, flour, yeast and sugar used in bread, make it good and nutritious

Good Bread Is An Energy-Food

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

WE EAT for two distinct purposes. One is to keep the body in a healthy condition; the other, to provide energy for work and warmth. We eat *some* foods *primarily* for their energy-values. Bread is one of the latter foods.

If bread is made from white flour, its food-value is improved by putting yeast into it, for yeast possesses some extraordinary dietary properties. Yeast proteins enhance the value of the flour proteins and as the yeast grows in the dough, it forms a very considerable amount of the vitamin B which many investigators believe to be of special importance in stimulating the appetite. Yeast is also a laxative food and sometimes is eaten in the form of yeast cake for this reason. So the greater the amount of yeast used in bread-making, the greater will be the nutritive value of the loaf. There is, of course, a limit to the amount of yeast which can be used because too much will spoil the flavor of the bread. Success in bread-making depends in a great measure on the quality of the yeast itself. If it is contaminated with various micro-organisms, these may give an unpleasant flavor to the loaf.

Yeast bread when properly made is a wholesome food but never a complete one. It is no longer justifiable, however, to condemn a food because it is not *complete*. Judged by that standard, most of our ordinary wholesome foods would fall under the ban. The keynote to successful nutrition is the proper selection of foods so that what is lacking in one will be supplied by another.

We have never been willing to say that the American public is unwise when it buys refined flour, because one can easily combine bread made from such flour with other foods, and so make up for any deficiencies the bread may have. The most important of these other foods is milk, either added to the diet or used in making the bread.

The addition of milk to bread not only increases its nutritive value but makes it more appetizing. The use of sweet milk instead of water or part water in mixing the dough is becoming more and more common in commercial bakeries as people, realizing the importance of milk in the diet, demand it. The baking-industry in many parts of the country is now investing large sums of money in research to learn how to make better bread commercially, and their efforts to improve the quality have led them to include large amounts of milk. But the idea is still in the experimental stage so that in many places where there are only small bakeries it is not yet possible to buy bread which is in any sense a nutritious food.

A practicable way to add milk to bread both in home-making and commercial bakeries, is by the use of milk powder. The skim-milk powders keep indefinitely in a can with a close-fitting lid, shutting out moisture, and can be used anywhere at any time. The best milk powders dissolve in cold water, and by using one part powder and eight parts water, a milk solution is obtained which has about the same composition as skim milk. In bread-making it is advisable to use more of the milk powder in proportion to the quantity of water. The free use of either powdered milk, canned milk or fresh milk improves the quality of bread because it adds both protein and vitamins.

Many women believe it is cheaper to buy bread than to bake it at home, and they often do not want to give the time necessary to home-baking. There are many things besides time and money to be taken into account in deciding whether it is best to give one's family bakery bread or home-made bread—the most important of which is the quality of the bread.

Bread forms such a large part of the school lunch of many children that it is very necessary that it should be of excellent quality. For this reason, if for no other, a mother should bake her own bread, unless she can be certain that the baker's bread available contains enough milk to insure its being nutritious. Although the task of bread-making may seem formidable to one unaccustomed to it or unacquainted with the newer, quicker methods of doing it, baking soon becomes a matter of routine which can be accomplished in a very short time and with little effort, when one grows familiar with it as it is now done.

Many children do not like milk in liquid form; the "improved" bread made with plenty of milk is especially important in the diet of these children.

If children are served milk in the school as well as at home, the quality of the bread is not of so great importance.

Doctor McCollum *says:*

"We eat for two distinct purposes. One is to keep the body healthy; the other to provide energy. We eat some foods primarily for their energy-values. Bread is one of the latter foods."

As bread forms an important part of children's school lunches, it especially behooves mothers now, when school lunches loom large, to provide good bread. If you want to learn how to make your own bread by the newest method—which takes only one hour and forty-five minutes!—turn to the article on bread-making found on another page of this issue of McCall's.

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THERE is no catalog number for "happiness," but we sell it just the same. You'll not find it illustrated, but it appears on every page. The frock for the young lady's first party; the boy's bicycle; dad's radio; mother's new coat. Don't they all mean happiness? And could all of them be had if Sears, Roebuck and Co. wasn't able to sell good merchandise at such low prices?

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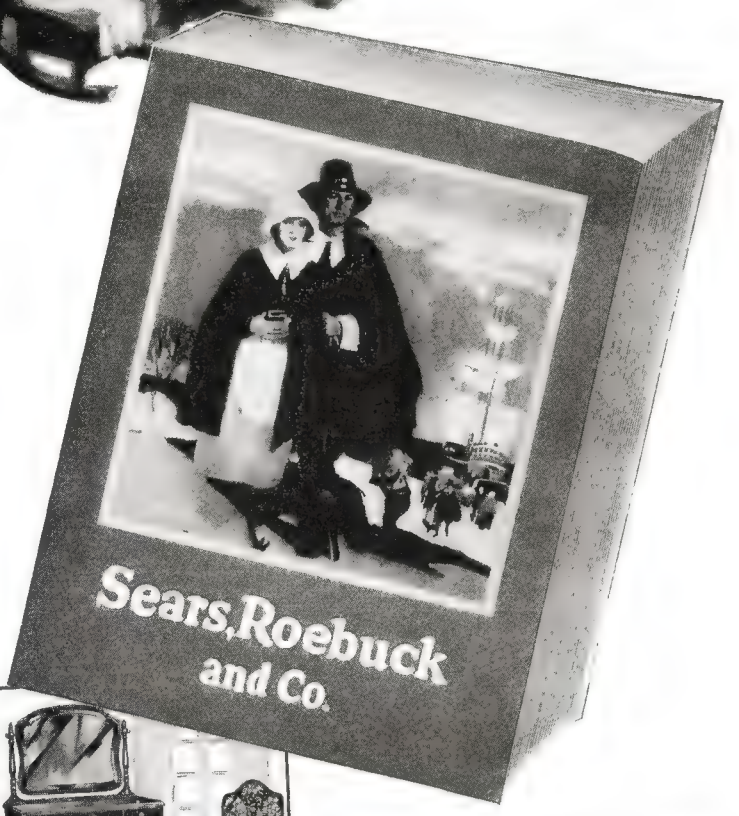

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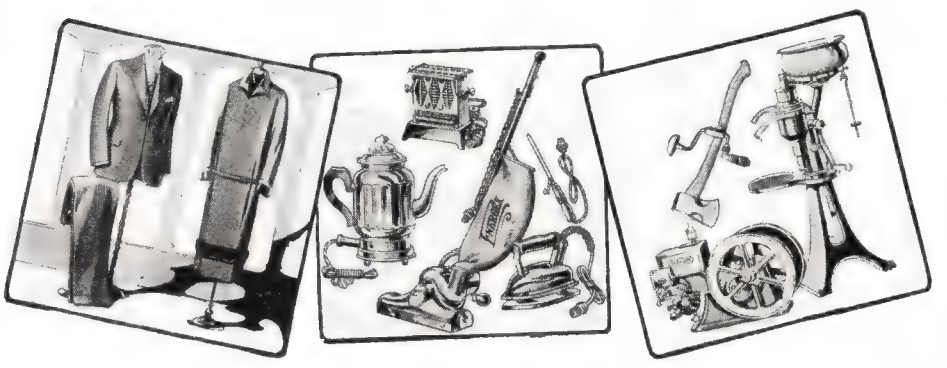

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We want you to put on your thinking cap—to give us a list of the *five* [5] best ways you know of using Pillsbury's Health Bran, either favorite recipes or original ways of serving it. To secure the best group of *five* suggestions, we are offering the following prizes:

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Read These Directions

Remember, 63 awards are offered for the best groups of *five* suggestions. You may submit as many groups as you desire but each group should consist of exactly *five* [5] suggestions, neither more nor less. Any of the five may be recipes containing Pillsbury's Health Bran or merely ideas for original uses. We want *your ideas*—literary merit is not required.

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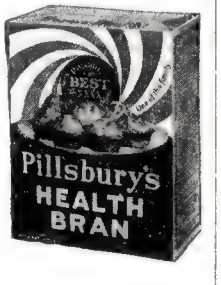

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Yeast-Bread Is Now Quick Bread!

Here Is a New Method Which Cuts Bread-making Time in Three

By MAY B. VAN ARSDALE, *Professor of Household Arts and* DOROTHY E. SHANK, *Instructor of Foods and Cookery*

Teachers College, Columbia University

NOT long ago we asked hundreds of homemakers to make lists of the ten most necessary and indispensable kitchen staples and at the top of every list was *flour*. We wondered how many of the women who mentioned flour first used it in making their own yeast bread. Do you?

Some of the questions constantly being asked us are: "Should a woman bake her own bread?" "How much time does she spend in baking?" "How much money does she save?" "Is the bakers' bread which she can buy as good as that which she makes at home, or better, or worse?" "Should a woman be urged to do her own baking or can her time be more profitably spent in doing other things?"

Of course all households cannot be run in the same way. A woman with only two children may have much more time for bread-making than one with a large family; health—both one's own and that of the other members of the family may affect time-schedules; a kitchen equipped with modern conveniences may make it possible to do more baking than could be done in an inefficient work-room where time and strength are wasted. No one can lay down rules for what another should do.

It used to take five or seven hours or more to make a loaf of bread unless one used an excessive amount of yeast; and although other things could be done meanwhile, the bread always had to be remembered and taken care of at just the proper minute. It was difficult to tell exactly when the dough would be ready for the next process of kneading down or of putting into the oven. This meant being on hand to see just when the bread would need attention.

If it had been mixed the night before and the temperature of the room had unexpectedly become too hot or too cold, the bread would be raised either too much or not at all.

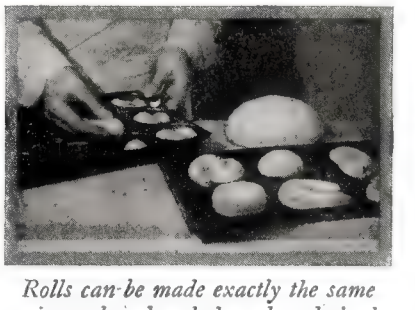
To make bread in your own kitchen is no longer the long process it once was, for we have been experimenting in our Food Workshop at Teachers College with an old-fashioned "starter" for bread, made from a basic recipe furnished us by the Experimental Kitchen of the United States Department of Agriculture; and we have proved that bread can now be mixed, raised and baked in *one hour and forty-five minutes*. This is such a saving of time that even the kitchenette housekeeper ought to be interested in bread-making.

Lightly holding the dough in the two hands on the board, press against the dough with the thick part of the thumb

After you mix the bread and while you wait for it to rise you can accomplish many other things; bake a cake, make a custard, prepare the vegetables for dinner, and make one or more luncheon dishes ready for popping into the oven. Meanwhile the bread becomes light and you can bake it in loaves or, with a little more trouble, you can have rolls piping hot for dinner.

Put the thermometer into the dough when you set it to rise and watch it to keep the temperature at 80° F.

Put the loaf into a greased pan. Let it rise again at a temperature of 80°F, for 25 or 30 minutes, when it should about double in bulk



Rolls can be made exactly the same way as bread and shaped as desired into Finger Rolls, Tea Rolls, Parker House Rolls or Clover Leaf Rolls

For a one-pound loaf which can be mixed and baked in an hour and forty-five minutes, try our method. By following a few simple directions and by using a thermometer in raising and baking, you can take the guess entirely out of your resulting loaf should be porous and soft, with just the right amount of "spring" in it—a loaf sweet and nutty as well as tender and light.

RECIPE FOR BREAD "STARTER"

First, prepare the "starter" according to the following recipe, which will make about ten cups.

4 medium-sized potatoes
3¾ pints water
1 tablespoon salt
5 tablespoons sugar
7 cakes compressed yeast

Soak yeast in ¼ cup water. Peel potatoes and cook in 1¾ pints of water and when tender mash them through a fine strainer adding water in which they have been cooked. Stir well, add remainder of the water, which should cool the mixture to about 82°F, a little less than lukewarm. Be sure above all things, that the water is *not too hot*. (Since it will delay the game if the water is too cool, it is best to have it exactly right.) Then add yeast mixture

[*Turn to page 56*]

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Here in this book, fully illustrated with many color pages, are heating stoves; gas stoves; coal and wood ranges in black, nickel; delft-blue, and pearl-gray porcelain enamel; combination gas and coal ranges in black, nickel and porcelain enamel; furnaces—both pipe and one register type; oil stoves and household goods. Kalamazoo specializes in porcelain enamel ranges of lasting beauty. Our sales on these ranges increased 300% last year. Illustrated in colors. Here, too, are new ideas, new features, new improvements, new labor saving advantages.

Cash or Easy Terms—30 Days FREE Trial

It explains our generous credit terms—some as low as $3.00 down and $3.00 monthly. It tells about our 30 days FREE trial in your home and 360 days approval test. It states our $100,000 bank bond guarantee—the strongest ever written. If you are not thoroughly satisfied in every respect, we will refund your money and all freight charges. It also tells how we give you 24 hour shipping service. With this catalog we send you names of Kalamazoo users in your locality. Ask them about Kalamazoo quality!

560,000 Pleased Customers

You have heard of Kalamazoo-Direct-to-You for 25 years. You have seen our advertisements before. *But have you ever answered one?* If you haven't now is the time for you to *cut out this coupon* and save money on the same plan that 560,000 Kalamazoo customers know is *right!*

Loomis, Nebr.

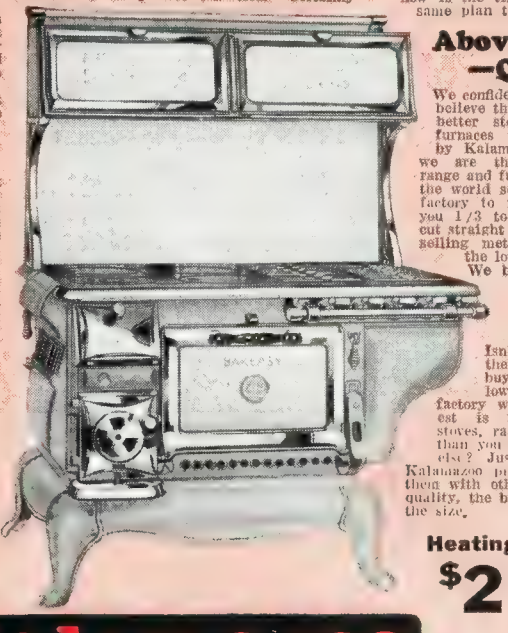
Gentlemen:
Received our Emperor last Tuesday in perfect condition. Certainly am well pleased with it. It is a good heater and a good baker. Also the most beautiful stove I have ever seen. I am sure we saved $50 or $75 by sending to Kalamazoo.
Thanking you for prompt shipment as it arrived here in less than a week.
Mrs. Paul J. Ronnberg.

Union, New York

Gentlemen:
The furnace we bought works fine. The coldest days I have it 82 in the house when it is 10 below outside, and we do this on coal at $5.40 a ton. Last winter all we burned was 6 tons in a big 8 room house. The amount we save in the price of coal will pay for itself in a few years. We saved better than $100 by buying a KALAMAZOO.

Yours truly,
Wesley J. Hanns,
R. D. No. 2.

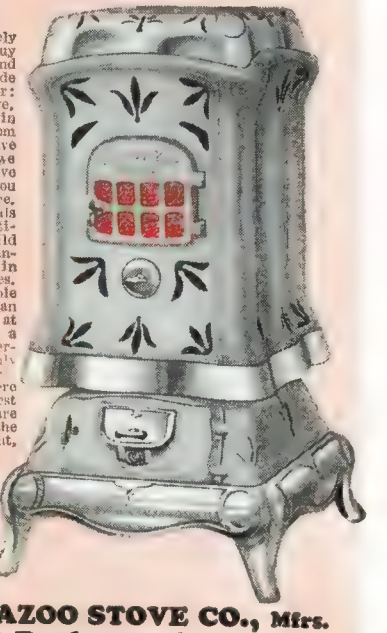
Furnaces $59.95 up



Combination Ranges
$59.80 UP

Above All Else —Quality

We confidently and sincerely believe that you cannot buy better stoves, ranges and furnaces than those made by Kalamazoo. Remember: we are the largest stove, range and furnace company in the world selling direct from factory to family. We save you 1/3 to 1/2 because we cut straight through expensive selling methods, giving you the lowest factory price. We buy raw materials in large quantities. We build in large quantities. We sell in large quantities. Isn't it reasonable then that you can buy better quality at lower prices from a factory whose whole interest is in making only stoves, ranges and furnaces than you can get anywhere else? Just get the latest Kalamazoo prices and compare them with others. Compare the quality, the beauty, the weight, the size.



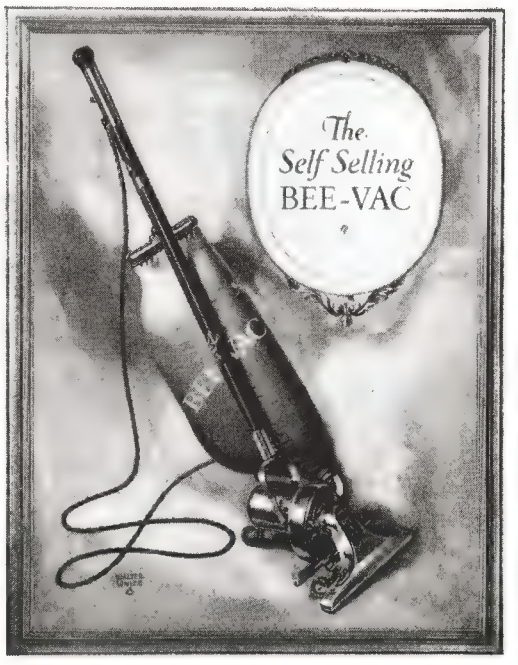
Heating Stoves
$27.00 UP

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
61 Rochester Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Astounding Success of BEE-VAC

What Does It Mean?



WOMEN all over the nation are buying Bee-Vac cleaners today as never before.

What is the reason for this wide approval of an electric cleaner that has never been sold by factory canvassers or demonstrators?

We think that you know the answer. The Bee-Vac has set a new standard in electric cleaners.

"Sell Yourself" a Bee-Vac

When you buy an electric cleaner remember this: It is *your* house to be cleaned. It is *you* who will run the cleaner. It is *your* money that buys it.

Therefore, we say disregard all "hearsay." Ignore all claims. Just pick out three or four makes of electric cleaners, including the Bee-Vac, and have *all* of them sent to your home.

Use each of them and return all but the one you prefer. It won't take you long to decide to keep the Bee-Vac.

Bee-Vac Dealers Invite the Test

More than 12,000 merchants now selling Bee-Vacs openly invite this comparison.

They suggest that you test the cleaners for efficiency in removing all embedded dirt, all dust, all surface litter. Note which cleaner does the work quickest—yet with *safety* to the nap of valuable rugs. Compare them for beauty. See which cleaner is lightest, ' 'est to handle.

Finally, consider the Bee-Vac 2-year guarantee—and its low $44.50 price, remembering the quality and performance which go with this price.

Write to Us

More than 400,000 homes are now being cleaned with the "self-selling" Bee-Vac.

Let us send you the name of a Bee-Vac dealer, who will gladly let you make the test—and booklet entitled, "Sell Yourself a Bee-Vac and Save $10." Also details concerning the Bee-Vac electric iron at $5.75.

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, *Dept.M-149*, Chicago, U. S. A.

BEE-VAC

Electric Cleaner

RAPID · THOROUGH · SAFE

Yeast-Bread Is Now Quick Bread!

[*Continued from page 54*]

and again stir well.

If you do not wish to make bread at the time the starter is ready, it can be put in the refrigerator in a covered jar (a stone one is excellent) and used whenever you desire a single fresh loaf or a few fresh rolls.

When you are ready to make the bread, bring the starter into a warm room and put in a slightly warmer place than that of room-temperature until the starter reaches a temperature of 80° F. when tested with a thermometer, for the success of this method depends largely on the proper temperature. The yeast has not been growing much in the refrigerator as it needs warmth. However, do not try to hurry it unduly because too much heat will entirely destroy it.

If the temperature of the starter is 80°F. and the temperature of the room is 80°F., then the temperature of the flour to be used should be the same; but if the room is a little cool, this can be compensated for by warming the flour as many degrees above 80 as the room is below. Do not use cold flour as it will retard the action of the yeast and the best temperature for the *dough* in bread-making is from 80°F. to 82°F.

TO MAKE BREAD

To make a one-pound loaf use 1½ cups of the starter, 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar (a little food to help the small yeast plants grow), 4 cups of bread flour, 4 tablespoonfuls of fat and 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt. Put the starter into a bowl. Add the salt and one half the flour, beating very thoroughly. Then add the melted fat and again mix well. (Adding the fat now is more likely to insure an even whiteness by eliminating streaks of fat through the dough.) Knead just long enough to have the flour well combined.

An easy way of kneading is to place the bread on the slightly floured board and lightly holding the dough in the two hands on the board press against the dough with the thick part of the thumb, turning the dough part way round each time it is pressed with the hands and always keeping the fingers round the dough to prevent its becoming too flat.

When well kneaded, put the dough into a greased bowl and set this in a pan of water about 90°F. (The reason why this temperature can be over 80° is that some of the heat is lost in the room and the bowl before it reaches the dough.) Put the thermometer into the dough where you can constantly watch it in order to hold the mass at 80°F. If your stove has a warming-oven, this also is a good place to put the dough instead of in the pan of water while it is rising, being sure to grease the top of the dough to prevent a crust from forming on it. If such a crust forms and is kneaded into the dough, it makes heavy, dark streaks in the bread when done. At the end of twenty-five minutes, the dough should be light, fluffy, soft and well risen and should be nearly double in bulk.

Shape the bread in a loaf. Here is another place where you can save time because kneading may be done while shaping. Place the bread on a slightly floured board and press it into a flat strip longer than wide. Fold the edges toward the center always pressing the dough firmly while shaping. Repeat this twice, then roll on the board between the palms of the hands and the board until the bread is evenly shaped; all the creases will be on one side which will be the bottom of the loaf. The top will be smooth and oval. After a few trials you can easily shape bread this way.

Put the loaf into a greased pan. Let it rise again at a temperature of 80° F. this time for 25 to 30 minutes when it should about fill the pan or be double in bulk.

Bake 35 minutes in an oven previously heated to 550°F. An oven regulator or oven thermometer is a great help in getting the exact temperature. This is a very hot oven. Keep it at this temperature until bread becomes a light brown, then reduce temperature to 350°F. for the remainder of the 35 minutes. When bread is baked, turn it out onto a rack to cool.

TO MAKE ROLLS

Rolls can be made exactly the same way as the bread. A cup and a half of starter will make between a dozen and a half and two dozen rolls, depending on their size. For sweeter and richer rolls you can use from 1 teaspoonful to 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar instead of 2 teaspoonfuls and from 1 teaspoonful to 6 tablespoonfuls of fat as desired instead of 4 tablespoonfuls, increasing either the sugar alone, the fat alone or both together. The addition of an egg will also vary your dough and make a pleasant change. If egg is used, it should be put into dough after the fat and before all the flour has been added.

Instead of shaping the dough as you would for a loaf of bread, form it into a long roll on the board and cut off small portions as nearly the same size as possible. These can be shaped as desired, into finger rolls, clover leaf rolls, tea rolls, Parker House rolls, and so forth. Put them into a greased pan in a hot oven (550° F.), reducing temperature to 350° F. after the first five minutes to finish baking. They should be baked about 12 or 15 minutes, depending on the size.

Be It Ever So Simple, The Garnishing Is Important

[*Continued from page 47*]

ready-to-use salad garnishes are capers, plain or stuffed olives and mayonnaise.

GARNISHES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR SOUPS

In the photograph of soup garnishes and accompaniments the rolled cheese wafers can be bought whereas the toasted bread rings and sticks, croutons (squares of bread toasted) and the parsley crackers made by slightly toasting buttered crackers sprinkled with chopped parsley, you can make yourself. Other easily made garnishes are toasted triangles of bread, pulled bread (pulled instead of cut, then toasted), pastry sticks, cheese straws and noodles. Popcorn, minced parsley (so easily minced with the roller-mincer shown) paprika, chopped pimento, whipped cream and grated cheese are attractive garnishes to put on a plate of soup or a cup of bouillon just before serving.

VEGETABLE GARNISHES

By vegetables garnishes we mean unusual forms in which certain common vegetables can be served or which make attractive garnishes for other vegetables or for meats and fish. Some of these are: French fried potatoes (cut for frying with one stroke of the French vegetable cutter shown) lattice potatoes and shoe-string potatoes, (cut with another special cutter) potato balls made with the small round cutter, Julienne potatoes, carrots and turnip (cut with the Julienne knife shown beside the round cutter) riced potatoes and potato or other vegetable croquettes, molded in the cone-shaped croquette mold. The croustade of bread, shown in the photograph and timbale-cases made on the long-handled Timbale-Iron also shown, (see recipe for Swedish Timbales on Mrs. Gunn's page) are attractive and edible cases in which to serve creamed vegetables, creamed meat or fish.

GARNISHES FOR MEAT AND FISH

The paper frills used for garnishing baked fowl, lamb chops, fillet mignon and so forth can either be bought or can be made at home. Green pepper rings, sliced hard-cooked egg (sliced at one stroke by the egg-slicer shown), [*Turn to page 70*]

STYLE SPECIALISTS FOR THIRTY~SEVEN YEARS

VALUE~true value that includes style, long wear, satisfactory service and low price ~ this is the value presented in these smart "National" coats!

You are accustomed to think of well made and stylish coats as expensive. Yet at the "National," coats of handsome, long wearing material, trimmed and lined and cut in the manner that always marks the quality garment—are remarkably low in price.

Consider that the National Style Book shows all wool coats styled as New York and Paris dictate, priced from $9.98 to $65.00. Coats in other materials at still lower figures. Here low price is matched with high quality.

Here is wonderful variety too—styles in regular sizes in great number—also *special* styles for women about five feet in height — and slenderizing styles for women of full figure.

The line of women's dresses is most attractive and complete—prices are $3.98 to $22.98. The Style Book shows everything, for Men's, Women's and Children's wear, in correct fashions, well made, of honest materials at prices equally low — low prices made possible by 37 years' experience in creating style *and value.*

Your money back always if you are not satisfied with anything you buy from the "National."

For the entire family the National Style Book is the best buying guide. "National" shoes for men and women will give you a new idea of practical economy—Men's Suits and Overcoats a remarkable opportunity for Saving.

Three million American families dress well at a lower cost through the National Style Book. One copy of this book is yours free without obligation.

Just write to our New York house if you live east of the Mississippi River—to our Kansas City house if you live west of the Mississippi. Both houses have the same New York styles—exactly the same low prices.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

234 West 24th Street, New York City *615 Hardesty Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.*

To keep her hands beautifully groomed, the Parisienne depends upon Cutex

IN PARIS
more women use this smart method than any other

BRILLIANT finger tips—gaily pink!

It is such happy little accents to personal loveliness that the Parisienne selects to give life and sparkle to her ensemble.

Long ago she discovered Cutex—the wonderful antiseptic liquid that quickly vanquishes dead dry cuticle and removes every hint of stain. Marvelous polishes! And a delicate paste that whitens the nail tips.

So magical are these preparations that in the European capitals, and the fashionable French resorts, Cutex manicure preparations are used more than any other kind.

Try this method that brilliant and accomplished women all over the world depend on. Buy one of the attractive Cutex Sets—from 35c to $5.00. Or send 10c with coupon for dainty Introductory Set containing the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover, the lasting Liquid Polish and all other essentials for the complete manicure.

If you live in Canada, address Dept. F-10, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Can.

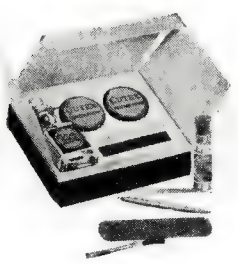
NORTHAM WARREN—New York, Paris, London.

Try this Method

DIP *orange stick in Cutex, twist cotton around end and dip again. Work gently around nail base to loosen and remove the dead dry skin. Pass the wet stick under the nail tips to clean and bleach them.*

Carefully rinse hands and wipe with soft towel, pressing the cuticle back lightly. Pretty ovals of smooth skin now frame your nails!

Mail coupon with 10c for Introductory Set



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-10,
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for Cutex Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, orange stick, emery board and helpful booklet.

_____

_____

_____

This very modern lady is ready for her guests as soon as she shall have donned her dinner-dress. Her last task is to put the Potatoes on the Half Shell into the oven to brown while the steak broils, the vegetable cooks, and the coffee "perks."

Guests for Dinner, After Baby Is Tucked in Bed

BY MILDRED WEIGLEY WOOD

Chairman of the Homemakers' Section of the American Home Economics Association

ALONG with the pleasure and excitement which a baby's coming brings, there comes also much added work and responsibility into a household—work which must be done at very definite times, and responsibility which must be carried continuously. Is it any wonder then that the young mother's first reaction to this increased demand on her time is to ask herself, "What other things can I leave undone?"

The answer frequently is, "We'll have to cut down our social diversions." How many times have you heard a mother say, "Since the baby came we just have not been able to see our friends. We can't go out often for any length of time, and I simply haven't the energy to plan and prepare company dinners?"

Her added interest in the new baby and her limited strength often make a mother content to reduce her social activities. But for the sake of her husband it is important that she should not lose entirely the social contact with their friends.

The last hour and a half before dinner is usually a very busy time for any homemaker who has children. If there isn't a little baby to be fed there are older children who must be given their supper—or both may have to be done. In many homes there is a romp for the children or a few minutes with mother and father, then preparations for bed. It is after all these that the dinner must be given the finishing touches and served.

A young friend of mine, with a baby, confronted by this question and realizing that she was getting out of touch with all her friends, found a way of solving her problems which I am sure will help every mother similarly situated.

Since it was difficult and expensive to find anyone to stay with the baby in the evenings, it was obvious that any visiting with friends would have to be done in her own home. She tried having guests come in for the evening but this did not prove very satisfactory for it was usually after eight when they arrived. It was likely to be eleven o'clock before they left. This meant getting to bed at midnight, which was no hour for the mother of a young baby.

The next thing she considered was the possibility of guests for dinner. Her husband, like most men, was very fond of extending hospitality in this way, so after much thought and discussion they decided to try the experiment of inviting friends to a dinner planned with the baby's schedule and the mother's full program in mind.

MY YOUNG friend figured that if she could plan several simple dinners which would take but little time at the last minute and cause only a slight drain on her time and energy earlier in the day, she could be as hospitable as any of her neighbors. So she planned what she calls her "Half-Hour-in-the-Kitchen" dinners—which means that these dinners require only *half an hour* of time in the late afternoon. Half an hour after the baby is tucked in bed, dinner may be served.

Here are the menus for two of her dinners which have made her famous among her friends for her hospitality "even with a baby!" You will see that they are extremely simple. But anyone would be glad to be invited to either if plenty of each food was served and if one could be assured of the presence of a hospitable host, and a hostess not tired out by her labors but ready to enjoy a good visit.

Her "Half-Hour-in-the-Kitchen" Dinner

SIRLOIN STEAK

POTATOES ON THE HALF SHELL

BUTTERED PEAS OR ASPARAGUS

PICKLED PEACHES

BREAD AND BUTTER

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

COFFEE

MINTS

DINNER 1

Sirloin Steak
Potatoes on the Half Shell
Buttered Peas or Asparagus
Pickled Peaches
Bread and Butter
Butterscotch Pie
Coffee
Mints

DINNER 2

Baked Ham
Escalloped Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Jelly
Jellied Vegetable Salad with Mayonnaise Dressing or Stuffed Tomatoes
Strawberry Shortcake
Coffee

[*Turn to page 60*]

Be your own demonstrator

SAVE $26

Why should we have to send slick demonstrators to your home to hypnotize you into paying more than you should? We'd have to charge you $26.00 to cover such sales costs. Why not be your own demonstrator and use the $26.00 for something else?

This is a revolutionary offer made by a pioneer company—one of the largest American industries.

Now you can buy the wonderful Sturtevant vacuum cleaner *direct* from the factory. Complete with attachments. Fully guaranteed. You pocket the $26.00 which would otherwise go to middlemen. Be your own salesman and demonstrator. How easy to earn $26.00!

So confident are we of its superiority and its ability to demonstrate its superiority easily, we make this astoundingly liberal offer.

FREE TRIAL—*Easy Payments*

You run no risk. We ship the Sturtevant to you for 10 days free demonstration.

Use it as if it were your own. See the dirt it removes even from a clean house. If you decide to keep it, send us only $4.00—then $5.00 per month until paid for.

You can demonstrate to yourself. It's simple. "Why charge women $26.00 extra?" we asked ourselves when we were considering this new policy. It seems to us an economic waste.

"Won't women," we asked further, "be delighted to get a superior $65.00 vacuum cleaner for only $39.00, complete, nothing extra for attachments?"

In every way this is our climax in design. Such a vacuum cleaner would bring $65.00 or more if marketed in the ordinary, costly way.

Note how easy it is to save $26.00. Merely mail the coupon. You deal direct with the manufacturer, a very large concern, 62 years in business, with nearly $10,000,000 assets.

Remember *you* are the sole judge. Keep the Sturtevant or return it. We abide by your decision. If it isn't the equal of any cleaner, regardless of price, send it back at our expense.

A $65 Vacuum Cleaner *for* $39

Complete with *Attachments*—

This is the finest vacuum cleaner we can create—no finer has ever been built, we believe sincerely.

We're the oldest maker of dust removing machines in the country. For 62 years we've specialized in air moving machines of every variety—suction and blower.

Some single industrial installations we've made cost over $100,000. Ask any architect or engineer about this Company if you desire to know our reputation.

The Sturtevant vacuum cleaner ordinarily should be priced at $65.00, if sold in the usual manner.

It has many super-features. It comes with all the attachments of the most expensive machine. Were it brought to your home by a professional demonstrator, you'd agree it was the one you preferred. Any comparison would be in favor of a Sturtevant.

It weighs only 11½ pounds—lighter and light running. It has a powerful motor, with a fourth more suction than usual. Yet it glides over rugs gently, prolonging their life.

The sturdy Sturtevant is approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Modern Priscilla Proving Plant. Sturtevant users everywhere agree upon its superiority.

Use this wonderful vacuum cleaner for 10 days. Give it every test. Compare it with those of your neighbors. Then decide if you agree that it is the equal of any cleaner on the market regardless of price.

Just mail the coupon. Either for the free trial Sturtevant or for further information.

Check which, please.

Sturtevant

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FROM FACTORY TO YOU

MAIL THIS COUPON *Now!*

B. F. Sturtevant Company,
Department B, Hyde Park, Mass.

☐ Ship me a Sturtevant vacuum cleaner for ten days free inspection. If I keep it I will pay $39.00 as follows: $4.00 at the end of the trial period and then at the rate of $5.00 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

☐ Do not send a Sturtevant vacuum cleaner until I order it. Instead, mail me literature with complete information.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

HEINZ does the cooking
—you just heat and serve

HEINZ
COOKED
Spaghetti
with cheese and 57 tomato sauce

Mother late. Children hungry. Noon hour half gone.

How a delayed shopping tour would upset the domestic schedule if it were not for Heinz!

Instead of a cold bite—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—steaming hot in a moment and delicious to the last morsel.

Heinz-made dry spaghetti, Heinz Tomato Sauce, a special selected cheese, all seasoned and expertly cooked in the Heinz kitchens.

You should have a dozen cans in your pantry all of the time.

New salad-making recipe book sent for four cents in stamps

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Guests for Dinner, After Baby Is Tucked in Bed

[*Continued from page 58*]

For Dinner 1 the potatoes on the half shell have been prepared in the morning, so all that is necessary just before dinner will be to brown them in the oven while the steak is broiling. If the vegetable is Fresh Peas, they should be partly cooked earlier in the day to insure their being done within the half hour before dinner. If Fresh Asparagus is used, the stalks can be cut in two parts for serving and the ends cooked early in the afternoon or in the morning until they begin to be tender, then the tips can be added and the cooking completed while the steak broils. In this way the tips will not become mushy from over-cooking or standing in liquid after cooking. If either of these vegetables in canned form is used, the entire cooking can be done within the half hour.

Butterscotch Pie is made in the morning, placed on the plate from which it will be served and put in a cool place until dinner. Now, while the steak broils, the potatoes brown and the asparagus or peas finish cooking, the hostess-cook measures her coffee and if she is to serve it with the first course, starts it cooking. She puts the bread, butter, cream and pickle on the table which she has set during the afternoon and behold, dinner is ready!

The second dinner is equally simple in final preparations but has to be managed in a little different way. It is probable that the hostess-to-be will have boiled her ham in the fireless cooker or on the stove the day before and has only to prepare it for an hour's slow baking just before dinner. If it is started in a low oven, it can bake unwatched for the first thirty minutes while the children are being put to bed.

Many persons think Escalloped Potatoes must be prepared just before they are baked because they discolor when exposed to the air. But if, after they are placed in the dish, seasoned and ready for the oven, a piece of oiled paper is laid closely over the top, the potatoes remain white because the air cannot reach them. These can be baked in the oven with the ham without any attention during the first half hour when the homemaker is not in the kitchen. Care must be taken not to have more than three layers of potatoes if they are to cook in about an hour. Or if desired, the potatoes can be boiled for five minutes after slicing, and then covered with a white sauce for scalloping instead of with the usual flour, milk and butter separately. If this is done, they will need but half an hour's cooking in the oven.

The Vegetable Salad having been made ahead of time and set in the ice-box to stiffen needs only to be placed on lettuce at the last minute. The salad dressing which has probably been made the day before is then added.

If Baked Stuffed Tomatoes are served instead of the Salad they will bake in the oven with the potatoes and ham for about 20 minutes. The Strawberry Shortcake dough is mixed in the afternoon, formed into shortcakes and placed in the refrigerator, well covered with a piece of oil paper to prevent their drying. Since the shortcake dough is stiff, the gas from the baking-powder does not easily escape while they stand, so the shortcakes will be as good as though made at the last moment. They can be put into the oven just in time to come out when dinner is served and placed on top of the oven to keep warm. Or, if the oven is not large enough to hold the ham, potatoes and shortcake, the shortcake may have to bake during dinner or be baked in a small oven on top of the stove, if you have such an oven. It is a simple matter to put the berries, which will have been prepared earlier in the day, on the shortcake just before serving.

You will see that both of these dinners are planned to avoid dishes like gravies and sauces which would require last-minute preparation. Often what appears on paper to be a very simple dinner may take considerable time at the last minute because it requires these extras to make it a good dinner.

When two or three dinners on the order of these have been worked out successfully once, they can be repeated several times during the winter with different guests. Each time the dinner is repeated, less time will be consumed in its preparation and the homemaker's ability to entertain guests with ease and pleasure will be increased.

Here are some recipes for these two dinners.

POTATOES ON THE HALF SHELL

Baked potatoes
Hot milk
Butter
Salt
Pepper
Chopped parsley

Cut baked potatoes lengthwise and remove inside with a fork. Prepare potato just as for mashed potatoes, adding milk and seasoning according to the amount of potato. Add the finely cut parsley in about the proportion of 2 teaspoons to 8 medium-sized potatoes. The consistency of the potatoes should be a little softer than is desired when they are served since they are to stand several hours before being browned and it is well to put as much potato into one shell as possible, piling it up lightly with a fork and leaving the top rough. Place a dot of butter on top of each and sprinkle lightly with paprika. Cover to exclude air and put in a cool place until ready to bake. Bake in very hot oven (550°F.) until brown.

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

1 cup flour
1/3 cup fat
3 to 4 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon salt

Sift flour and salt and mix in fat with a knife and fork or with tips of fingers. Add only enough water to hold the mixture together, mixing with fork. Roll out and cover outside of bottom of pan, which is then placed in oven upside down. Prick pastry with fork to make sure there is no air between the crust and the pan as it will expand in baking and form bubbles in the crust. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) until delicately brown. Remove from pan and place on plate ready to be filled.

FILLING

¾ cup brown sugar
6 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups scalded milk
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons caramel
¼ cup butter

Mix sugar, flour and salt and add to scalded milk. Cook over hot water for 10 minutes, stirring constantly, then add to slightly beaten egg yolks. Return to double boiler and continue cooking three or four minutes as for a custard, stirring continually and being sure that the egg does not over-cook. Add the caramel which has been made by melting white sugar until it has reached a golden brown then adding a small amount of boiling water and stirring over the fire until dissolved. Remove from fire and add butter. When cool pour into crust. When crust is filled several hours before serving, the filling will be of good consistency to eat with a fork. But if pie is to be eaten as soon as cold, use two tablespoons extra flour in making the filling.

SHORTCAKE

3 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
6 teaspoons baking-powder
½ cup fat
½ cup milk

Mix and sift flour, salt, sugar and baking-powder. Mix in fat with knife and fork. Add milk, mixing with fork and toss pastry on floured board. Roll out about 1 inch thick and put in pie-pans. Cover with oil paper and put in ice-box until ready to bake.

Bake in hot oven (425° F.) fifteen minutes. Split shortcake and put sweetened, crushed berries or any desired fruit between layers and on top.

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

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Sent absolutely FREE—the new 104-page Lane Bryant Style Book. "Slenderizing Fashions for Stout Women"—the only Style Book published exclusively for Stout Women. Pictures new Fall and Winter Coats, Suits, Dresses, Waists, Skirts, Hats, Shoes, Corsets, Hose and Underwear—just for stout women. Style Book FREE.

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THE STORY of little Lois Ann and Charles Hugh Dickson really begins years ago, when their mother was a baby. *She* was given a healthy start by her mother on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and grew up strong and vigorous.

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Does the Baby See?

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of "Short Talks With Young Mothers"

DOES the baby see? When can he hear? When does memory develop? How soon will he laugh? How long will it take him to recognize his mother?

These, and a multitude of questions of like nature, are asked, over and over, of every specialist on infant care.

Several years ago Dr. Frederick Peterson of New York City made some very thorough studies of the development of the special senses in 1060 infants. These observations are the best that have appeared on this subject so I shall draw on them freely in this article.

Infants vary greatly in the development of those qualities which eventually become part of their being; as long as the child is normal it matters but little whether he reacts early or late to externals.

Sight: Sensitiveness to light is present in most normal infants at birth That bright lights are disturbing during the early days of life is apparent because the child invariably will close its eyes when exposed to light. It is rare for an infant to give much conscious expression of light until he is ten to fourteen days old. At about this time his eyes will turn to follow a light; this is the first evidence that he knows the light is there.

Between the fourth and fifth month the infant gives evidence of being able to distinguish objects; he will recognize objects sufficiently between the fifth and seventh month to show a preference. He will evidence more interest if his bottle is shown him when he is hungry than he will if a toy or some bright object is presented.

Hearing: In 276 normal white infants, Peterson found a reaction to sound on the first day of birth and 146 reacted to light. In prematurely born infants, many reacted to sound and light on the first day—which means that the auditory and optic nerves are able to appreciate light and sound before the normal birth period of nine months. The infant's hearing is very acute after the first few days of life; noises wake him readily from sleep. "Do not make a noise, the baby is asleep!" is an admonition which all of us have heard many times.

Taste: That the nerves presiding over the sense of taste are present at birth is proved by the fact that the infant responds differently to salt, sweet, bitter and acid substances during the first days of life. The omission of sugar from the milk formula in infants but a few days old will be appreciated by the infant; he will make his knowledge known by refusing the food or by taking it in an indifferent manner. If sugar is added, he takes the food well. The sense of taste, like that of hearing, is ready for impressions before the child is born.

Smell: 207 newly born infants, tested by Peterson, showed sensitiveness to odors on the first day of life. He will show repugnance to bad odors and a preference for pleasant ones usually before the completion of the sixth month.

Sensitiveness of the Skin: Reactions to pain and to touch are present early in the first days of life. This sense is present before the normal period of gestation is completed.

Thirst and Hunger: On the first day of life the child manifests a desire for food although actual hunger is probably not present until the second or third day. Ability to hold the head erect may be acquired at the third month. Few infants, however, are able fully to support the head before the fifth month and not a few entirely normal infants will not be able to support the head before the eighth or ninth month. Those who, at this age, are unable to support the head need the attention of a physician. The condition may be due to general weakness, to rickets or to a more serious condition that has to do with brain development. There is nothing to be gained by having the child support the head too early or for too long a period.

The average well baby should begin to sit erect, unsupported, between the sixth and eighth month. Here again there is no hurry. Many a case of spinal curvature has been brought about because the infant was held on the lap or carried on the mother's arm before the bones, ligaments and muscles were able to support the body.

Not a few infants have been able to stand with simply hand support at the tenth month; exceptionally well-developed infants will often stand with the hands resting on some object at the eighth month. Walking—which means taking a few steps, unassisted and alone—is possible usually between the fourteenth and sixteenth month. Many will walk unsupported before this time and others, perfectly normal, will not walk alone before the eighteenth or twentieth month. As a rule girls walk earlier than boys.

Many well babies will be made to smile, on slight stimulation, from the third to sixth week. When the infant passes the eighth week without smiling or evidencing pleasure from attention, it is well to consult a physician. Memory in an infant and young child is very short. I have known infants of twenty months to forget their mothers in a week. Intelligible words are formed about the twelfth month. From the eighteenth month to the second year two or three words will be put together intelligently.

Forcing children is not to be advised. When the baby is able to perform these acts he will surely execute them!

From Her Very First Smile

Cherish that "Schoolgirl Complexion" in this gentle way, which thousands of mothers follow

Which Soap for Baby?

That soap used to be "castile." But today, it's Palmolive.

That's because so-called castile soap is made by so many makers, under so many different formulas, that not even an expert can tell simply by "looking" which "castile" is too harsh for baby, which "castile" is mild enough.

Thus Palmolive Soap, uniformly mild and gentle, became the leading baby soap . . . just as it's the leading toilet soap of the world.

CORRECT skin care starts in infancy. It is a duty that every mother owes her child. "Schoolgirl Complexions" come now as a natural result.

To assure your child's having one through the years, you must take proper steps now. That means gentle methods of cleansing. Methods that will protect, that will not endanger delicate skin tissue.

For that reason, the use of Palmolive Soap is today widely urged for infants. Its balmy lather, your doctor will tell you, is ideal for protection and for gentle cleansing.

The right bath—How to give it

A soft wash-cloth, a soft towel, baby's little tub filled with warm water. The sweet, soft Palmolive lather liberally applied. Then, thorough rinsing, thorough drying, talcum as usual.

The tender skin soothed and beautified—protected against any possible irritation and —that radiant schoolgirl complexion when she grows up—will be the reward.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is —for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

MARY PICKFORD *and the costume that could not be duplicated*

TINY, clinging hands—oh! so dirty—soiled the soft, silken folds of "Our Mary's" gorgeous gown. It could not be replaced . . . the scenes must all be retaken at a cost of thousands of dollars. Consternation reigned. Then someone . . . but read Miss Pickford's own story of how this seemingly tragic situation turned out to be only an amusing incident!

"BEFORE making 'Little Annie Rooney,' my latest picture, I did two costume plays, and the silks and satins I wore were a continuous source of care.

"However, I knew from experience with my own gowns, that there is a remedy when accidents happen—that Lux dissolved in hot water will restore dainty fabrics to their original state of spotlessness.

"When a costume is made of the only piece of silk of its kind in Los Angeles and a dozen scenes have been made showing that costume, an accident to it brings a difficult and often costly situation. Such an occasion came to my attention recently.

"A costume had been used in a very expensive picture, when a child rubbed a dirty little hand on my dress. Consternation reigned. The director saw visions of retakes costing thousands of dollars if the costume could not be duplicated.

"A lady who was standing nearby approached and said: 'I'm so very, very sorry! Let me take the dress and see what can be done about it.' She took the gown and in the course of time returned it as good as new.

"She explained that Lux had accomplished the result. 'But why were you so sorry?' she was asked. 'Why, you see it was my little girl that soiled it,' she explained."

Mary Pickford

From a photograph by Strauss-Peyton Studios, Kansas City

MISS PICKFORD as "Little Annie Rooney"

In her newest picture "Little Annie Rooney", which has just been released, Miss Pickford achieves one of the finest screen characterizations of her career.

All of Monday's Laundry treated like fine fabrics now

Your hands, too, deserve the utmost kindness

ONE day "Why not Lux for the hardest job of all—Monday's laundry?" you said. "All my things are so nice and cost so much nowadays—they simply cannot stand the wear and tear of strong soap." Joyfully you call on Lux to work its wonders. And it does!

Your becoming little housedresses, the children's cheery ginghams, your nice house linens—*all* come out of its cleansing suds fresher looking than ever before, colors unfaded, whites snowy clean. Everything lasts longer, too.

There's nothing in Lux to injure the delicate fibres—just the same bubbling suds you've always trusted your fine things to—gentle, magically cleansing. And Lux is such a relief to your hands after harsh laundry soap! Really, they don't mind Monday any more. Such a little Lux does the whole laundry, too.

Gone! those in-the-dishpan HANDS

Now dishwashing has lost its old terrors. Three times a day you plunge your hands into the dishwater and Lux leaves them soft and white. No tell-tale in-the-dishpan look. Just one teaspoonful of Lux is enough! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Now the Big New Package, too

A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it

She showed him the deed for the house she had secretly bought and paid for!

What Can Your Building-and-Loan Association Do for You?

BY MARY HARDING

Collaborating with GEORGE A. MARTIN, *President of the Railroad Cooperative Building-and-Loan Association, New York City*

PLEASE tell us something about building-and-loan associations. How do they help people to get a home? Are they useful in other ways? Is it safe to put money into them?" These are some of the many questions presented to us by readers of this series of financial articles.

There are about eleven thousand building-and-loan associations in this country. They have around nine million members and billions of dollars in assets. So, apparently a great many people are finding them useful and believe them to be safe.

There was a time when almost anyone could start such an association and could run it in almost any old way. The result was that some of them failed and their members lost the money they had put in. One of my earliest recollections is of the gloom that descended on our home when this very thing happened to my father's savings.

Because of these failures, the states began to pass laws, regulating the business methods of building-and-loan societies. These laws, however, are not the same in all states. In some they are more strict than in others.

The first thing for you to find out, therefore, is what kind of laws are in force in your state. Those in New York, for instance, are very strict. Moreover, its building-and-loan associations are examined regularly by state inspectors, just as banks are.

But all the laws in the world cannot make men honest nor endow them with sound business judgment. Laws can make it hard for a man to do dishonest things; and laws can forbid him to do certain things that would be unsafe in business. But he still can make mistakes.

So look into the record of your building-and-loan association. See how it has stood the test of time. Is it growing stronger or weaker? What kind of men are managing it? Study its annual reports. If necessary, have someone explain them to you but use your own common sense and judgment.

Before attempting to write this article, I talked with one of the officers of the Railroad Cooperative Building-and-Loan Association in New York City. It was started 35 years ago; and it boasts that no member ever lost a dollar that was entrusted to it. With 35,000 members at present, it is the largest association of its kind in the Empire State.

If you live in Pennsylvania, you are in the great building-and-loan stronghold, for it has about 1,400,000 members in these associations. Ohio is another state where the idea is strongly established.

Now then, just what will a building-and-loan society do for you? And what must you do in return?

First, it may loan you money to help you in buying or in building a home. It will do other things for you; but we will begin with this one, for it was the original purpose of these societies.

You notice that I said it "may" loan you money. You cannot go to the building-and-loan association without a dollar of your own, and receive from it all the money necessary to pay for your home. You yourself must have some money.

If you can show that you have SAVED this money, you will be much more welcome than if someone has given it to you or you have inherited it.

YOU see, the managers of the association must think about the future. Can they depend on you to keep up your monthly payments? If you have saved in the past, that is a reasonable guarantee that you will go on saving in the future. They know that performance is better than promise.

Another thing you must tell them is the amount of your income, also whether it is a steady income, and whether it is likely to go on being steady. You must be able to show that you have earned money regularly and that you can continue to earn it.

They want to know how much you earn, because they will not help you to buy a home you cannot afford to buy. Perhaps you never have figured out just how much money you can count on spending for a home, but these associates have calculated it very carefully.

They lend from 60 to 80 percent of the value of the property. For instance, if you want to buy a $6,000 home, and you "pass muster" with the building-and-loan society, it will lend you about $4,000 and take a first mortgage on the property as security. On this loan, you begin at once to make payments; $10 a month for each $1,000 you have borrowed. This amounts to $480 a year.

But you must count also on paying insurance on your house, taxes, water rates, and items of repair and upkeep. Altogether these will average about $120 a year. Add this to your monthly payments and you must reckon on a total of about $600 a year. Of course, if you live in the house, you will save at least part of this amount by not having to pay rent.

TO be certain that you can pay $40 a month, and the other items, you should have an income of from $2,000 to $2,500 a year. The amount depends on the size of your family, on the locality in which you live, and also on your thriftiness in general.

Some associations might lend you as much as $4,800 on a $6,000 property. But they would not do it if your income was only $2,000 a year! They would know that it wouldn't be safe. The payments would be too heavy for you to meet. They would not let you "bite off more than you could chew." A married couple, with a family, cannot count on devoting more than one-fifth to one-fourth of the annual income to paying for a home and to keeping it up.

You may ask what advantage there is in buying a home in this way. Why not borrow the money from a bank or from some person, and give a mortgage which you will pay off when it becomes due—ten or fifteen years in the future?

The answer is this: If you have to pay a regular sum every month, just as you would pay rent, you will do it. But if you have a number of years ahead of you, before the mortgage is due, you may save the necessary money—or you may not! You may save very little one year, promising yourself that you will make it up the next year. But the chances are that you won't. Compulsory and regular saving is the surest way.

There is another advantage in the building-and-loan [*Turn to page 66*]

Baby's tears are just so much burned-up energy

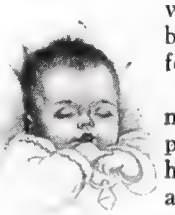
WHEN Baby cries, his precious energy goes into tears instead of growth... The little fellow's strength is sapped... Crying burns up twice his normal energy.

And Medical Science agrees that skin misery causes most of Baby's tears.

Millionsofmothershave found Mennen's the one powder best suited to the needs of Baby's tender skin....the one powder that will stop those pitiful wails of pain and put a check on wasted energy. Mennen's was the first Borated Talcum. And it has been the choice of doctors and nurses for over half a century.

Each downy fleck of Mennen's is as thirsty as a little porous sponge. Swiftly ...ever so gently...it dries the irritating *moisture*—from perspiration, bath-water and wet diapers—that lodges in the creases of a baby's skin.

This soft, fragrant talcum also forms a smooth, silky film over the sensitive little body, saving it from the torment of *friction*—from the chafing of damp clothes and woolly blankets and baby's own chubby skin-folds.



And Mennen's is made not only mild and pure, but thoroughly healing and antiseptic as well. It's just what an infant's skin needs to guard it from *infection*.

After several dustings with this soothing, cooling powder, Baby will be smiling thru his tears—skin all healed and comfortable and precious energy conserved.

The Mennen Baby Book is the most useful, practical text on baby care ever written. Just mail the coupon and 25c.

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10-Day Test FREE
Mail the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Now!—A new way
to lighten cloudy teeth

—and without bleaching or harsh grit. The way foremost dentists now are urging for dazzling teeth and firm and healthy gums

DULL teeth, "off-color" teeth; gums that are softening, lacking firmness—modern science has made important, new discoveries in overcoming them.

Now, in as little as ten days, you can work a transformation in your mouth, can add immeasurably to your appearance and attractiveness.

This offers you a test without charge . . . the most remarkable, according to dental authorities, of all dental tests. In fairness to yourself, send the coupon.

FILM—your enemy. How it invites tooth and gum troubles

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles, directly or indirectly, to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

You can't see it with your eyes, but run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays.

It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Why cling to old methods when world's authorities urge a better way?

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

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Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 1867

What Can Your Building-and-Loan Association Do for You?

[*Continued from page 65*]

method. As you pay off your principal, month by month, the interest charges are reduced. You pay interest only on the money you still owe whereas, on an ordinary mortgage, you pay interest on the whole amount until the mortgage is due.

Your monthly payments to the building-and-loan association run for eleven and one-half years. Then you own your home. By that time, you will have paid about $388 in interest on each $1,000 you have borrowed. But if you had borrowed the money from another source, on an ordinary mortgage, you would have paid, in the same length of time, $690 in interest. So you have saved about $300 on that item.

If at any time you are able to increase your monthly payments, you may do this and own your home so much the more quickly. If money comes to you, so that you can pay off the whole amount at once, you may do that.

Another advantage is that the building-and-loan association, if it is wisely managed, can give you helpful advice. It will find out whether the price you are to pay for property is a fair one or not. It requires a survey of the property. You have to pay for this but it safeguards your interests.

The Railroad Building-and-Loan Association, which I mentioned before, also furnishes house-plans and specifications which have been carefully prepared and tested. They have five sets of plans, covering different priced houses, which they provide at a cost of $30 a set. This saves architects' fees. Other associations offer a similar service.

Even though you do not want to get a home, many of these associations will serve you in other ways. You can use them as you would a savings-bank, depositing your money and receiving dividends twice a year. The rate paid is usually a little higher than the savings-banks pay in most communities.

Or you can become a subscriber to what are called "regular shares." On these you pay one dollar a month for each share. Each share will be worth $200 at maturity—which is in about twelve years from the time you begin paying. In fact, you actually will receive $206.70 for every $144 you have paid in; for you are credited, twice a year, with dividends at the rate of six percent. If necessary, you can withdraw at any time the money you have paid in on your regular shares. If you take it out within five years after you have begun paying, you will not receive the full dividend. But, at any time after five years, the full dividend will be paid.

If you fail to make your payment any month, a fine of two cents a share is imposed. But there is an arrangement by which this fine can be waived later on.

By the method of regular saving, you would receive, at the end of about twelve years, a little over $2,060, if you had made paymerts of $10 a month. Yet $1,440 is all you would have paid in.

These figures are those of the New York association I spoke of. It has various other ways of serving its members; trustee accounts, joint accounts, income shares, a Christmas Club, a Vacation-Travel Club, and so on. But you can find out, from your own nearest association, just what it does in these lines. The main thing is the help given in buying a home and in systematic saving.

I have heard dozens of stories of people who acquired a home in this way, but here is one that especially pleased me because it is a story of a woman who surprised her husband.

He was a business man who made a good income—out of which he did not save a dollar! They lived in rented houses. Didn't have a home and apparently never would have one. In fact, they never would have had one, if it hadn't been for the wife.

Her husband gave her a regular allowance for running the house and for her personal expenses. She finally realized that every cent he made would be spent anyway; so she got just as liberal an allowance as she could and determined to do at least some saving herself.

She wanted a home more than anything else. So she went to a building-and-loan association and, unknown to her husband, took as many shares as she could manage to make monthly payments on. When she had saved, in this way, enough to pay the initial amount, she secretly arranged to buy a house and lot, on the plan of making monthly payments to the association.

She started without a penny. At the end of fifteen years, during which time her husband still had not saved a dollar, she showed him the deed for the home which she had secretly bought and paid for! He was the most astonished man you can imagine. Moreover, with that demonstration of the fact that it was possible to save money out of his income, he began to do it himself. They bought other property through the building-and-loan association. It was easier now, for they had no rent to pay. They made other investments. And the result was that, instead of approaching old age without money, they found themselves reasonably safe.

THE WRAITHS

BY ANNA BIRD STEWART

You had loved others long before we met;
  And when I close my eyes
I see the women you cannot forget,
Gaze on me wondering, in wistful wise.

Pity and envy of them do I feel—
  Would that my arms could reach
Backward, to capture all those hours and steal
The charm and beauty that you loved in each.

I fear the past. For what have I to give
  To match your memory's gold?
Yet in the glory of your smile I live
And all their vanished love is cold—is cold!

What Became of Our Flappers and Sheiks?

[*Continued from page 30*]

patibility between herself and her fiance before the wedding, so she ascertains that they will be separated if the compatibility should be mutually rated zero after it.

The flapper! She is growing old. She forgets her flapper creed and is conscious only of her flapper self. She is married 'mid loud acclamation on the part of relatives and friends. She has come to none of the predicted "bad ends," but has gone, at last, where all good flappers go—into the young married set, into boredom and gathering conventions and the pleasure of having children, having lent a while a splendour and courageousness and brightness to life, as all good flappers should.

Dentons Now Have
Extra-Heavy Romper Feet

Ready for Bed.

This picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Denton Garment.

Your Child's Health

depends on the fabric used in the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

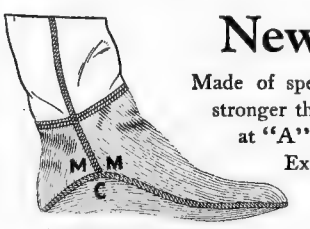
To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded*.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. ***The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.***

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape *and elasticity.*

Body, limbs and feet are covered, (also hands in small sizes) protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

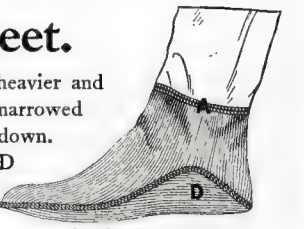
Our patented, extra-full drop seat provides ample room in crotch, and in seat to avoid binding when sleeping with knees drawn up.



INSIDE OF FOOT.

New Romper Feet.

Made of special Denton Fabric 40% heavier and stronger than the body fabric. Legs narrowed at "A" to keep feet from slipping down. Extra fabric at M, M, C and D to prevent ripping. (Patented). Die-cut soles and uppers insure shapely feet.



OUTSIDE OF FOOT.

Our Flexible Rubber Buttons

will not break in the wringer. Do not cut threads. Easily buttoned but do not come unbuttoned as readily as hard buttons. No more sewing on buttons after each washing. *A real joy to busy mothers.*

Sizes 0 to 5 have Drop Seat and open down the back. Sizes 6 to 14 *retain the popular Drop Seat* but *also open down the front* enabling older children to button their own garments.

Sizes 0 to 5 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 6 to 14, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Dentons are well made. *Strong, elastic outside seams avoid hard threads next to body.* Collars double thickness, strong button holes, facings all stayed.

Ideal for fresh-air sleeping, camping or touring.

Dentons have a mottled, light-gray color not readily showing soil.

Each size amply proportioned. Our prices are always low *in relation to quality.*

Insist on genuine Dentons. If you cannot get them from your dealer, write us.

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The most wonderful machine in the world

IT RUNS for forty or fifty or sixty years—sometimes for a hundred years—without stopping!

The only repairs ever made on it are made while it is functioning.

It is more efficient and more durable than any machine of tempered steel—yet the material which composes it has only a small fraction of the strength of steel.

The most wonderful machine in the world—the human heart!

The heart is so good we take it for granted. If it performs perfectly, we seldom think of it. But if it "acts up," we begin to think, and think hard. The proper course, *then*, is immediate and frequent consultation with the family physician.

Our common attitude of indifference toward our hearts—as long as they serve us faithfully—would be ideal, if it had worked out well. But it hasn't. It has resulted in heart disease becoming the greatest single cause of death.

It is possible that all heart disease is preventable; it is certain that much of it is preventable. Prevention, in this case, is not what the health officer does for us, but what we do for ourselves.

A well-known authority on the heart and its treatment lists "poisoning by caffein" among the major causes of heart disease.

Caffein is an artificial stimulant which "speeds up" the heart. And as the only time which the heart has for rest is the time between beats, this "speeding up" not only means a greater load of work, but less time to recuperate.

Eliminate caffein from your diet! You can do this without sacrificing the benefit and enjoyment of a hot drink at mealtime. Change to Postum!

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. This is a drink you can enjoy every meal of the day, with no fear of the nervousness, sleeplessness, headache and indigestion which are so often only the first and minor effects of caffein.

You are the operator of the most wonderful machine in the world. To a large extent, the care you give it now determines how well it will run, and how long it will run. We suggest an easy step in the right direction. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to start you on your test with one week's free supply, and my personal directions for preparing it—both in the usual way, for yourself, and with hot milk, for children.

"Or, if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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McC. 10-25

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I would like to try Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM... ☐ *Check which*
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Postum is made by the Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich., also makers of Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Grape-Nuts. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

One Touch of Love

[*Continued from page 11*]

of his neck was beautiful. A frown drew in between the girl's fair brows. She put out a hand, drew it back, and laid it on his shoulder. It was trembling a bit at its own daring, but Mayna Freeland could not abide suffering in any form without yearning toward its comfort.

"I'm sorry," she said gently.

Perly caught the hand in a grip that swallowed it completely.

"Then don't do it, Teacher!" he cried desperately. "Break this here promise before ye break my heart an' soul! Take me an' I'll be what you make me—clay in yore hands—to do with what ye will!"

His pleading, desperate face blurred to her vision, his handsome mouth was lifting toward her lips—and, horrified and bewildered, she knew she was swaying down to meet it. One moment—and then a high note of laughter cut through the golden stillness.

"Hussy!" shrilled Arminta Sullard, stopped at the woods' edge. "How many men do you want? Ain't Buck an' Tid enough, 'thout ensnarin' Perly too? I hate ye, Teacher!"

With a gasp that was half a sob Mayna flung herself erect, tore loose from the encircling arm. The spell was broken and she covered her face with her hands, aghast at herself. She wiped her hands down across her face and, turning her horse, rode silently away.

Arminta Sullard lost no time in getting to Buck Prince. "Ye aim t' have th' schoolmarm?" she asked abruptly her shrewd eyes alive and crafty.

Buck shifted his tobacco, looked at her sharply. "Shore do," he affirmed, "if I have to kidnap her. Why?"

"Cause if ye do, ye'd better settle Perly right prompt. He's meetin' her in the gum-woods by the bayou, an' he's promisin' to be steppin' stones fer her, not t' mention swords an' bucklers."

Buck spat out his quid. "I take it kind, Miss Arminta," he said grimly, "right kind of you to tell."

The next few days were a nightmare to Mayna Freeland. She walked through them as through burning shadows. Shame was in her, and wonder, and fear. And moiling up through the chaos of her troubled thoughts came once and again the desperate brown eyes of the man by the bayou's edge,—the man who called her "teechur" and went bare-foot about his shiftless work! A nausea came over her at times and she thought wildly of giving up her school, of going away from the slashlands. She thought of Theo and twisted his ring upon her finger, but the thought was powerless.

Whatever came or went in Hollis Cove, spelling-school was an institution. It went on forever, every second Friday night. Both men attended, though neither of them stood in line, and it was not long before open comment buzzed about the situation.

"Who you goin' to favor fer supper-pardner, Teacher?" Minnie Lou asked her timidly one night. It was the custom for every woman to bring a box of food, and after "recess" to eat it with the first swain who asked for her company. In the rush of young men to secure the teacher both Buck and Perly figured, but Mayna Freeland picked out the runt of the region for the coveted honor.

Perly, grave and gaunt-eyed, melted back into the crowd, but Buck Prince, six-feet-three in his bare feet and hard as nails, reached over a huge hand and picked up Jake by the collar of his new store coat.

With one swing he set the little man aside and, stooping, flung his arm around the teacher's knees. He lifted her as if she'd been a child and set her on his shoulder, strode to the little platform and faced the crowd.

"Teacher's mine!" he cried laughing, making of it all a boistrous jest, and the roar of clapping hands attested his success.

As Buck reached for her cardboard box and laid it on her desk she could not help the glance she sent across the laughing crowd, a furtive, anxious glance that just brushed the broad shoulders and bare brown head of Perly Hines going out the door.

"Hi!" yelled some squeaky young voice, "whar you goin', Perly? Pore loser, Perly! Ain't jealous or nothin'?"

Perly Hines stopped in the doorway, looked back with sick eyes that were beginning to smoulder. Then he was gone.

That night the Provines played a poor trick on "Teacher."

To a head they melted out of the gathering and drove off in their broad-tire wagon, leaving her to the mercy of Buck Prince. And so she rode home through the dark in the broad hollow of Buck's saddle, with Buck behind her on the rump, his arms perforce around her and his insolent lips close to her ear.

PERLY HINES tied himself to his cotton patch. For the first time in his life he turned off work commensurate with his strength. The white heaps in the ramshackle bins grew amazingly. And the pain in his heart grew in proportion. He could see nothing but the blue eyes and fair hair of the woman he loved, the ring on her slim white hand.

And then Arminta Sullard rode by on her customary trip to the corners for mail. "Teacher ain't so much a man-hater," she said, "she let Buck carry her home from spellin'-school t'other night."

Perly stopped in his tracks. "How come?" he said sharply. "You sure?"

"Certain sure. Ain't she running round after half-a-dozen fellers?"

The girl's voice was thin with spite. She rode away. Perly sat down in a cotton row between the dry brown stalks. The heavens were whirling. She had let Buck take her home—on his saddle-horse, arms around her, the customary way! There was nothing more to be said. He wished he could die, there in the still day.

"Buck's a-settin' up to Teacher strong," Tid Provine told him one day, but he got no rise from the dull heap of flesh before him. The light had gone out in Perly Hines, to all intents forever.

Then—"Buck told Teacher t'other night you don't dast to come to spellin'-school no more. He said you ain't he-man enough."

For a long moment Perly stared at the earth, his curved mouth slowly straightening. The blood drained out of his lean cheeks. The brown eyes, once so devil-may-care, narrowed. "You carry Buck my complimints," he said, "an' tell him I'll be at that entertainmint you'alls plannin' for Thanksgivin'."

Thanksgiving Eve arrived—and with it the countryside packed into the schoolhouse. Standing room was at a premium.

When the last stiff bow had been meticulously performed, the last blue-bowed pig-tail bobbed off the platform, there began the hum and moil of swains seeking supper partners. As had become usual of late there was only one claimant for the box of Mayna Freeland—Buck Prince, swaggering forward as if by right.

The cheeks of the girl flamed a sudden scarlet. With an unexplainable inner urge she picked up her box. "I thank you, Mr. Prince," she said clearly and coldly, "but I think I'll choose my own partner this time."

An electric stillness fell on the humming room, hands stopped in the air, mouths remained open, caught by that astounding speech. "Mr. Hines," said the schoolma'am sweetly, "Mr. Perly Hines,—will you be my partner?"

For one second the silence was that of death. Then, high and clear, Arminta Sullard laughed—and the gaunt-eyed man by the door sprang forward through the crowd. He strode like a young god, looking up, unconscious of everything save that the one woman called him.

Buck Prince, one foot already on the platform's edge, swung round and his face became evil in every line. Humiliation and senseless rage flamed in it like a fire.

And as Perly cleared the mass of spectators to the fore Buck leaped for him without a word. Leaped and landed, and the other went down like lead, taken unaware. In one second the crowd surged back, giving them space, and before one could catch a startled breath the fight which had been brewing many months was on.

With superhuman power, it seemed, Perly heaved himself straight up under Buck; flung him off, sprang back for vantage, and sailed into him with the first

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Sugar, water, plus Mapleine—and the result is delicious! Instantly made, like a pot of tea. The flavor is perfect while the cost is low—about 22¢ per quart. And Mapleine is splendid flavor for desserts, too.

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One Touch of Love

real joy he had known since that first night weeks ago when he had looked upon this slim daughter of Eve and found her good.

Pandemonium surged at Mayna Freeland's feet. Like two beasts these great-thewed sons of the backwoods strained and fought—breath rattling, muscles bulging, "store clothes" bursting—and not a person in the rapt throng of onlookers raised a hand to stop them!

Sick, dizzy, frightened and aghast, she covered her face and swayed where she stood. As in a horrible dream she heard those sinister sounds—the heavy breathing, the blows, the sliding feet. Then a man's warning voice: "Look out, Perly! He's got a knife!"

Knife! Like a cold wind the word cleared her brain upon the instant.

Death—for Perly Hines!

There it was—a thin silver arc flashing upward in the light from the coal-oil lamps. Another hair's-breadth-second and it would be coming down, to sink—

She did not wait that second.

Pink ruffles flying, white hands spread and clutching, she literally jumped for the arm that held that up-raised murderous blade—jumped and caught it; swung down upon it with her dead weight—and she never knew that her teeth were bared for battle, nor that she was whimpering with a rage as primitive as that of the panting men before her.

A surge of faces forward—hands, heads,—curses and a slowly widening space before her with the hands pulling Buck away. Her own back against Perly's breast. His arm around her. His breath whistling in her ear. Arminta screaming "Hussy! She's engaged! Look at the ring on her hand!" Her own hand stripping the modest ring of Theophile Adams from her finger and flinging it straight at the girl. Her own voice crying "Yes! Engaged to Perly! To Perly Hines! You hear? All of you? Take me away, Perly, for pity's sake, take me away!" Perly behind her pushing her down the crowded aisle to the door—out into the crisp cold of the late fall night under the stars; the great strength of his arms lifting her to his saddle, wrapping her warm in his heavy coat.

And then the stepping under them of Perly's big horse, the heavenly peace and wonder of rest against his heart.

This was what she had been born for, what she had been coming to all her days. With a sigh she sank against him and raised her face in the starlight. "Kiss me, Perly," she said quite shamelessly. And a little later, "Where are we going?"

"Home," said Perly humbly, "home to my pore cabin an' my Mammy Nance. And tomorrow to th' County Seat to git us a license. Rest a little, Honey—hit's a long way thar."

And he eased her tenderly in the hollow of his arm. It was odd how well she fitted there—how safe and still she felt, as if she were already home in spirit.

She had entirely forgotten Theophile Adams.

What Became of Our Flappers and Sheiks?

[*Continued from page 42*]

the music?" And I have learned my dance. Once I was always among those two or three couples who stand up at the overture and hesitate and look at other couples to see who will begin—and finally get off that world famous remark: "We don't want to give an exhibition!"

But that was back before the civil war when we used to do the good old lancers and the shimmee. Since then I have learned my dance. It is not much—in fact it is so out of date that I have been asked if it is something new—but I am going to stick to it.

And I can still watch the comedy from the chaperone's bench.

I have no solutions, although I am profoundly interested. Perhaps it is just as well that we cannot produce an aristocracy that is capable of surviving. Perhaps Tommy's ineffectuality is some indirect economic re-assertion of the principle of equality. Who knows? Perhaps he will turn about at thirty and reshape the world upon his own desire. It's little we can guess.

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Knife and Fork Set
No. V75004 $15.00 per set
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ONCE you have realized the superiority and convenience of Resistain Steel Cutlery—making unnecessary the tedious task of scouring and polishing, you will be content with no other.

This innovation is of the utmost importance to housekeepers everywhere as it will not rust, stain or tarnish and soap and water only are necessary to keep it clean and bright.

Special Introductory Offer

To give everyone an opportunity of realizing the merits of this most important discovery in the manufacture of high grade cutlery, we will mail upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover postage and handling charge one 25 cent Resistain Steel Paring Knife. Write Dept. 104.

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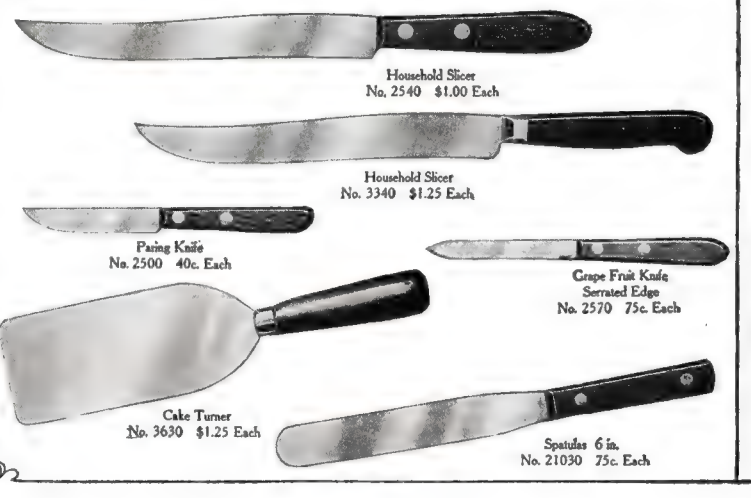

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of representative New England Doctors *say*

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the most healthful"

2,800 New England doctors were recently asked:

"What kind of baking powder do you consider the best from a health point of view?"

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This overwhelming verdict from physicians in favor of this precious ingredient of Royal Baking Powder is of great importance to housekeepers.

Contains no alum—
Leaves no bitter taste

In Royal are perfectly blended soda and pure cream of tartar derived from grapes grown in the famous vineyards of southern Europe. It contains no alum.

For more than three generations Royal Baking Powder has kept to an absolute standard of uniformity. With it you can use the same recipe year after year, and your baking powder will give you identically the same results.

Cakes and biscuits baked with Royal are uniformly light, fluffy, delicious—fine-textured and full flavored!

Royal Baking Powder is the highest quality baking powder in the world—used all over the world—yet enough Royal for a large layer cake costs less than two cents.

ROYAL CINNAMON BUNS — Many people prefer buns that are more crusty than the kind usually served. For crusty buns, bake in individual muffin tins.

PRINCESS CAKE—All fine-grained cakes require careful mixing rather than beating. Beating causes the air bubbles which make this kind of cake coarse-textured.

Send for the famous Royal Cook Book—it's FREE.

Over 350 tested recipes for all kinds of delicious foods including those illustrated here. Fill out the coupon and mail today.

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Designs for saw-cuts in the shutters

The Dutch-Colonial House—

And How to Furnish It

[*Continued from page 32*]

the usual Main Street variety of furnishings. The Dyckman house has been faithfully and lovingly restored by the Dyckman family who have always owned it and who have presented it to New York City as a museum exhibit of the early Dutch home of the 18th century. Because of this careful restoration we can study its detail and its furnishings for correctness of style. It gives us a comfortable choice of truly early American material.

The dining-room with its simple mantel of hewn timber, molded frame and Dutch tiles, is furnished with a beautiful Dutch wing-table; the rush-bottom chair with bannister-back, which consists of turned wood cut in two, lengthwise, and set so that the smooth parts will be comfortable to lean against; a "painted" rocker, so called because of designs of fruits and flowers painted on its plain surfaces; also the simple side-service table with turned legs.

The Chippendale chairs placed round the table are of a later period than the other furniture, purchased when the family became more affluent and could afford to buy the best, just as we all hope to be able to do some day. Although the chairs are harmonious, they are not essential to the tasteful furnishing of the room and chairs of less expensive design would be appropriate.

The Dutch learned to build their houses well but they never excelled in cabinet work as they were more interested in business and could buy the most of their furniture on their journeys "to town" with their winter's supply of furs. They purchased such furniture as was already being made by the other colonists, naturally selecting such work as reminded them of that with which they were familiar in the home country. Among the importations, which came almost entirely from England, they were able to find graceful furniture of the reigns of William and Mary and of Queen Anne, which was strongly influenced by the Dutch cabinet workers brought to England by King William, who was a Hollander.

The new house which your architect has imbued with the same simplicity and loveliness as we find in the old Dutch work, deserves to be just as thoughtfully and simply furnished with chairs, tables, wall hangings and "what-not" as in the days of old.

Furniture makers throughout the country have awakened to the desire, which is becoming a demand, for beautiful and individual furnishings. In almost all the better class of shops and department stores—I do not mean the more expensive ones—you can find some of the simple early American small scale furniture, which fits into the small house.

You are familiar with the gate-leg table and everyone has a speaking acquaintance with the Windsor chair. All the furniture shown, in the illustrations accompanying this article, has been selected as a guide to what is beautiful and good. When you become familiar with their simple structural lines, you will choose from sometimes wild and sordid collections which are displayed before you, a few pieces which are fine and with which you can live with a sense of satisfaction.

It will be easy to find appropriate rugs for the Dutch type of home. Many beautiful things are now done in woven rag rugs, which are not expensive and which, if you like, you can make them for yourselves.

The Dyckman house has a wonderful variety of handsome rugs. The square braided rug in the living-room is most unusual, being braided in strips of six strands each. It is put together with the strips running parallel, the colors being arranged in a most pleasing design. It is finished round the edge with one braided strip of dark color forming a narrow border.

If you are fastidious, you may have as many lovely hooked rugs as you have the patience to produce. They are very expensive in the shops, for they must always be handsome to be in character; but they are not difficult to make and you may have rugs as beautiful as any one on the Street and, if you invent your own designs, they will be far more individual. The handmade rugs are just as handsome and appropriate today as when they were invented by the busy housewives of 1700.

Your house, your furniture, your rugs are the result of your personal taste, an expression of you. Perhaps in you there is a Dutch grandmother or grandfather strain which makes you instinctively want a Dutch house and all the things that go with it. Not an Old Dutch house but a house in every sense a house of today, having, however, an atmosphere which breathes of the spirit that has gone far toward making you what you are.

Be It Ever So Simple, The Garnishing Is Important

[*Continued from page 56*]

parsley, watercress, stuffed tomatoes, radish roses, celery curls are easily prepared garnishes, attractive with either meat or fish. Lemon, sliced or cut in fancy shapes; egg balls (made of hard-cooked egg chopped and seasoned); pickles, chopped sliced or cut in fans, are garnishes especially suited to serve with fish: potato rosettes, rings or borders (made by the recipe on Mrs. Gunn's page), aspic, cut in cubes, mushrooms or jelly seem most fitting to serve with meat.

GARNISHES FOR DESSERTS

Some simple, easily-used garnishes for desserts are raisins, candied citron, orange peel and angelica, blanched almonds, walnut meats, chopped nuts and maraschino cherries. Then there are all kinds and shapes of fancy cutters for cookies and cakes, large and individual fancy molds for molded and frozen desserts, and individual custard cups for baked and plain molded desserts. Vegetable coloring comes in either liquid or paste form to be used in coloring frostings, candies, cakes and so forth. In the photograph are shown two garnishing implements, either of which a homemaker will find helpful. One is the pastry-bag with an assortment of fancy metal tips and the other is a pastry-gun or syringe with a similar assortment of tips. The other implement shown is a cookie gun of metal, with an assorted set of ends, used for making certain kinds of fancy cookies and pastries. Other garnishes not shown are: meringues, delicately browned, whipped cream and hard sauce (put on plain or with the pastry-bag), fresh fruit and whole berries, ladyfingers, macaroons and fancy crackers, green mint cherries, candied cherries, pistachio nuts, grated chocolate, cocoa, cinnamon, cloves, grated nutmeg, candied pineapple, marshmallows, grated or shredded coconut and candied ginger.

The latest idea in sandwiches

SPREAD one slice of white, rye, whole wheat or raisin bread with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Cover with a second slice and press the two firmly together. Or spread the second slice with one of the sandwich fillings which blend so exquisitely with Beech-Nut. These fillings comprise almost *everything* you have in your ice-box. We'll name a few that are exceptionally good:

Jams and jellies	Mashed bananas
Chopped dried fruits	Shredded pineapple
Honey-in-comb	Chopped apples
Cream cheese	Lettuce and mayonnaise
Maple sugar	Beech-Nut Bacon
Sliced tomatoes	Catsup and chili sauce
Olives and celery	Beech-Nut Beans

That's enough to give you the *idea*. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is healthful food, luscious food—with a marvelous nut flavor. Try it in cakes, salads, cream soups. Your grocer sells Beech-Nut in sparkling glass jars.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

Ann Fascitt

[*Continued from page 17*]

what women alluded to as new in themselves. It wouldn't be that, naturally; but there the opportunity was; there Ann Fascitt and I were, on the questionable mezzanine; and it was plain to me that, while she was questioning me, I must attend her.

I listened, but with a half-conscious gaze on her slippers, and she moved them rather abruptly. I could ask her practically anything about her intellect, I realized, but I wasn't supposed even to look at her person. I had no choice in that—her person I dwelt discreetly on while her crisp voice continued with facts that no one in the world could contradict. The facts were unassailable, but I determined to explore, a little later, what, in her and other women, they were founded on.

Her party, she told me, was not political, it had no political ambitions; no politics diverted it from its announced purpose, which was, I learned not without surprise, to influence the national and state legislatures into passing some laws and repealing some others. "We have nothing to do with votes," she repeated firmly. And then, as an illustration of what she believed in, what she was organizing, Ann Fascitt explained that they were now combatting a law newly passed in New York forbidding women to work at night. The night, I agreed, should be kept apart for pleasure, but she ignored me. It was wholly ridiculous and humiliating, she asserted, to maintain that working at night was morally hazardous for women.

Well, expressed with her vivid scorn, it did sound absurd. Women ought to be free to work exactly as they chose, she went on. Unhappily, for all that I wanted to find, I developed an uncontrollably perverse spirit. If they really wanted to work, I agreed, nothing should stop them. It was a splendid but to me incomprehensible desire. She glanced at me swiftly, with the shadow of a measuring frown, and I was afraid that she would get up, go away. But, instead, she talked about children in factories; not, however, sentimentally, nor romantically, but with the detachment and vocabulary of social science. She wasn't interested in any one child, that was evident—Ann Fascitt viewed them as something to be operated on by the obvious justice of the principle she upheld. And then I got a flash of human and fallible spirit, the flicker of a smile, for I spoke of her Cause, and she replied very decidedly that she hadn't anything so unattractive as a cause.

She didn't want to be connected with a cause, with either a capital or a small letter, and willingly—in view of her appearance—I killed that undesirable term. Her stockings were grey, heavy silk, and, while we were verbally engaged with abstract justice, I was wondering if black and those slippers wouldn't be better. I decided that it would. Women, she declared, have got to be independent. She couldn't, for example, allow her father to support her. I suppose not, I agreed, innocent of both reasons and conviction. Women had been economically dependent, industrially inferior, too long.

* * *

Yes, I supposed they had; and then I thought of the years when I had been economically dependent, and I realized how fortunate for me it had been. I told her something of this, and added that it was much more important for women to be lovely than logical. Loveliness was a biologically serious fact but logic . . . . I waited a moment to see if she would answer me with the customary pitying reference to Turkey and a past, but she said nothing—Ann Fascitt was too nearly lovely herself to deny the power of beauty. And I marched triumphantly forward: I admitted that, while curiosity had led me into seeing her at first, it was now her good looks that held me.

But the current of her main preoccupation, in Mobile, was too strong to permit any excursion to flowery banks; she wasn't there to linger in a pleasant or unpleasant glow of uninvited personalities. If it wasn't a cause it was at the very least a purpose, and she stopped talking in order to hear what I might say that would be useful for her. It wasn't much, for my unfortunate [*Turn to page 72*]

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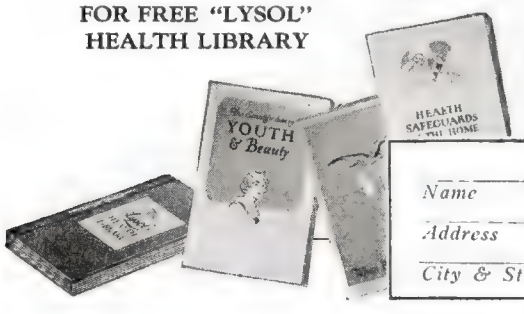

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Ann Fascitt

[*Continued from page 71*]

attack of what I regarded as humor continually broke into my own effort of understanding. I told her practically nothing and got hardly more for myself.

At last I was fairly started, armoured in masculine conceit, charmed with the wisdom and ring of my words; and Ann Fascitt sat with her hands folded and her grey eyes, under slightly lifted brows, turned fully on me. I gave her no opportunity for reply; and if, by a mere change of expression, she seemed not to agree with me, I overwhelmed all reason with a flood of corroborating and ingenious detail. I couldn't remember when I had talked better; and, when she had gone, I was filled with the memory of my eloquence; but my pleasure in that totally evaporated when I realized that, against my different determination, I had learned hardly a fact about Ann Fascitt.

I knew, at bottom, as the member of a class and sex, what she was like; I could predict what, in general, she'd do; but it wasn't what she had in common with others that was interesting . . . it was where she differed that, for me, was important. How was she different, I asked myself, from the girls I had known? I recalled, specially, those in the Academy of Fine Arts where I had drawn twenty and more years ago. The girls there, the charming girls, had painted and modelled with the utmost seriousness . . . until something more compelling had claimed their interest. They had dabbled not always unskillfully in charcoal and paints until life had drawn them back from art into itself. Or, rather, nature had taken the art in them for its own purpose. Their creative energy, marking time, had turned, but only momentarily, to pictures and verse.

And this was what I wanted to know about the Fascitt girl—was she engaged with a party, a principle, because her life was temporarily empty of more personal and important things, or was she primarily an intellect? I couldn't bring myself to believe the latter, it was too foreign from what I did understand. But, certainly, there was a chance that I was wrong, and that, where women were concerned, I did belong in a Turkey of the past. If only she hadn't been so extremely good looking! And then there were the pearls, small but good. Had her party, I wondered, made those possible? Had they come from the father whose support she couldn't accept? And what, anyhow, were they around her graceful neck for?

Two or three pearls, I calculated, would lift one of the children in which she was nominally interested out of entire wretchedness. This presented no difficulty to me, I infinitely preferred a pearl to the working of general philanthropy; but what did Ann Fascitt, if she thought about it at all, think? And the slippers! I tried to remember what my wife paid for slippers like Ann Fascitt's. I was in favor of sandals of gold thread buttoned with emeralds; but could serious women, socially responsible, reconcile that cost with the desperate material needs of women who labored in cellars and lofts? However, I reflected comfortably, if Ann Fascitt did represent a new order, there would be enough of the old left to supply my life with the spectacle of perishable and extravagant loveliness.

But Ann Fascitt! I hadn't been able to grasp what, perhaps, she represented. What, intrinsically, I was had defeated that; for, concerned with her mind, my gaze had persistently strayed to her slender and round ankles. If they had been clumsy I could have addressed myself wholly to the problem of her intellect. If they had been clumsy, I added, so could she; then she would have been nothing more than the instrument of her unpolitical party to influence legislation.

It was better, I told myself, to be graceful than right, and then I corrected that—to be graceful was to be right. This, naturally, led me to telephoning Miss Fascitt. She was luckily in her room, and she listened without a word until I got through with a long and not entirely easy explanation. I admitted to her that it was important for me to have a deeper knowledge of the conditions she had spoken of, and when she did answer it was clear that she realized I was lying. But she would, of course, very willingly, explain it all again. She thought there were a number of things I had overlooked. However, she wouldn't have lunch with me in the resounding dining-room, she was meeting women, organizing committees, nearly the whole day. Yes, she was very busy. No, not until tomorrow anyhow. No! Yes. She did want to get something from me that the women's whatever it was could use.

This, since I was leaving so soon, late tomorrow afternoon, wasn't entirely satisfactory, but I could get nothing more final from her; and I sat for a while, alone, in the mezzanine balcony. The customary girls, like gaily painted stone, were present; they seemed never to disturb their gaze and yet they gave the impression of seeing everything . . . that was interesting to them. Ann Fascitt appeared on the paved floor below, in the nave of the hotel, with a small voluble group of women. It, the group, was componently either fat or thin, and it radiated, in its defensive and compact unattractiveness, a Cause almost as visibly as though it were overhung by a banner.

Ann made a crisp dispassionate remark and led her committee to the main desk where she stopped and wrote busily on a piece of the hotel paper. Her hat, to the other hats clustered around her, was like an exclamation mark set against a vague flock of commas. It was at once arbitrary and exact, it turned up to show the bloom of a cheek and it was bent down to suggest the charm of her hair at the back. As she leaned over to write, the pearls that had so engaged my speculation swung out from her definite and expensive body.

* * *

When she had put on paper the whole facts she wanted the woman beside her to remember Ann Fascitt suddenly lost the logical sequence of her own thoughts. Undoubtedly, she had told herself, this was the most amazing hotel she had ever been in. She glanced up at the balcony and saw—looking steadily down at herself—the writing individual she had interviewed only that morning. Nothing useful there, she concluded; and she turned sharply away to avoid the necessity of speaking. Another man who couldn't be impersonal. Idiotic! "Now, Miss Fascitt—." It was the voice of the woman to whom she had given charge of the local committee for publicity. What was her name?

"I'll go right out and see all these men," the other declared, with a show of determination in which the edge of a feminine flutter was yet perceptible. Ann Fascitt studied her for a prolonged silence, then she said hurriedly, "Yes, do, Mrs. MacGeorge." The name had come to her in the hesitation of her speech. "And get the lowest price you can for the printing. But don't, please, make a favor of it. Don't ask for anything because we're women."

Mrs MacGeorge said she wouldn't. She was thin and dark, and she wore a serious dress with a high plain band enclosing like a pipe her throat. The woman back of her laughed nervously and intimated that, on account of the special gallantry of the men in Alabama . . . . No favors, Ann Fascitt interrupted her. There were, as well, a short thick woman in black and excellent diamonds, a girl with a suit both masculine in spirit and sporting, and a very severe woman indeed who radiated a visible and automatic indignation at any mention of men. It was strange to her, she admitted, that no woman had thought of setting up a printing shop.

"But they have," Ann Fascitt replied: "don't the sisters of Yeats, the poet, run the Cuala Press in Ireland?" A vigorous sniff, brought out by the word poet, was the sole answer to that. "I'd like to see you late in the afternoon and have a report. One would be enough, the Chairman," she continued; "I'll have to go and send some telegrams now." This, she realized, wasn't quite—not entirely—true; and she was very much annoyed at herself for falling into a triviality of social lying. She had wanted, for a little, to be alone and not talk; but in her room, irritated, she was no more rested than she had been below. What a fool that writer was!

Ann Fascitt

He had persisted in discussing what he had called fundamentals; yet, according to him, there was only one—the simple and immeasurably complicated act of creation. What he totally missed was that women were not going to keep on blindly bringing children into a world like this. They had paused, or, at least, some of them had, in order to make living decent and then—

Ann Fascitt glanced down at her slippers . . . . heaven knew he had stared at them hard enough! The next time she'd wear black; there was something about a black stocking—. Still he had made her think, and a phrase he had used stayed in her mind—that it was fatal for women to move the capitol from the heart to the brain. It was only a silly phrase, and yet it interested her. Where she was concerned the seat of government had decidedly been shifted to her mind. But had it ever really been at her heart? Had she ever, for example, viewed a young man wholly sentimentally?

Never, a voice subconscious and loud replied. No, she had never been able to completely lose herself; the affairs she had had—two, well, perhaps three—were all touched with curiosity, an intellectual quality. She had never surrendered her imagination, delivered her spirit, to a masculine keeping and ideal. And now, Ann Fascitt recognized, she never would.

She rose and looked at herself in the glass of the bureau, and the reflection was, in the main, satisfactory; yes, it was, generally, the kind of a face, the sort of figure, she would have chosen. But, of course, she had no—no glamour, no sparkle; it was all too cool, too judgmatical, a word of her grandmother's, for that. And, standing, she wondered how much she had gained and how much lost. Ann Fascitt compared herself with the girls eternally seated in the balcony of the hotel—little obvious things like sparrows with dyed feathers. But the scornful figure of speech in itself showed her that no just comparison was possible. Her mind was always getting between herself and what passed around her. It was nothing new. The person who wrote novels and stories, for instance, had deliberately told her that she was interested in a women's party only because her own life was empty; a desirable and happy existence was purely selfish. Yet her life wasn't in the least what he said:

She was the busiest woman she knew; yes, and she, Ann Fascitt, was contented. More than that, she was happy. Moderately. There was no ecstasy in her being, and, she sharply recognized, no love. For her parents she had a tempered and reasonable affection; she could view them, she felt, quite as dispassionately as they saw her. Her sister was entirely too successful, too rich and satisfied, for love; and, yes, there would be no man to tyrannically absorb her. She was twenty-seven years old and she ought to know by now.

She wasn't prejudiced against marriage; she had, she hoped, no prejudices at all; if the moment, the emotion, came she was fully ready; but she had no faith in its coming. Her sound reason stood in the way; her coolness, her perceptions, couldn't be upset. Passion had never so much as shaken a sigh out of her. She wished that it might, but the wish, too, was only intellectual, a curiosity slightly darkened by distaste but without fear. She had been kissed, naturally, and kissed men in return; but the possible pleasure had been destroyed by the fact that, at the same time, she had been conscious of a number of other things; Ann hadn't been able, metaphorically and actually, to shut her eyes.

The kissing, in other words, had been a failure. A new possibility assaulted her threatened contentment—perhaps she was abnormal, sterile, really, the product of a sterile and abnormal time. Perhaps the mind could never be a substitute for the heart. It may be, Ann Fascitt told herself, that I'm simply a vacuum! Everyone knew how nature detested that. But even as she was saying this she didn't believe it—her mind, her reason, preserved her from such an uncomfortable conclusion. She was more than just an animal, she insisted.

An animal in silk and fine cambric, that was what the scribbling man wanted her, all women, to be. If it hadn't been so ridiculous it would have been insulting. A mere Turk! But black stockings were better....or grey slippers. She had seen some her sister had, very soft and beautiful. But that, her mind corrected her, was a triviality.

Still, returning later from a search for the janitor of a hall she had engaged, Ann Fascitt wondered if she were, as she was in the habit of supposing, really superior to the sentimental feminine majority. This, or something equally absorbing, must have been occupying her thoughts when I practically collided with her in the neighborhood of the wharves. I was specially glad to see her, I said, since I was leaving so soon; I had been afraid there would be no opportunity—. She regarded me with an expression that demanded, aggressively, for what. "I want to find out more about you....I mean your party. But I told you that over the telephone."

"I'll be glad to explain," she replied; "this morning you didn't seem very interested in us."

"That, really, was because I was thinking about myself," I admitted. "I was having too good a time to be serious."

"Where shall we go?" she inquired. "It's too terrible on that balcony."

Beyond the street roughly paved in stone there were the continuous wooden structures that covered and hid the wharves and water; it was early in April, cold in the north, but the sun on Mobile was hot. It was hot, the air was gilded with suspended dust, and the odors that came from the water front were laced with spices. And so I suggested to Ann Fascitt that we'd amble out on a wharf. She hesitated, making, I could see, a mental calculation; she studied her watch briefly, and then, without further remark, turned with me toward the sheds. They were cool, at once dim and luminous, and the cotton in brown bales had burst through its hoops and lay everywhere in white soft flakes; the air was heavy with the fragrance of bagged coffee berries; and the wharves again beyond were brilliant and musical with a bar of song, the faint stir of the tide along the piling.

A schooner, her white paint blistered with tropical heat, was fast in a dock; her grey, patched sails hung in their brailings; the stevedores were breaking out logs of rare hardwoods from the hold. "This is exactly the place," I told Ann Fascitt; and we sat on one of the logs, lulled by the creak of the old-fashioned block and tackle and the soft voices of the negroes. She asked me what the woods were and I told her at once that I didn't know. "And I don't care," I added. "Neither do I," she replied. "It's just a habit." A silence fell upon us that I was powerless to end. All the questions that I had intended to ask, all my special interest in Ann Fascitt as a member of an advanced party of equality for women, dissolved. She had taken off her hat and there were silver glints in the softness of her hair like tones in her voice.

She had on, now, a black sweater of very fine wool, the pearls were not visible, and she wore heavy low shoes with fringes of leather and bands of perforation. The perversity of mood that had attacked me in the morning returned. "I like the way you dress," I said. Her eyebrows were raised a fraction. "But clothes," she answered lazily; "don't you simply take them for granted?" The sun, it appeared, was saturating even her fibre. I supposed so; and then it swept over me how remarkably charming she was; not merely attractive, good looking, but utterly delightful.

When I was twenty-three, I reflected, I would not have left Mobile the next day; yet now, twenty years later, tomorrow I'd go to Louisiana. It was too bad, for, after all, the only way to know a woman was to be in love with her and to have her care, at least a little, in return. I explained this to Ann Fascitt, and she listened half-critically, asking, when I paused, if I had regarded her part as a certainty. Why not, I demanded, since it was all in the air?

"In that case," she contradicted me, "you'd find out nothing. Your mind wouldn't work, and you'd see me, well—not as I am."

"You've had no experience—you have never been in love."

"Why did you say [*Turn to page 74*]

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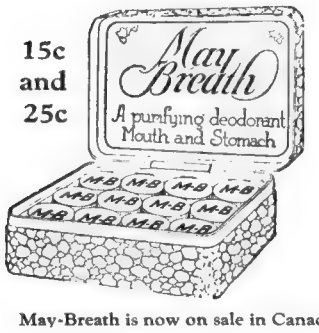

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Ann Fascitt

[*Continued from page 73*]

that?" she demanded. "I mean aside from the impertinence. We'll forget it....for the present."

"You are too conceited."

"Of course, if you have, that reason's no good. It's less than nothing."

"Have you?" I turned squarely to her. She gazed remotely, without reply, out across the blue water. "It doesn't matter," I went on. "I might as well admit that my only interest in you is personal. I tried the other. I ought to ask you all about your principles, but I don't care. You could write me about your party." She made no sign that I had spoken; in her attitude, her hands clasped over her knees, there was no recognition of my presence. A negro from the lower levees or the French West Indies sang:

"Liset' mon tandé nouvelle,
To compté bintôt tourné:
Vini donc toujours fidèle."

"He's lucky," I said, "with the wharves and the sun and his Lisette."

"You don't ask for much." She spoke at last.

"Well, what else is there?"

"Perhaps you'll tell me."

"Nothing."

There was the clear sound of a ship's bell struck on a forecastle out in the stream. The last log came up from the schooner's hold. Soon she would be pointed south again. "How would you like to go down to Pernambuco?" I asked Ann Fascitt. "Or to Peru for copper?"

"Would it be as nice as it sounds?"

"Only the deck and the schooner's wake, smoke-white in the day and a fire at night."

"I wonder how it would be....the tropics?" But she was interrogating herself and not me. Still I answered:

"It would be the unmaking of you."

"I haven't a very good sense of humor," she informed me, and I pointed out that it wasn't compatible with a cause.

"That frightful word again! You probably think all sorts of impossible things about me. It doesn't matter."

"How much longer will you be in Mobile?" I asked after another long silence.

"Perhaps ten days."

"I'm leaving tomorrow."

That announcement met no flicker of interest or even attention. She was lost in a contemplation of the shining water, the way to the south. It was clear that I had made a failure with her—I couldn't get myself into the foreground of Ann Fascitt's being, I could move her to nothing more than thought. Then with a swift and graceful ease she rose. "I have an appointment at the hotel," she explained; "but you needn't come with me. I'll have to hurry, and that would annoy you too much after sitting in the sun." She nodded, and her hand, bare of its glove, was as secure and fine as jade. Then, without a protest, I let her go; I was in a remarkably bad humor.

The Lure of the City

[*Continued from page 16*]

they cherish a sagacious idealism, and they have a correct sense of proportion. In a time of restlessness and agitation, of unseemly or riotous conduct, of fleeting yet disastrous acquaintances, of first impressions without after-reflections, it is well for us to recall that the great agricultural groups of America's forty-eight commonwealths represent the best national fibre and the basic national industry. If such people are "boobs," may their tribe increase.

Nearly every young man or woman between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five feels an inborn urge toward the town. There, as the youth imagines, he will find life which is free and abundant, and wider openings for self expression. Boys and girls of a romantic turn who have dipped into books of travel and devoured highly colored accounts of fame or wealth won in the city at a single stroke, are eager to try their fortunes there. The rising generation does not endorse the adage that "God made the country and man made the town." It insists that God also made the man who in turn imitated his Creator by building the town. Yet it should be said that the man who succeeds in any country calling is, as a rule, a bigger and better man than his city rival.

Nevertheless, the city is the chosen center of human enterprises. The Bible swings man's destiny between his first and his last great city. To be sure, its noble literature is devoted to nature. Its books teem with allusions to cedars and stars, treasures of snow and sunshine, green pastures and still waters, rugged mountains and sequestered valleys. But human developments are defined in civic terms. The first city is attributed in Scripture to Cain; the last is ascribed to Christ. Genesis, the book of beginnings, mentions the first; the Apocalypse, the book of visioned endings, mentions the last. The first was founded by a murderer, and every brick in it seems to have been stained by his brother Abel's blood. The last is to be the concrete consummation of the redemptive purpose which binds all history into oneness of aim. That divine purpose runs through every city, tribe and nation, ancient or modern, and was never more discernible than it is now.

But the great experiment is not all chaff and no grain. While too many who hasten to the city climb out on a long, long limb, under which hungry wolves in sheeps' clothing await their fall, far more come there to rid themselves of stifling cant and narrow ways of living. Hypocrisy, injurious sex reticence, the dominion of false creeds, the superstitions of bigotry, get a short shrift in a cosmopolitan town. From a personal survey extending over thirty years, I can testify that not a few of these young people have a deep sensitive spirituality which they freely confess to congenial souls. It has often been mutilated by cribbed and coffined types of orthodoxy. The insistence that they shall give the lie to scientific truths, or forfeit to piety their intellectual integrity, has played havoc with the faith of very many really religious young men and women. Lack of home training; the indifference of parents to matters about which their children are eagerly alert; the attempt to thrust them into a dull routine of body and mind, are contributory causes to the discontent which swells the youthful migration to the city.

Taking them altogether, however, their struggle for a foothold in the metropolis is about as brave a juvenile characteristic as one knows. It is lit by amazing pluck, patient endurance and laudable endeavour. Stories of difficulties faced and overcome that match any early hardships suffered on the frontier can be truthfully told of the young and even the middle aged who rush cityward determined to do or die.

But if wanton folly and wickedness are housed there, so are the Young Men's Christian Association's countless constituencies; also those of the Young Women's Christian Association, and kindred organisations supported by the Roman Catholic, Hebrew or Protestant Churches. After the survey you will be convinced, I think, that the venerable Doctor Cuyler was correct in his conclusion. I visited that genial, whole-souled and honored pastor when he was near the end of his devoted and useful life. As he bade me farewell, these were his parting words: "If one is to judge the religion of city people by their attendance at the stated services of the Church, they are not as religious as they were. But if their religion is to be judged by the constant improvement of all civic conditions and a profounder and a wiser sympathy for those who are in any distress, whether of mind, body, or estate, the people of the cities were never as religious as they are to-day." Elihu Root echoed these sentiments on his eightieth birthday. They justify one's sanguine expectation that the transformation of the cities shall continue apace. Provided the nations can be delivered from the woe of needless war, the future of our municipal centers is charged with hope and inspiration for the world.

The Disappearance of Old Madame

[*Continued from page 23*]

miniature parasols. The veined hands trembled over the knotted ribbon that held them together. She shuffled quickly through them, drawing out a large one and thrusting it into Dora's hand.

"That," said Madame Virolay, "is the way I looked when he last saw me. Have I changed much? Tell me, Dora, have I?"

"No," said Dora, "no, you haven't changed much."

A smile of satisfaction curved old Madame's lips.

"Here," she went on eagerly, "are the others. This one in the satin with the rosebuds—pink it was—I remember the night that I wore it, the opening night of 'Melissa'."

Dora was reading the signature across the bottom of the picture. "To Henri—from Julia Minnick!" "Julia Minnick?"

"Why, yes," Madame Virolay laughed. "But *of course* you never knew who Julia Minnick was. For so many years she has been Madame Virolay!"

"But I do know," Dora broke in. "I remember the doorman saying once you reminded him, somehow, of Julia Minnick, and telling what a beauty she'd been in her—" she caught back the word.

But Madame had not heard. She was staring into the mirror, holding the picture next her face. "Of course," she was saying, "it has been so many years—*he'll* be changed, too."

"But," exclaimed Dora, "I don't understand you! Who is it that will be changed?"

Madame Virolay took up the silver-backed mirror and her lip stick. Over the top of the mirror she smiled, mysteriously and very complacently, at Dora. "My lover," she said simply. "I expect him today. Oh, yes, I know what you are saying in your heart! That I am cruel and bitter and heartless—and quite mad, besides. But I'm not. I'm not at all."

"Don't Madame, don't!" Dora insisted. "I understand. I'm not judging you."

The old woman turned upon her. "*You understand?*" she said suddenly. "Listen to me, Dora. I'm going to tell you why, for all these years, there has been no Julia Minnick. I'm going to tell you—" She broke off, smiling reminiscently as she patted the photographs into a neat bundle. "You think you know the meaning of romance, don't you? You think that with taxicabs and electric lights and swift dances, people still know the meaning of romance?" She looked amused. "Why, you poor, little, giddily whirling children, you never even *sniff* romance! Romance, dear, lived in the days when we drove with leisure up Fifth Avenue in the dusk; when men really wore evening clothes after six o'clock—and high hats; when Julia Minnick had a pink silk dress with forty-nine small ruffles, and her name was flung along Twenty-third Street in gaily-colored posters."

She stopped abruptly, as if for a moment she wanted to live over again that thrill. Then she went on. "You've never seen Paris in spring, have you? Ah, but Julia Minnick *did*, when there were colored posters that called her the great American actress! It was May in Paris! Such flowers! Such stars! I remember the first ball. I had a dress of yellow satin, that would stand alone. It was garlanded with rosebuds—such tiny rosebuds." She tossed aside several of the photographs, and a second time handed one to Dora.

And Dora, gay, careless, material Dora, looked from the face of the girl in the yellow dress to the face of old Madame.

"Then," said the soft voice, "came Henri Virolay. Oh, he was slender and straight and fascinating—and Henri made love. Ah, he was adept at love-making in those days! I saw the name of Madame Virolay—more romantic, more thrilling than Julia Minnick could ever be! Less than a week later I was married. We had a great farewell party; for Monsieur Virolay's wife was not to be of the theatre. How could I know at first that it was a mad dream?

"Paris in the fall and winter grew cold and gray. Every day it seemed farther and farther from home. I remember the very morning that I fully wakened. The yellow sunlight stretched across the carpet and the bed and shone full on the couch where Henri Virolay lay. He was fully dressed—had come in late when I was asleep. In that light his skin was yellow; I knew how his eyes would be when they opened. I fancied, too, the black-haired woman whom I knew he had been with the evening before.

"I think the night that I went to the dance at the home of Madame Dubois, I had reached the bottom of the black pit of despair. I can't remember much about it—nor about the people. I only recall that I wore pink silk edged with rose velvet, and when I came out of the door of the dressing-room I glanced up and saw *him*. He was across the room, but I knew at the instant that he had seen me. I had a peculiar feeling of ecstasy and, at the same time, a blessed sense of peace—as if I had suddenly come home, found rest. When he started across the floor he seemed head and shoulders above all the others. I knew that he was coming to Madame Dubois and to me. I found myself dancing with him; and when I looked up, the answer to all I asked and all I gave was in his face. At that instant we were both *certain*, without any words. That's how it comes, real love, you know! One doesn't decide or question; *one knows.*"

"But," said Dora gently, "you—"

"No, dear. No, we didn't. But there came an evening—" Madame Virolay hesitated. "I see it as if it were yesterday. The heavy, dark furniture of the old dining-room, the red and gold hangings, the table with its remains of dinner, the two people sitting there—in my home! They hadn't expected me until after the theatre, Henri Virolay and that woman. Oh, it was all unspeakable! I rushed out and left a note to say that I had gone to Madame Dubois' to stay. I took a cab, first, straight to where Richard lived. We planned together. While he held my hands I thought that life could never be spoiled again. We decided to come back to America—and a new life. We planned our future, even our home! When we saw the time, it was so late we thought it would be foolish to waken Madame Dubois. Besides, I had to pack and make arrangements. I determined to go back then, for there wasn't one chance that Henri Virolay would be there.

"But when the cab turned the corner of the drive, I saw lights flaring from all the upper windows. I thought that he was entertaining. I made up my mind not to go in, but, in spite of the hour, drive back to Madame Dubois. However, at the sound of the cab wheels, my maid flung the door open and came tearing out to me. I could see by the whiteness of her face that something dreadful had happened. She kept telling me incoherently, over and over again, that there had been an accident. 'Monsieur! Monsieur!' she said repeatedly. I recall shaking her shoulder. 'How bad is it?' I asked. Like quicksilver, a wild hope darted through me. It seemed as if this must be the way out. I went with her to Henri Virolay's room—and, as you know, he lived."

"Madame!" cried Dora, "you're making yourself sick!"

Madame Virolay shook her head. "No, dear; I'm explaining this—everything." She spread out her hands. "He didn't die; but you saw him. You saw his crooked back. He'd gone, he said, to follow me, after he'd read the note; started to Madame Dubois' to beg my forgiveness. Then came the accident."

"But," whispered Dora, "Richard?"

"That," said Madame Virolay, "was our punishment. My punishment, perhaps, for I had that one black thought when I heard the word—accident. Could I—tell me—could I leave the man who, on his way to ask forgiveness, had become a cripple? No."

Madame Virolay smiled and, picking up the mirror, touched her fingers to her hair. "I saw Richard the next day, but we've never met since. We've kept our agreement. Each change of address we've had, we've left with an attorney here—nothing more. And only in the case of death were we to communicate. My death, Richard's, or Henri Virolay's. It was Henri's." With a quick look at Dora she rose. "But that doesn't explain everything, does it? I didn't tell you Henri's death-bed confession." She smiled into the mirror as she fixed her lips. "He confessed that it wasn't [*Turn to page 76*]

"That's the newest thing for Fall —*and I know just how to make it*"

SHE has decided on one of the most charming of the new fashions—and she sees it with a knowing eye. She understands just what will be necessary to make it hang as it should—gracefully—smartly—becomingly—in the manner of gowns made in the smartest shops.

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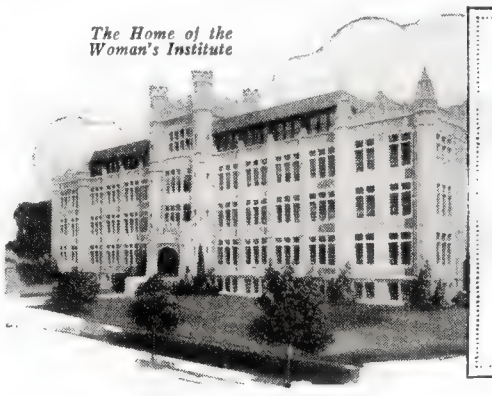

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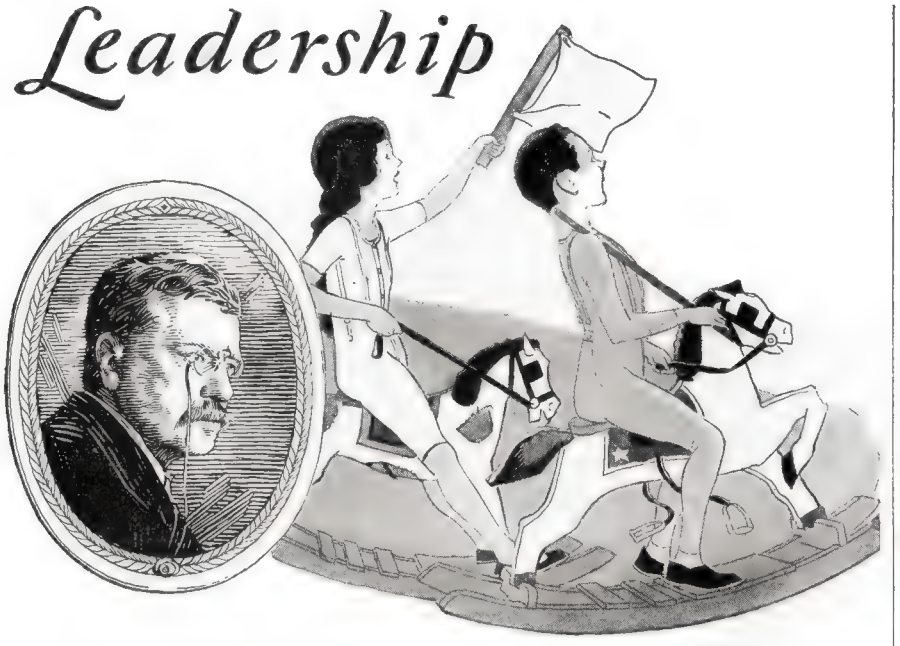

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For more than three decades mothers have been safeguarding the health of their children through the use of famous "E-Z" Waist Union Suits.

For 34 years "E-Z's" have given the utmost in health, comfort and wear to children—and economy and convenience to mothers.

Scientifically made of the most durable knitted fabrics—"E-Z" Waist Union Suits are endorsed by millions of mothers who have worn them as children and are now buying them for their boys and girls.

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"E-Z" Waist Union Suits are made in medium weight (blue label) and extra heavy weight (purple label) in high neck, long sleeve, or "Dutch" neck, short sleeve, knee or ankle length styles.

For your protection each suit is sealed in an individual, sanitary glassine envelope.

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FABRIC—Knitted of fine soft yarn into durable ribbed cloth, which conforms readily to the body—absorbs moisture and allows the pores to "breathe."

FINISH—Uniformly excellent workmanship throughout. All seams flat-locked, leaving no bulky ridges to irritate tender skins.

BUTTONS—All of *real* bone. Garment-supporting buttons all taped on and doubly secured. Won't break in the wringer and can't tear off during play.

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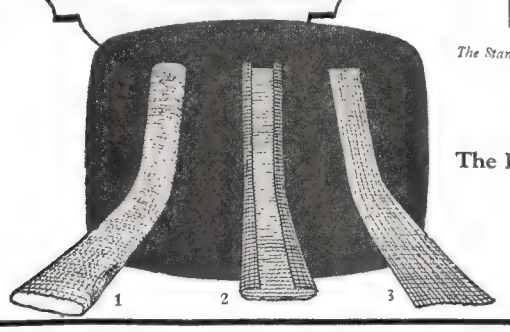
GARTER HOLDER—No metal tube to rust or smash in the wringer. A "tube of tape" keeps the garter pin straight and always in perfect position.

PACKING—An attractive *individual* glassine envelope for each suit. Insures sanitary, spotless cleanliness.

STRAPS—Genuine "E-Z" tubular knitted straps, the only kind of straps for real comfort and satisfactory wear in a knitted suit.



1 "E-Z" tubular knitted strong and elastic
2 Knitted strips non-elastic without strength
3 Flat woven strong but non-elastic

The Disappearance of Old Madame

[*Continued from page 75*]

to me—nor to ask my forgiveness that he rode along the boulevard that night. He had gone to follow the lady with the black hair, for whom he used my money. He felt—as they say nowadays, my dear—that the joke had been on me all these years."

"Then you think that he, this Richard, will actually come, now—without sending word—today?" Dora laid emphasis on the "today."

But Madame Virolay only lifted the corners of her lips in amusement. "Without doubt, Dora! You see *you* don't understand the quality of love!"

"But," Dora objected, "don't you see he'll be changed—he'll be an old man—"

"His name," Madame interposed, her back to Dora, "is Richard Quinton. As if she had seen the look in Dora's face, she laughed. "Yes, my dear, *the* Quintons—the same family. He's with his brother in Chicago, now. It takes twenty hours on one train, and twenty-two on another. But now he has had ample time to get here."

Dora's throat was tight with restrained tears. "Heavens," she thought, "I've never felt like this at a funeral—and still it's all only *queer!*" She tried to make her voice steady. "Now listen, Madame, *listen!* Everyday, trains are late; messages get lost. You can't tell . . ."

But Madame Virolay had not heard her. She was frantically pulling a sequin-trimmed, frowzy, black dress from the cupboard. "You are right, Dora; it's past dinner time," she was saying. "It would be fearful to have him find me with these things on for evening!"

Dora picked up the photograph of Julia Minnick in the yellow satin dress. As she turned to put it on the bureau she faced Madame in the sequin gown. As she raised here eyes to Madame's, she was struck by a new terror, the black and incredible thought, that the old lady might be right; this man might really come and find her. Madame Virolay would see his face grow cold. Dora thought she could see how this light in Madame's eyes would fade—die. That, after all, was the thing to prevent!

Then came the light, hollow clang of the pull-bell. It seemed to Dora as they stood there, that Madame might have been made of wax; she was so still. Now came the sound of voices, the shuffle of feet. They were coming up the first flight, the second; the third. They heard a man's voice, then a knock. The girl felt the strength in her arms give way. Old Madame's eyes were upon her, and in a steady voice she was bidding her open. Through a blur of tears Dora saw a little shimmer of movement—heard the whisper of silk. She fumbled for the door knob, turned it.

In the darkness of the hall she saw two men, one young and slight; the older man, tall and gray, loomed over his shoulder. The young man spoke, his eyes questioning. "Madame Virolay's apartment?"

Dora nodded, motioning them into the room. Then it was that she saw the tall gray man rest his hand lightly on the arm of the younger and touch his cane cautiously along the sill. "He's blind," the girl was saying, whether to herself or aloud she did not know. "He's blind, he's blind! He's blind!"

"Julia!" he cried—and then: "Only six months ago, and I could have seen you—only six months ago, and I could have seen you!" Then came an exultant note. "But I *can* see you, Julia! I see you—standing in Madame Dubois' drawing-room—"

Dora thought then that she herself must be going mad. Surely she wasn't hearing Madame Virolay! "Don't, Richard!" the soft voice said. "I'm an old woman now. I'm a faded, wrinkled, awful old woman. You wouldn't know—"

But the man laughed—a deep, hearty laugh, as if he found such a thought entirely ridiculous.

Dora discovered herself pushing the younger man out into the hall. "You fool, you! Can't you see we've no right to be there!" She turned to him tragically. "Did you hear *that*—did you? She could lie to everyone—to herself—to her own soul—but she couldn't lie to love!"

Then, blinded with tears, she groped her way down the stairs. She felt very small, very empty and altogether unreal. "It's the truth," she kept saying to herself, "what do we know about love—these days?"

Hollywood and the Picture Colony

[*Continued from page 2*]

their libraries, their pets and their flower gardens, and they are living their lives to the best of their abilities, just as we are.

During the filming of the last two of my pictures, I was on the set, or on location, every day from eight in the morning until six in the evening, and often overtime, during the entire "shooting" of the pictures. I had a grand time every minute, and gained ten pounds. I found my people cultured, educated and extremely interesting, and I passed many pleasant and beneficial hours in conversation with them, and learned much. One handsome and charming young chap told me that he had a darling new baby, and as his wife was not very strong and had no help, he did the washing and hung it on the line in the morning before he came to work. A very beautiful young woman, who is supporting her mother and two small children, came on the set one Monday morning and told me that she spent almost her entire Sunday painting her back fence.

The majority of the girls I saw about the lot were "extras;" that is they fill in for ballroom scenes etc., and do "bits" just for experience until they can get a start and work up to better parts. Some of them will make good, and others will find that they have no ability and drop out, while still others, of the plodding variety will be just "extras" until they die. Most of these girls' mothers came with them every day. Were it not that we know their faces, we could not pick them from the crowd by either their clothes or their manner.

I have also heard much objection to children working in pictures. In my first picture we used a great many children, so I had the opportunity to investigate this situation, and to talk to their parents and teachers. Children are required to have their mother, guardian, or nurse on the set with them all the time. A permit must be secured from the Board of Education, for them to play a part in a picture, and to secure this permit they must pass a physical examination; they must be physically sound and not underweight. They are allowed to work only eight hours a day, and this must be between eight in the morning, and four in the afternoon. Out of this eight hours they must be allowed an hour for lunch, and two hours for their school work. The producer is required to pay a teacher for each ten children, the teacher assigned by the Board of Education, for the duration of the picture. After the picture is finished, the child goes back to school until it is called for another part. Statistics show that picture children are unusually bright, as they get so much individual attention from teachers on sets; and they learn a poise, a discipline and an easy grace of manner that many average children never get.

However, I have had considerable experience with studios during the past four years, and I know of no people in the world who are working harder, under greater nerve strain, than the people who are engaged in the different branches of making pictures. They work in cold studios; they work without lunch; they work "overtime," sometimes with extra pay and sometimes without; they work in the rain and in the hot sun; on the desert and in lakes; rivers and the ocean; they take all sorts of risks when a false move might disfigure or cripple them for life, and most of it is done with a sincere effort to entertain. So do not criticize actors—they are an industrious lot, and they have much to their credit—look at the doughnut, and not the hole.

The Mystery Lady

[Continued from page 15]

looked at him, lowered her eyes, nodded slightly, and stood slowly smoothing the paper between her fingers.

"I thought," he said, "that this document alone was not enough for Welper. That you had another document which gave this one its only real value?"

"Yes, I said so."

"Well, then?" he inquired, amused.

"I—wondered—"

"What did you wonder?" he asked patiently.

"—Whether you—ever—might think of—robbing me of *both* papers."

"Don't worry," he said; "I won't rob you: I'm not as rotten as that." And he looked down at the sheet of hieroglyphics with the pencilled translation under each symbol. In a few minutes he had completed the copy and had written under each pictograph and phonetic its proper equivalent in English.

"There," he said, handing the copy to her, "now I can return this to Welper and square your account with him . . . . Does he know there is *another* paper besides this?"

"He couldn't know it."

"Very well," he said, "we can go to breakfast if you wish."

They entered the dining saloon; were seated at a table for two; gave their orders. Maddaleen looked around at him, and saw that Lanier's narrowed eyes were fixed on the pantry door, which swung to and fro as tray-laden Negro waiters came and went.

"Wait a minute," he said, rising. And he went swiftly toward the swinging leather door, where a head steward stood in brass-buttoned blue uniform. "I hear," said Lanier to the steward, "that this new boat has a fine kitchen."

"Yes, sir," returned the official proudly; "it's worth seeing." And he reached out and opened the leather door, holding it wide. "After the rush is over, sir, if you would care to inspect it—"

"Thank you, steward." Lanier stood aside to let a waiter pass. The waiter carried a heavy tray to the table where Maddaleen sat, and was beginning to dismantle it when Lanier returned and seated himself.

As the waiter brought the coffee pots Lanier touched his elbow. "Lance?" he said softly.

Over the waiter's visage a dreadful sort of pallor came; he nearly dropped the two coffee pots.

"Lance," said Lanier pleasantly, "take those coffee pots and dump what's in them overboard. Then tell Mr. Welper that I advise him to keep out of the kitchen. Which pot is doped?"

The Negro touched Maddaleen's pot with shaky fingers. "Bring some fresh coffee. Leave that pot here! If you don't start, *I'll* start something *now!*"

Scarcely able to walk, almost blind with fear, the Negro went away to fetch fresh coffee. Lanier looked at Maddaleen. She was very pale. "I'd better tell you," he said. "I caught a glimpse of Welper through that door. He was in the kitchen talking to this waiter. The waiter's real name is Lance Ferray. He's an ex-convict and he's one of Welper's rats. I've heard that Welper has been known to use strychnine."

She looked at him with pallid courage.

"I wonder," said Lanier, "whether you've room for me in your own house."

"Yes."

"Maybe you don't want me there—"

"Yes, I do. I'm frightened."

"I know you are . . . . That isn't good for you, either . . . Suppose I—suppose I tell you something that ought to—well—reassure you?"

She was silent for a while, then she slowly turned her head. "Haven't I guessed?"

He seemed in the slightest degree disconcerted: "What is it you think you've guessed?" he asked mockingly.

"Something about—*you*. I think you are to be trusted," she said.

Her voice, her manner, her expression brought an odd expression into his face.

"Once," he said, "I asked you what would be your attitude toward me if I chucked the crooked life and became honest. Have you made up your mind?"

"I've—wished I could—like you."

The simplicity of the avowal was its charm. And it settled the last trace of doubt in the young man's mind concerning Maddaleen Dirck.

THE rapid and perilous sequence of events during the last twenty hours had profoundly affected Maddaleen Dirck. What almost destroyed every atom of courage in this girl had been that dreadful letter from her brother, and the telegram from Old Jake confirmed by letter. But what brought her mind to life again, and set imagination and courage aflame was a second letter from Old Jake. He was a very old and very wise man who had served her father as steward at Place-of-Swans, and had served his father before him. And Old Jake had written her that the young master's body never had been found,—as certainly it would have been had he really been drowned off Tiger Island in the black squall that upset his sail boat.

Furthermore, the old man had gone ashore to prowl on Tiger Island; and had discovered there the *prints of his young master's hob-nail boots.*

There was no mistaking those imprints; the young master's sea-boots had been made in New York with leather soles and hob-nails; and there was not another pair like them in the region.

So Old Jake wrote to his young mistress that he was positive the boy was not dead at all; that the boy, however, had seemed very despondent upon his arrival at Place-of-Swans; had admitted to Jake that he was in great trouble, and feared he was destined to bring disgrace upon the family name.

That now was the situation; her brother was alive but hiding his disgrace—or what he feared would prove to be disgrace.

IN Norfolk they found a taxi; the porters stowed their luggage; and they drove to the great hotel on Granby Street at Maddaleen's suggestion.

"Mr. Lanier," she said, "when we register, the desk-clerk will recognize me and speak to me. So I ought to tell you that my name is Maddaleen Loveless."

"Oh," he said, "not Dirck?"

Her expression altered and the colour faded. "Dirck was—*is* my brother's first name. Dirck Loveless. He is sometimes called Jimmy—from Fitzjames, his middle name."

"I must tell you all about this from the very beginning," the girl said when they were seated in the hotel dining-room, "and the beginning occurred in July, 1568."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, laughing, "what sort of tale are you telling me, Miss Loveless?"

"Please pour the coffee," she begged him. "I'm too excited. And it's a tale of piracy and pirates I'm telling you, Mr. Lanier. You mustn't laugh. You won't after you hear it."

"Fine," he said. "I never had enough of *Treasure Island*. There should have been more volumes—sequels—like 'Twenty Years After'—"

"This is more exciting than fiction," she said. "It's the story of my own family. In the month of February, 1567, an ancestor of mine named Fitzjames Loveless landed in New Amsterdam—without a penny. This adventurer, Fitzjames Loveless, managed to marry the daughter of a thrifty Dutch burgher. Her name was Maddaleen Dirck.

"Well, then, with his wife's marriage portion this enterprising young fellow, Loveless, bought a fine sailing galley. His wife christened it *The Red Moon*. And away he sailed with a lot of knives and looking glasses to make his fortune in the Spanish Main. And what happened was this: Captain Loveless put into the Chiriqui Lagoon, Costa Rica, where his *Red Moon* was quite at home and well screened from patrolling Spanish sloops.

"Then he went ashore; and there he traded his knick-knacks with the natives for lumps of gold. More than that, he and his crew caught a small Spanish rowing-galley in the lagoon, loaded with strange and exquisitely carved little ornaments of pure, soft gold. It was piracy; Spain and Holland were not at war.

"Somehow or other Captain Loveless discovered that these [Turn to page 78]

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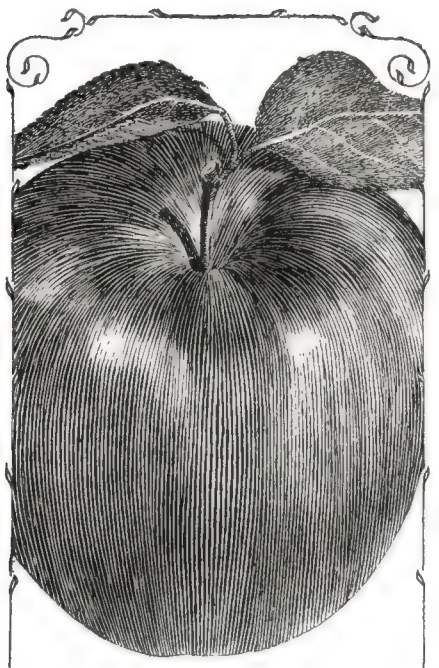

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The Mystery Lady

[*Continued from page 77*]

lovely little gold ornaments representing birds, reptiles, fabulous creatures and gods, all came from burial places. So he and his crew looted the country so thoroughly that *The Red Moon,* galley, was loaded to the gunwales with pure, soft, Indian gold."

"Where did you learn all this?" asked Lanier, fascinated by the beauty of this youthful teller-of-tales, as much as by the tales she was telling.

"Oh, that much is known. Spanish writers of the period tell about it. My father had volumes which mentioned it. They are in the library at Place-of-Swans. And also, I think that John Esquemeling tells the story. Well, this happened; that Loveless, loaded with gold, rowed out of the lagoon at night, hoisted sail, and made for the open sea. And a Spanish sloop, *The Holy Rosary,* commanded by a Don José Carrillo, chased the *Red Moon,* came up with her, engaged her, took her, threw Loveless and his crew into *The Holy Rosary,* which was on fire, and sailed away.

"And now, first, I shall tell you what happened to *The Holy Rosary.* She was badly on fire, but Loveless and the few men of his who remained alive contrived to provision a boat, lower it, hoist a sail, and start westward. How they managed only God knows, for Loveless, in his letter to his wife, is reticent concerning that voyage, merely remarking that he alone was living when the boat reached the coast of North America. Well, he got back to Holland somehow, and heard that his captured ship, *The Red Moon,* was reported missing, and had last been seen by an English schooner which chased her off False Cape, North Carolina. But a terrific storm suddenly interfered, and the last that the English captain saw of *The Red Moon* was her battle for life off False Cape. As soon as Loveless heard the story he fitted out another ship, packed up, took his wife, and started for False Cape. The group of little islands just inside the dunes seemed to him, no doubt, a good place to settle, to trade from, and from which to search for his sunken treasure.

"The mystery of that ship has been a legend in the Loveless family for more than three hundred and fifty years. The last ever seen of her was off False Cape. And that was the last that the Loveless family ever heard of *The Red Moon* until—what do you think!" she said dramatically. "My brother discovered in Charleston, among a lot of old documents which he bought for $2.50 at auction, the last message of Don José Carrillo, who took *The Red Moon* from my ancestor, Fitzjames Loveless!"

"That's astounding," said Lanier, feeling her excitement stirring his very blood.

"It's a miracle, and true. Look! Here is Carrillo's message in Maya hieroglyphs, which you have seen, but that is not all." She turned around, drew the Spanish script, with its pencilled translation, from her bosom, leaned over the breakfast table, and laid it before Lanier.

"Read," she said, scarcely able to speak from excitement. He read the translation:

> My ship has sunk and dying am I. The fact has happened in the Place of the Swans near to the seventh island going from east to west, and not in the isle before mentioned, but twenty leagues toward the south, and at three fathoms of depth, not at ten as is written. Thou whoever thou mayest be who mayest find this letter, I charge thee to make arrive in the very hands of Friar Juan Carrillo of the Franciscan order, in Panama, who largely will reward such pious and charitable act.
>
> I am José Carrillo, brother of Friar John, who command the galley.

"Do you see *now* how useless is Tiger Island to this creature Welper?" she cried exultantly. "Think of the wanderings of the original parchment, written, perhaps, by Don José Carrillo in his own blood. He was ill, dying. And he dared not trust the entire truth to the Maya hieroglyphs. Anyway, poor Carrillo wanted his brother, a friar in Panama, to know what had become of him and of *The Red Moon.* So he wrote the story in two parts; in Maya hieroglyphics, purposely not exact; and in Spanish, modifying the Maya message."

"Do you know," asked Lanier, "how the message came to be found among the papers which your brother bought in Charleston?"

"Yes. I found copies of the papers in my brother's safe-deposit box. I found it easy to trace the wanderings of this parchment. This is what happened:

"Fitzjames Loveless, after years of search, discovered a human skeleton—probably Carrillo's—in the pine woods on Tiger Island. Near it lay a rusted sword and an arquebus—or musket. In the barrel Fitzjames Loveless found this parchment. And now comes another link in the evidence supporting this miracle: for, more than a hundred years later, when a descendant of the first Loveless lived in the Old Manse, Captain William Kidd anchored off False Cape, and his men came ashore to fill their water casks at Place-of-Swans. And some of those ruffians stole the chest of family silver in which this old parchment document lay. Kidd wrote to Loveless saying he meant to restore the chest. He never did. And somehow or other the chest and document came into possession of Stede Bonnet, the pirate, who secretly was in league with that scoundrel, Governor Eden of North Carolina. He sent the parchment to Governor Eden with the idea of finding some learned man to decipher the Maya inscriptions.

"But Edward Teach, the pirate, was caught by Governor Spottswood of Virginia, and Eden, terrified lest he be implicated, fled to Charleston. There the wretched creature actually died of fright in the very house in which my brother bought for $2.50 a leather box full of his personal and private papers. And that, Mr. Lanier, is how this document, written three hundred and fifty years ago by a Spaniard who robbed an ancestor of ours on the high seas, came back through many and bloody hands to the last living male of our race—my brother, Dirck."

OF all the interesting true stories which John Lanier had ever heard this story of Maddaleen Loveless was easily the most fascinating. He was thinking of it now as he sat beside her in the rickety train speeding southward on their way to Place-of-Swans.

It was not a gay scene; solemn pines, fields of standing November corn bleached white, among the ghostly stalks of which roamed scraggy cattle and hogs.

"I love this country," remarked Maddaleen innocently. "It seems very near and dear to me after three years abroad."

"Three years' experience on the English stage?" he suggested.

"Yes. It was in me, I suppose. My mother sang in opera in Paris; her mother sang in concert when Jenny Lind was the rage."

"Did you live alone in England?"

"I lived with my great-aunt, Lady Baybury."

His odd sense of relief surprised and amused him. He hadn't realized that he resented the thought of this young girl pursuing a professional career all alone in England.

And now the locomotive was whistling for the next station. "We get off here," she said. "This is Pinelands. We take a bus from here to Stede's Landing."

Maddaleen and Lanier discovered the bus waiting at the end of the platform. It was so solidly encrusted with dry clay that its original shape could not be determined. But the horses were good and the lank driver touched his ragged felt hat to Maddaleen.

"Evenin', ma'rm," he said softly, "I reckon we're right glad to see our home folks comin' back to Place-o'-Swans."

"Thank you, Henry; I'm very happy to come home. I want you to know my friend, Mr. Lanier. Mr. Lanier, my friend and neighbour, Mr. Henry Everly."

They shook hands. Then Henry stowed the luggage aboard, Maddaleen and Lanier got into the bus, and, as soon as the train rolled out, they crossed the single track.

"Henry," she said, "I telegraphed to Jake for the launch. I hope he received my wire."

"I reckon he'll be late, ma'rm. There's right smart o' sea in the bay."

"Is anything changed since I've been away, Henry?"

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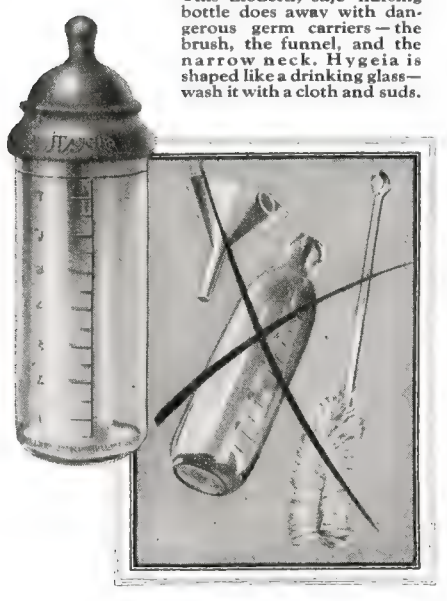

The Mystery Lady

Henry sniffed. "Waal, dees right smart o' hard licker down to Bonnet House. We all don't take no notice of such trash."

"Bonnet House always was a rough, lawless place," remarked the girl.

A few minutes later the road curved with the marshy shore. Two houses came into view; one neatly painted white with green blinds, the other more squatty, ramshackle, and retaining traces of muddy red paint. The bus stopped at the white house; the baggage was removed; the passengers descended. As they turned toward the door, Maddaleen pointed at the ramshackle red house which stood two hundred yards or so to the east.

"That is Bonnet House," she said, "—where the pirate, Stede Bonnet, lived for a while—nobody knows why. A very undesirable citizen, named Albert Mewling, keeps a rather vile tavern there; and the company suits the tavern."

"Possibly," said Lanier, "Welper and Potter may go there."

"If they are on their way to Tiger Island," said the girl, "they will have to come here for a launch or go to Bonnet House for one."

As she spoke the door opened and a handsome woman in her early forties appeared. "Howdy, Miss Loveless," she said with soft-voiced cordiality. "It surely is good to see home-folk again. I cooked a lunch, for, s'z-I, Miss Loveless surely will be hungry before Jake comes, what with the wind and all that sea—"

Maddaleen presented Lanier. "Is anybody else stopping with you, Mrs. Everly?" she asked.

"Not a soul."

"Did you notice any strangers—"

"Two men drove up to Bonnet House. I reckon they came on the train you came on."

"I think the wind is quieting," said Lanier. He rose, went to the door, walked slowly down to the little wharf, gazing out over the waters where now the last tints of sunset were fading fast.

He could hear sounds from Bonnet House, now—a gramaphone playing. Now he could hear very plainly a man's voice singing.

But Lanier did not wait to listen.

He found Maddaleen standing at the open door and gazing out across the bay where the lights of a boat tossed. "I'm very sure it's our launch," she said.

[*Continued in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

A Dangerous Woman

[*Continued from page 18*]

demanded his attention with an urgency which was overwhelming. Jim Burnaby was no alarmist. On the contrary he was about as tolerant and level-headed a man as you could find, and Peter knew suddenly that if Burnaby considered matters serious enough to counsel Toby's immediate recall from Italy the position of affairs must be critical.

Suddenly Peter came to a decision. Toby's welfare was the one thing that mattered to him. He was taking no risks. He would go to Italy himself instead of wiring the boy to return home—a mandate which might, or might not, be obeyed!

THE blow had fallen at last, after a long, fruitless discussion between father and son in the hotel bedroom overlooking the bay. Toby had been first distant, with a reticence Peter tried in vain to combat, then irritable, like a cornered animal. Finally with a sort of desperate pride and determination, he had flung down the gauntlet.

"I can't go home with you. I've asked her to marry me, and she's consented."

"You think you're in love with her, I suppose?" Peter said at last.

"I don't think. I know," Toby answered shortly.

Peter nodded quietly, then said deliberately: "You can't marry her, Toby."

"I can, and I will!" returned Toby quickly. "Oh, I know what you think—that I'm too good for her, too young—all that hard-as-nails Puritanical rubbish!"

"No!" interrupted Peter, sharply. "You're wrong. What I'm thinking"—his eyes, fixed on Toby's face, narrowed suddenly—"is that Dolores di Ravoglini is not a fit woman to put in your mother's place. You think that, too, don't you?"

The boy's face whitened under the tan.

"That's not fair," he cried in a stifled voice.

Toby had risen. He stood still, clenching and unclenching his hands. Then: "I'm going to marry her," he said jerkily. "I can't throw her over. You would have a *man* treat a woman like that?—and such a woman!—she is wonderful—she's been wonderful to me. You have never seen her. You don't know—"

He turned away abruptly and flung out of the room.

Peter saw trouble ahead. The boy's attitude, his very straightness, would add a hundredfold to the difficulties of the task before him. And yet—Peter admitted it with a brief, whimsical smile—he would not have had him one whit less scrupulous.

An hour later found Bettington walking up the broad drive that led to Villa Violetta. It was the hottest part of the afternoon, and he walked slowly. He had chosen this time so that he should be certain of finding Dolores di Ravoglini at home.

The villa gardens were ablaze with flowers—the mingled perfume of them came borne to him on the drowsy, sun-warmed air. Presently he reached the villa itself, its white stucco almost hidden beneath a cloud of blossom. A deep silence pervaded the whole place, and the reverberation of the bell, as he pulled the old-fashioned handle, seemed to break through the stillness with a curious suggestion of violence.

An old Italian woman, her dark eyes bright and glancing like a robin's, peered at him scrutinisingly. Could he see the signora? She shook her head doubtfully. Peter smiled at her—that lovable, half whimsical smile of his which so few women could resist—and the old serving woman melted. Yes, it was true—the signora had finished her siesta. Perhaps she would receive the *signore inglese*. The name? A swift expression of surprise crossed her face as Peter gave his name.

"I will go and see," she said harshly; and abruptly closed the door in his face.

Presently the door reopened, and she beckoned him to enter. The Signora di Ravoglini would see him. He followed her into a cool, wide room, with the same chequered flooring, and enfolded in the semi-darkness of windows closely shuttered to keep out the heat.

For a moment, accustomed to the sunlit glare outside, Peter could distinguish but little. Then, his eyes adapting themselves to the half-light he discerned an immense divan at the further end of the room, heaped with rich-hued cushions, from which a woman had just risen and now stood awaiting him. As he approached she said something in rapid Italian to the old serving woman, who nodded, and, proceeding to one of the windows, opened the shutters, letting in a stream of light before she quitted the room.

The light fell full on the figure of the woman who had risen, and Peter, in the act of advancing towards her, halted suddenly. *"Dolores!"*

The name escaped him involuntarily. Older, of course, but with the same slender, quick grace, the same night-black hair and amazing beauty, Dolores di Ravoglini—the Dolores he had known five and twenty years ago! She regarded him through half-closed eyes.

"Yes. Didn't you guess?" I thought you must have guessed, Peter," she went on rallyingly, "and came to see what I was like now."

She was sure of herself, sure of her undimmed beauty.

"I can't answer that now," he replied gravely. "I haven't found out yet—what you are like—now."

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply. She sank back on the divan and gestured toward a chair.

"I mean that I don't [*Turn to page 80*]

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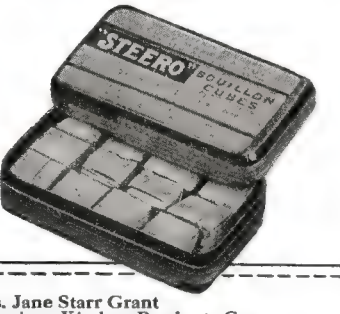

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35AA90—This chic little costume, so trim and smart and so inexpensive only goes to prove again that it isn't what you spend but where you spend it that counts! The fabric is lovely, soft, supple All-Wool Poiret Sheen, the twilled fabric so popular this season. The style is the latest, featuring a graceful circular flare in the skirt and the slender straight back line. The clever use of contrasting color self material, the application of a few rows of lustrous Silk braid and a close sewn line of buttons completes a dress which can't be duplicated under $25.00, in any fashionable Fifth Avenue Shop. *Colors:* navy blue with tan trimming, rosewood with tan, or green with tan. *Sizes:* For women, 32 to 46 bust; also for misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust. Give bust, waist and hip measure, also length from neck to bottom of hem at center back. State height and weight. Price, $14.98. Postage 15c extra.

All Wool Chamois Suede Full Lined 5 A.A.91 $22.50

5AA91—The side flared Coat that supersedes all other styles in New York today! Luxuriously smart and beautifully tailored of soft All-Wool Chamois Suede, one of the season's newer fabrics. The Queen Ann collar, which is slightly shirred at back to give pleasing fulness, the cuffs and side patches are of lustrous French Lynx Coney Fur. Side gores which flare from hips are trimmed with lustrous silk stitching and rows of tailored buttons. Lined throughout with Satin Striped Radium and warmly interlined. *Colors:* Havana brown, black or sierra (the new shade of coppery rust). *Sizes:* For women, 32 to 46 bust; also for misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust. *Length:* about 46 inches. Price, $22.50. Postage 20c extra.

BELLAS HESS & CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

McC 10-25

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me a Free Copy of your Fall and Winter Catalog No. 122.

Name .....

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A Dangerous Woman

[*Continued from page 79*]

know yet whether you are going to be generous—and fair, or whether—"

"Ah, I understand, my friend. Toby told you that I am to be his wife."

"He's told me that he has asked you to be his wife," corrected Peter quietly.

"And I have accepted his offer. Oh, I shall make him happy. Do not worry yourself on that score, *amico mio*."

"For a year—two years, perhaps," admitted Peter. "After that, he'll begin to realize things. He won't thank you then for spoiling his life."

"I didn't thank you for spoiling—mine."

There was a new note in her voice, something poignant and anguished. He started up, incredulous, conscious of a great and terrible fear.

"Dolores! Do you know what you are saying? Did you *mean* that?"

She lowered her lids for an instant, and when she looked at him again the expression in her eyes was merely derisive.

"Ah! I see you are just as conceited as most other men, *amico*, only too ready to believe that some poor woman has been breaking her heart for you all these years! But you need not reproach yourself on my account. I have had much of romance since that summer in Cornwall."

She laughed amusedly, a little ripple of sound that lightly ridiculed his sudden uprush of horrified self-reproach.

"I've no doubt you have," he responded savagely. "But I haven't any intention of letting you add Toby to the number. I came to ask you to release him."

"Has he asked for it?" quietly.

"No. He considers himself bound."

"He is more honourable than his father was," she said tauntingly.

"An engagement can be broken," he hazarded.

Her eyes flashed dangerously.

"There are men who do not break engagements, and as for Dolores di Ravoglini—men do not desire to play her false."

There was mockery in the dark eyes—"If Toby himself asks me to release him, I will—I promise. But on no other condition."

She had named the one contingency which could never arise. If Toby's freedom depended on his asking for it himself, he would never get it.

There was nothing for it but to accept defeat. Peter left the villa, walking very slowly, with bent head.

Later that evening, passing through the rooms of the English club, he chanced to overhear a remark which suggested an idea to him. The name of Dolores di Ravoglini came from a couple of men gossiping together.

"She's not to be seen nowadays, least of all by the likes of me," said one of them laughing cynically. "She's out for the propriety stakes—marriage and a good position. She's nabbed young Bettington."

"Why, he's only a youngster!" protested the other.

"True. But he or any other man would serve, provided he can give her what she wants."

"Any other man!" The words were like a searchlight flashed across the dark confusion of Peter's troubled thoughts, and in an instant he realized that here was the one possible way by which Toby could be saved. He wondered curiously why this solution of the problem had never occurred to him. It was a terrible way out, involving the complete surrender of his own life. But it meant the saving of Toby's.

He stated his proposition very simply to Dolores.

"It would effectually cure Toby of his infatuation," he added, "and his honour would be unhurt. I don't want to hurt that"—swiftly. "It must be you who breaks off the engagement."

"It would certainly cure him," admitted Dolores drily. "You are quite ready to marry me, Peter?"

"I am ready," he answered steadily.

"You don't like me," she flashed at him suddenly, her eyes on fire.

The grave, grey eyes met hers without flinching.

"No," he said, "I don't like you."

"I'm afraid you'd make a poor sort of husband," she remarked uncertainly. "I'm not quite sure that the prospect is altogether attractive."

A sudden fear caught Peter in its grip. He had so nearly won, so nearly carried Toby into safety.

"I'll be any sort of husband you wish," he said roughly. "You shall have the rest of my life to do as you like with."

"It's a handsome offer," she commented, with a slight shrug of supple shoulders.

"It is everything I have to give"—quietly.

For a moment she was silent, her head bent, her nervous, quick fingers trifling with the pearls that lay in a rope of white luster along her neck, and curled in her lap. Peter waited in tense anxiety. At last she lifted her eyes.

"I want—love." She spoke very low. "Have you forgotten how to love Peter?"

He stooped his head and his lips met hers. With closed eyes, caught breath, she trembled a moment in his arms.

"Well?" he queried. "Have you decided? Will you marry me?"

"I'll tell you in three days' time, I must—I must have a little while to think. But come and see me. We must get to know each other, learn each other all over again, Peter."

He acquiesced. There was no other course open to him. For two days he came and went at the villa, schooling himself to pay the cost of Toby's freedom.

The second evening, as he was leaving her, she leaned towards him in all the soft abandonment of surrender.

"I think I have decided, Peter," she said, a little break in her voice: "Tomorrow—tomorrow I will give you—Everything I have to give."

She used his own words.

He went out into the night with the set mouth of a man who has won, but in the winning lost all.

It was not until the following evening that he turned his steps towards the villa. Giulietta, Dolores' old Italian servant, had telephoned him earlier in the day that the signora was lying down with a bad headache, but that she would expect him to dinner as usual. Accordingly, at eight o'clock, he made his way very slowly up the flowered drive to the door of the villa. Contrary to custom, it stood open. Fragments of paper, an oddment or two of string, and a few scraps of straw littered the doorstep untidily. An atmosphere of silence pervaded the place. No one answered the bell and, after a momentary hesitation, Peter crossed the threshold and entered the silent house.

He passed through the paved hall, through the room where the fountain played and into a smaller room beyond. Each was empty, nor were there any of the wonted signs of habitation. An air of neatness prevailed as though the inhabitants of the house had gone away, leaving everything in order for the next tenant.

"Dolores! Giulietta!"

Instinctively Peter called aloud, but there came no reply.

He strode hastily out on to the verandah. There on the table lay a square, white envelope, addressed to him in Dolores' careless handwriting.

A muttered curse escaped him. So she had fooled him after all! With a hand that shook a little he tore open the letter, dreading to read the confirmation of his fear.

"Peter"—the letter ran—"when you get this I shall have gone away—left Naples. Tell Toby I was everything he did not believe me to be. That will cure him, my friend. It will hurt him a little at first, but he is young, and he will forget.

"It was good of you to offer yourself as a substitute, Peter, rather brave and splendid of you, all things considered. But I can't take what you offer, because you happen to be the one man in the world I've ever loved, or ever shall love. I kept you near me these last two days, though I could see you hated it. But now that you know everything, I don't think you'll grudge them to me. They are the only good things life has ever given me.

Dolores."

Alone on the verandah, with the warm night scents around him, and the light of the pale moon threading the falling dusk, Peter bared his head in salutation.

"Rather brave and splendid of you, Dolores, all things considered," he said.

His voice was queerly uneven.

Delighted!

That's what you will say when you get this new improved aluminum Cooker, Colander and Self-strainer combined!

FOULDS' Combination COOKER

For Macaroni, Spaghetti and all boiled vegetables

It is a new invention—and it's different! It was originated by and is manufactured exclusively for Foulds.

You can get it at about one-half actual value

Purchase from your grocer four packages of Foulds' Macaroni Products and ask for sales slip. Mail this sales slip with coupon below and your check or money order for $1.89.

After examination, if you are not entirely satisfied, return the cooker and your money will be promptly returned to you.

If purchased in the regular way, this handy, convenient, heavy gauge aluminum Cooker would cost you . . . **$3.75**

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It is the result of years of effort to produce the ideal Cooker for macaroni, spaghetti and boiled vegetables. It cooks without stirring, sticking or burning!

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SPECIAL: My grocer does not handle Foulds' Macaroni Products so I enclose $2.49 for four packages and the Cooker. His name

Grocer's Name.....

Street and No.....

Town or City.....State.....

L'Echo de Paris

The smart Silhouette reverses itself and places a Flare behind

No. 4240. A striking example of the new flat front and flaring back characteristic of the smartest fall models. A group of tucks at each side provides a slightly molded effect in front. Adjustable tie collar. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

Back view of No. 4240 showing its slightly molded line above and its graceful swing below the hipline. The long smartly tailored sleeves are set in normal armholes and fit snugly at the wrist. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4239. A clever interpretation of the two-piece frock has a slip-on blouse which ties on the left hip. A separate attached to a camisole. Long set-in skirt with a smartly flaring peplum is sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

L'Echo de Paris

Martial et Armand is responsible for the new swing to back fullness

No. 4228, This contrary little tunic frock has reversed itself, gathered up its fulness in back and tied itself together over a slip of contrasting material. The long snug sleeve joins a dropped armhole. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

L'Echo de Paris

Three charming models in line with the mode

No. 4236. A youthful charm characterizes this frock with its circular flounce and long slim waist joined in an irregular fashion. The tie collar is smart. Embroidery No. 1450 would be effective. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4242. A practical frock with inverted pleats for fulness achieves distinction by its original method of joining its upper and lower front sections. Embroidery No. 1377 may be used. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4235. The joining of the waist and circular skirt of this youthful one-piece model is concealed by a belt. Set-in sleeves and a boyishly tailored collar contribute to the trimly tailored effect. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

L'Echo de Paris

Frocks straight and slim in line, with fluttering lower fullness

No. 4253. A two-piece apron tunic with points falling below the hemline is shirred to the girdle which confines this one-piece straight-line frock. Long snug-fitting sleeves are set into normal armholes. Sizes 14 to18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

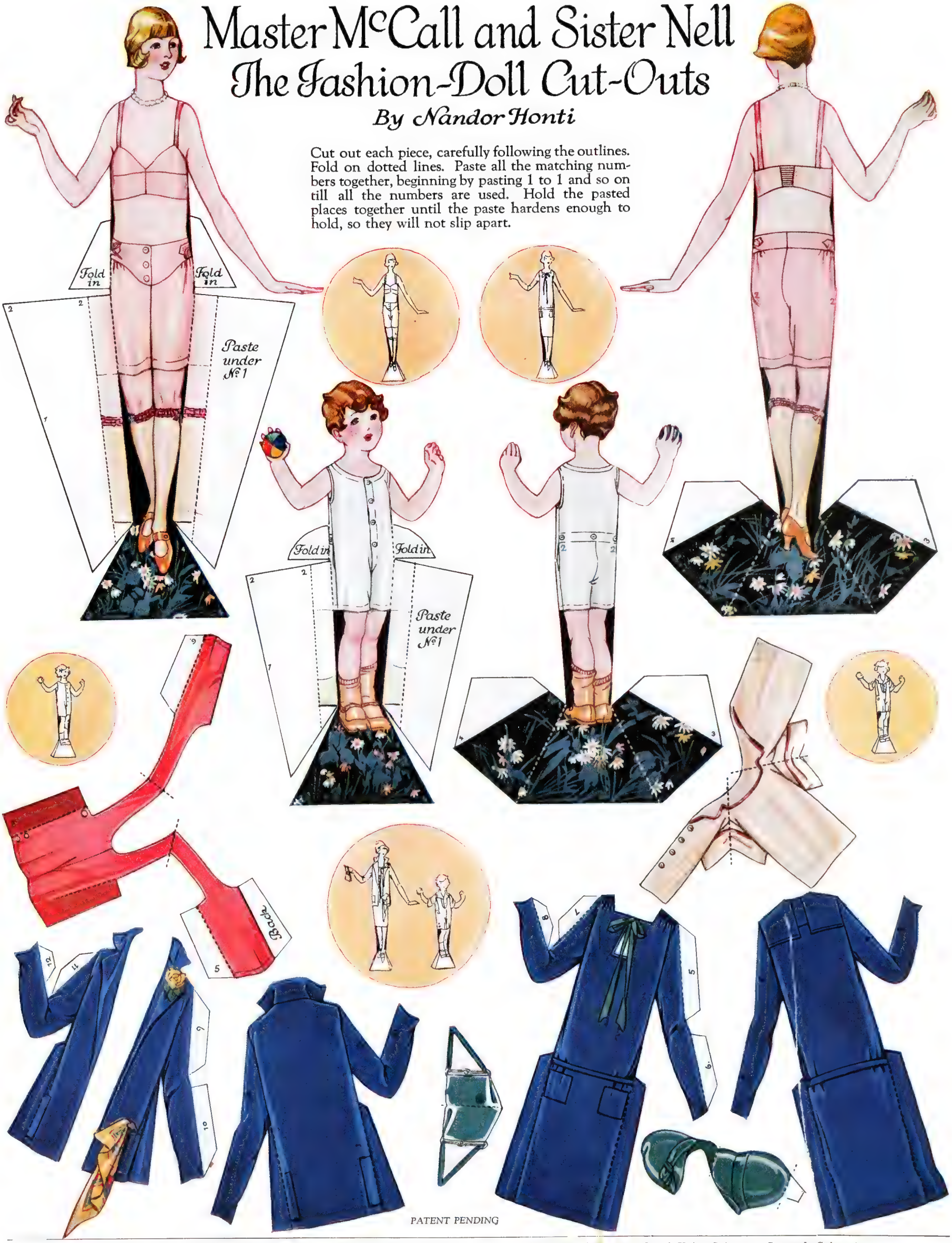
No. 4231. This slim and modish frock swings into graceful fulness with the aid of a four-piece circular tunic set on at the hipline. A scarf collar knots becomingly in front. Short kimono sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4234. Softly draped and tied in front this sheer model seams its blouse and circular skirt together at a low waistline. Its graceful flare accents the slim lines of the slip underneath. Bell sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

Master McCall and Sister Nell
The Fashion-Doll Cut-Outs

By Nándor Honti

Cut out each piece, carefully following the outlines. Fold on dotted lines. Paste all the matching numbers together, beginning by pasting 1 to 1 and so on till all the numbers are used. Hold the pasted places together until the paste hardens enough to hold, so they will not slip apart.



Fashion Cut-Outs dressed in McCall Designs. Ladies' Athletic Underwear No. 4156; Ensemble Suit 4143; Boys' Union Suit 3496; SuspenderSuit 4160.

L'Echo de Paris

The Silhouette of Today

The straight line, the all around flare, the back flare, the front flare

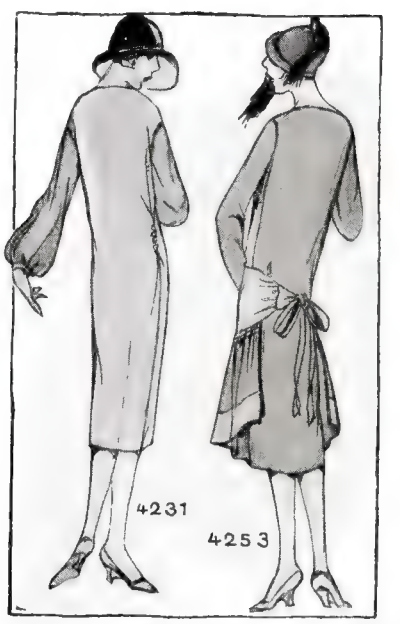
4231

THE OUTLOOK

by Anne Rittenhouse

PARIS: There is a determined effort to standardize the existing fashions of France and the United States, and although there is a likeness between the two which is amazing, yet there are definite differences that instantly strike the trained eye. They are perceptible in the elimination by the French of much that we have been wearing. For instance, pleats are deeper and give the effect of pleated godets inserted. Knife pleating is the invariable movement in a skirt when it carries a blouse or jumper. Lanvin pleats her entire skirt. Patou does also. Chanel and Molyneux achieve a small organ pleating that opens and closes as one moves. This effect is very smart. It is not possible in crêpe de Chine which continues to rule here, but it is good in balbriggan and thin weaves of crepella which Lanvin chooses for skirts to wear with "casques" as they call the jumper over here.

As in America, women wear these sports clothes everywhere in town. They are even seen at the Ritz at lunch or tea time. Printed silk frocks take their place when one wishes to be formal. Large designs are not liked. The patterning is close together. The roses or small flowers that make the design are bright in color, but tiny. Those huge sprawling patterns on chiffon are rarely seen on women dressed by the smart houses. Molyneux makes a specialty of these closely figured silk frocks. They are first cousins to the one-piece princess frocks of "Floradora" days, the fabric springing into sudden fulness below the hips. [*Turn to page 100*]



For descriptions see page 100

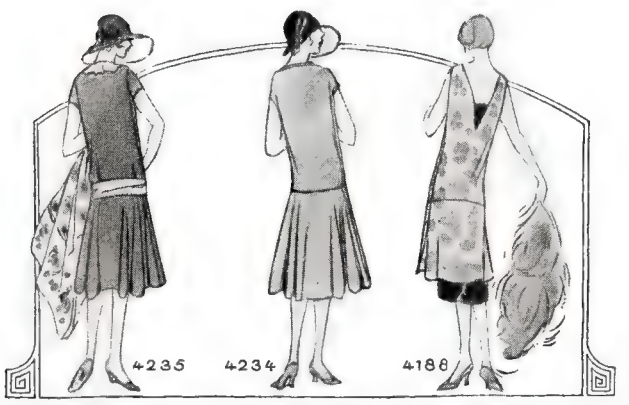
4253

No. 4235, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 4⅛ yards.

No. 4188, Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Tunic worn over a contrasting slip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, tunic 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; slip, 2⅝ yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4234, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with three-piece circular skirt. Contrasting slip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material; slip, 2⅝ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 4⅛ yards; slip, about 1¼ yards.

Youthful Flares that characterize the newer frocks

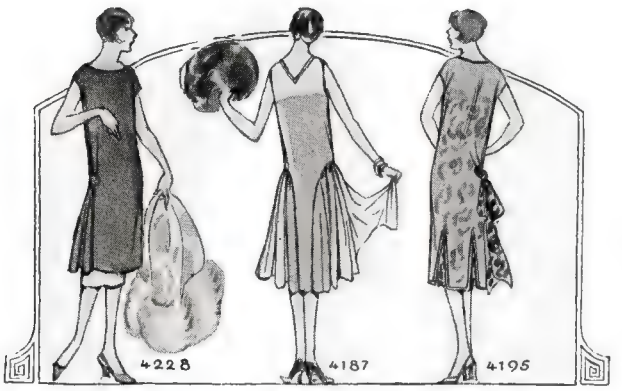


No. 4195, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Slashes reveal contrasting slip underneath. Kimono sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material; slip and bow, 2⅝ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4228, Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress; with dropped shoulders and new flare-back. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, tunic, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1⅛ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4187, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sleeveless, with bouffant side-skirt sections gathered over hips. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2¾ yards.

New Ways of achieving slender fullness



The Straight Lines that will rival The Flare

4241

4232

4239

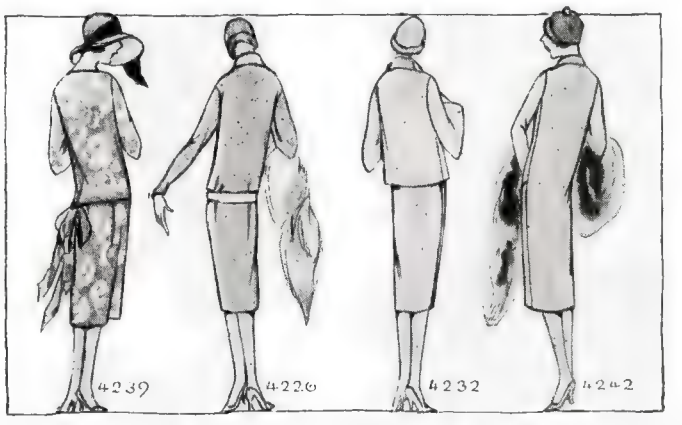
4226

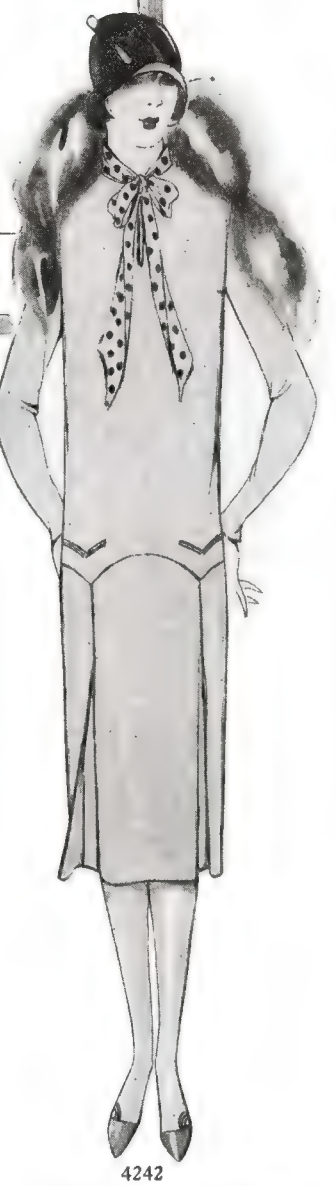
No. 4241, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' ETON DRESS. Boyish collar and vest front of contrasting material. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4226, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Specially designed for 54-inch material. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; collar, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4232, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' ETON DRESS. Skirt with pleated insets; separate jacket. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material; waist, 1¼ yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4239, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Slip-on blouse tied at left side; long sleeves; two-piece camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards.





4242

No. 4242, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; inverted pleats in front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅞ yards.

The Flare that this Season emphasises is charming

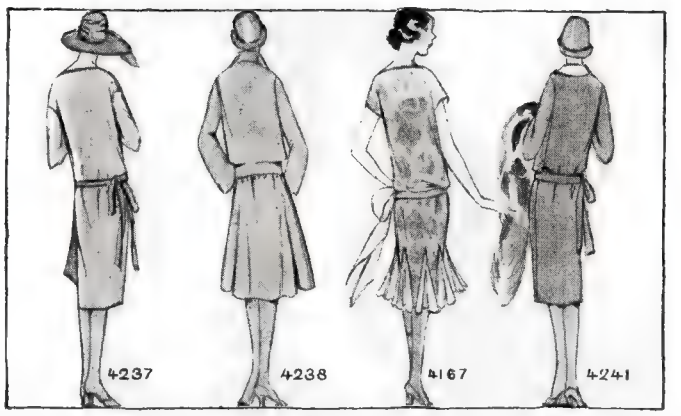
No. 4238, Misses' and Juniors' Eton Dress. Two-piece circular skirt; separate jacket. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting waist, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 4167, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; short kimono sleeves. Contrasting godets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 4¼ yards.

No. 4249, Ladies' and Misses' Dress, featuring the new flat front and flare back. The full-length front closing, adjustable collar and long fitted sleeve are smart features of the newest autumn tailleurs. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch or 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 2½ yards.

4237

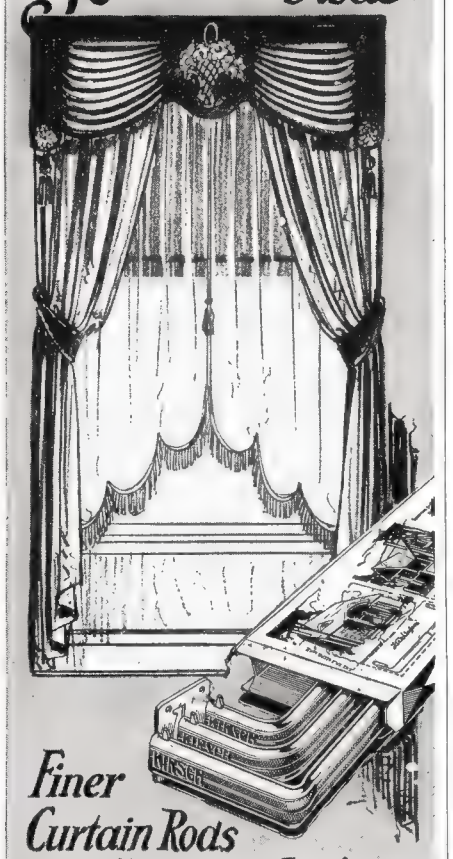
No. 4237, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with dropped shoulder. Straight lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material (crosswise); contrasting, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.



4249

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 100.

Kirsch Curtain Rods



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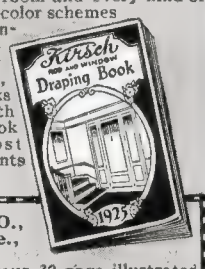

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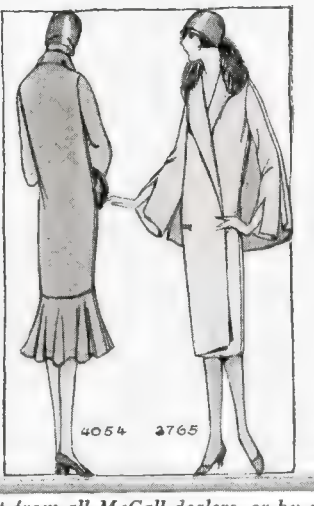
Coats that forecast the Winter Mode

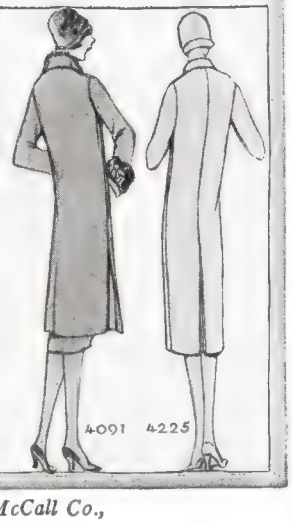
No. 3765, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Slashed sleeves and a graceful back cape distinguish this charming coat. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 4⅜ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4091, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; in seven-eighth length. An inverted pleat at each side adds the necessary flare. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3½ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4225, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; with inverted pleat at center back. A youthful and smart model. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch.



No. 4054, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Long slim lines and a full circular flounce mark this coat as ultra-smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3¾ yards of 36-inch.



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Paris planned smart coats for cool days

No. 4227, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. The flare, cut-away front and shawl collar are the modish features of this practical model. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4219, LADIES' AND MISSES' GORED COAT. A striking example of the season's molded silhouette. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 4 yards of 36-inch; 1½ yards of 4-inch fur.

No. 4210, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Circular cut cuffs and lower front sections. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3⅞ yards of 40-inch; fur banding, 4½ yards of 5-inch.

No. 4213, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; with circular shoulder cape. Adjustable collar and welt pockets. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3½ yards of 40-inch.

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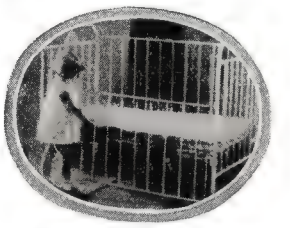

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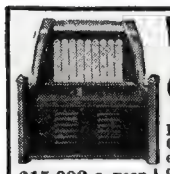

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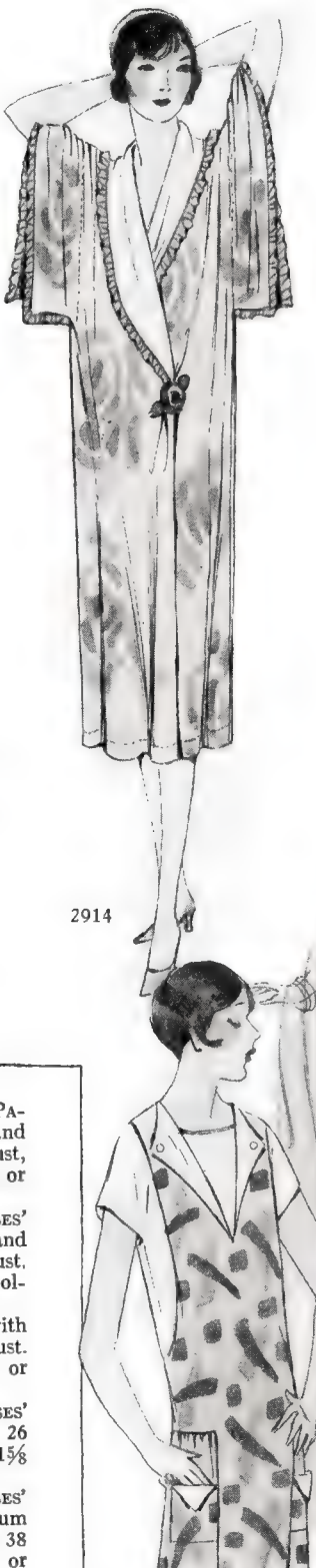
2256



2914

3116
4176

4230

4177

4165
4255

No. 2256, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch or 4⅜ of 40-inch material.

No. 2914, LADIES' AND MISSES' NEGLIGEE. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch; collar, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3116, LADIES' BRASSIERE; with darts in front. Sizes 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires ½ yard of 36- or 40-inch material.

No. 4176, LADIES' AND MISSES' BLOOMERS; with inset. Sizes 26 to 38 waist. Size 30 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4230, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 3⅜ yards of 36- or 40-inch material.

No. 4165, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; with raglan sleeves. Sizes 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 4255, LADIES' TWO-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT. Sizes 24 to 36 bust. Size 28 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2½ yards.

No. 4177, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON. Small, medium and large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ¼ yard of 36-inch for facings.

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Intimate and practical apparel

4184

2453
Design 1463

3825

4230

4174

4178
4183

No. 3825, LADIES' NEGLIGEE; with contrasting shawl collar. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch.

No. 2453, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHINESE COSTUME. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, jacket and bands, 2⅜ yards of 36-inch; contrasting sleeves and trousers, 3¾ yards of 36-inch. Painting Design No. 1463 suggested to trim.

No. 4184, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN COMBINATION. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material.

No. 4230, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4174, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS. Sizes 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ⅞ yard of 36-inch. Width, about, 1½ yards.

No. 4178, LADIES' BLOUSE; convertible collar. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4183, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with patch pockets. Sizes 24 to 36 waist. Size 28 requires 2⅛ yards of 40- or 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards.

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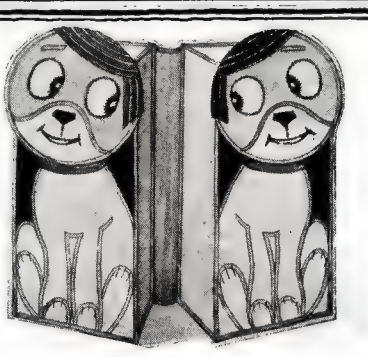

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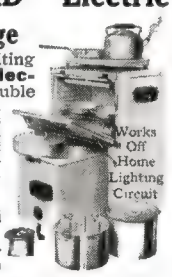

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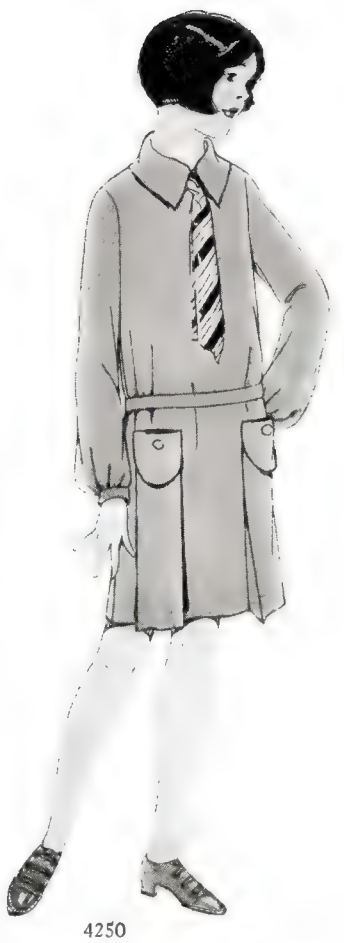

4250

No. 4250, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with box-pleated front and long set-in sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material.

Cozy-warm garments for the Youthful Miss

4254
Emb. No. 1163

4233
Emb. No. 1467

4247

4232

4248
Emb. No. 1450

4229

No. 4229, GIRLS' COAT; with circular lower section. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2¾ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4232, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' ETON DRESS. Separate jacket. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14 requires, waist, 1 yard of 36-inch material; jacket and skirt, 2¼ yards of 54-inch.

No. 4247, GIRLS' COAT; double-breasted, with inverted pleat at center back. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2½ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4233, GIRLS' ETON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material; waist front, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. Cross-stitch Embroidery No. 1467 may be used.

No. 4254, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with front box-pleats. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1163 in cross-stitch would be effective.

No. 4248, GIRLS' COAT; with convertible collar. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12, 2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2⅜ yards of 36-inch. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1450 suggested to trim.

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Replicas for the smartly clad Miss

4243

4244

No. 4244, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; collar, ½ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4243, GIRLS' DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years, Size 14, 2½ yards of 36-inch material; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4245, CHILDS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1446 may be worked in French knots.

4245
Emb. No. 1446

4246

No. 4246, GIRLS' DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4241, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' ETON DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, 2 yards of 54-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1332 would be smart.

No. 4238, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' ETON DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch; waist, ⅞ yard of 36-inch. Darning stitch Embroidery No. 1409 is suggested.

4248

No. 4248, GIRLS' COAT; with shoulder cape and adjustable collar. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2¾ yards of 40-inch.

4238
Emb. No. 1409

4241
Emb.
No. 1332

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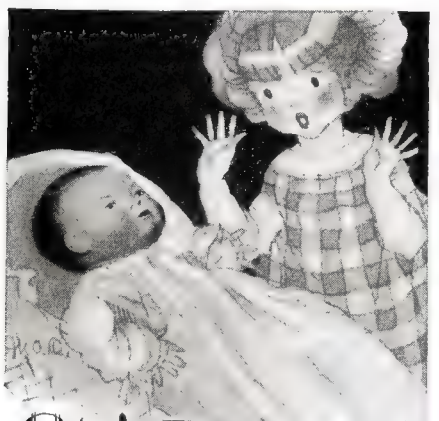

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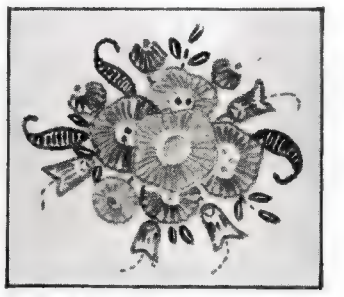
No. 4251, INFANT'S EMBROIDERED DRESS. One size, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch. Dainty in buttonhole-, satin- and stem-stitch, worked with long skein No. 25.

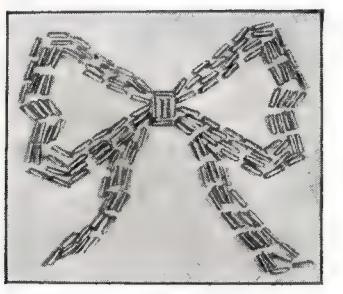
1471

No. 1471, DESIGN FOR BEAD TRIMMING. Shown on Slip-On Dress No. 4215 (8 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust). Motif, 21 inches; 8 bowknots, 3½ x 4.

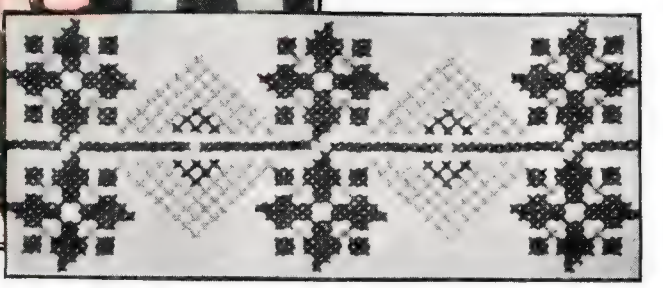


1468 Motif on dress at left

No. 1468, MULTI-COLOR DESIGN FOR MOTIFS. Shown on Girl's Slip-On Dress No. 4173 (5 sizes, 6 to 14 years). This motif, 3½ x 3¾ inches, is smart when worked in the actual colors of the design, rose, blue, green, purple, yellow.



1471



No. 1467, MULTI-COLOR DESIGN FOR CROSS-STITCH BANDING. Used on smart fall frocks, embroidered in two contrasting colors. Adapted to 3 yards 5⅞ inches wide.

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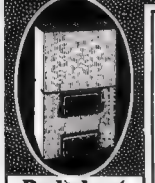

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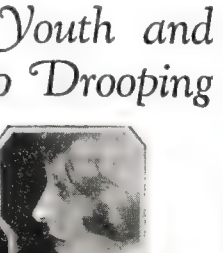

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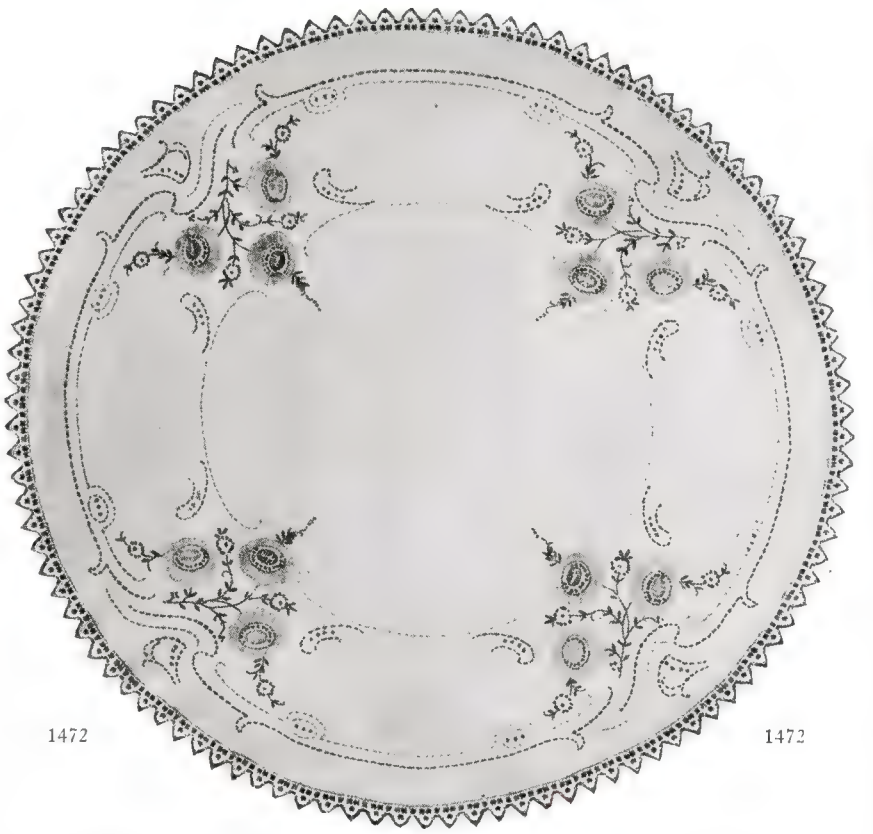
By Elisabeth May Blondel



1472 1472

No. 1472, DESIGN FOR CENTERPIECE. 34 inches in diameter. These floral groups may be embroidered in a delightful blend of lavender, rose and blue, using two tones of each color. Worked in buttonhole-, satin-, lazy-daisy- and outline-stitch, an effective contrast is made with the encircling running-stitches in black and delft-blue, and dots in yellow and black.

1469
1470

No. 1469, DESIGN FOR BEDSPREAD AND BOLSTER. A lovely spread of unbleached muslin is here shown, the oval border worked in darning- and running-stitches of rose, flowers in purple, rose, yellow and orange.

No. 1470, DESIGN FOR CORNERS AND MOTIFS. The curtains of the smart boudoir must be embroidered with corners, and the valance with a long motif, both in harmony with the bed decoration. Valance motif, 18½ inches.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 100.

"Shame on women who are always weak and ailing"

—Annette Kellermann

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THE OUTLOOK

[*Continued from page 87*]

Dark coats in frock length are everywhere; lined with the fabric of the frock and collared with soft, long-haired fur. They are straight. They flare from the hips. They are slightly double-breasted without fastening except at the neck, or they are severely mannish with flat revers and four buttons in pairs below the waist. At Lanvin's they advise me to have a semi-formal coat of the new English homespun which is being handled by only three houses in Paris. This new English suiting is double faced, in plain beige with much yellow on one side, and on the other a striking cubistic design in such dull colors as green, russet or brown. It is made with the side out that the buyer prefers. The collar and revers are of the same material reversed. Fur is not used with any mannish coat of rough fabric. A scarf to harmonize of chiffon or silk, figured or cubistic, is arranged as a man wears his evening muffler.

All this brings up the fashion of scarfs. Last season they told me over here that only the Americans wore them. They cannot say this now for they are universally worn. Ultra smart women wear them of liberty silk, quite narrow, so they will not ruin the column of the neck. Chiffon, patterned and plain, carries a finish of picot edging. There is a fastidious effort to match the scarf exactly to the colored felt hat, which matches or harmonizes with the frock or coat.

If the ensemble emphasizes the universal beige shades, a buttonhole bouquet of pansies with autumn leaves or a sizable dahlia is added. These are the only flowers worn except the orchid, which often is worn on the left shoulder in the evening. The persistent use of decorative buttons on jumpers and one-piece frocks interests the American woman over here. On a red gown of heavy silk crêpe in a rough weave, Chanel uses the exact link buttons that a man uses in his cuffs, the mother-of-pearl ones with metal edge and stitches through the holes in the center. In the rolling revers two of these link buttons drop from the right buttonhole in careless manner. Bright tortoise shell buttons are placed down the front of a blouse. They fasten the front of an O'Rossen coat and trim the severe sleeves. The pleated tunic of crêpe de Chine and trico de soie are immensely popular. Molyneux is making tunics in knife pleats that are incredibly flat. Such tunics are first aids to economy for they go with skirts of various textures. One of the best dressed Parisiennes unpacked her traveling kit at a house party and pulled out of her Vuiton bag four "casques" for one skirt. Each was in a beguiling shade of light brown. Adding different scarfs, she changed her costume every day.

One rarely sees black clothes here. Chanel has launched a black knitted woolen skirt and jumper with nothing to take one's attention from its severity. Barbara Bennet, the daughter of the actor, Richard Bennet, goes about at smart places wearing a black gown cut slightly low in the neck, its dulness redeemed with a collar and cuffs of wide cream lace and muslin. They are talking very loudly about these new additions to frocks, as white collars and cuffs have been shelved for years. Paquin has among her collection, a frock of black morocain with a scarf of the material tied in a big bow in front, its ends deeply edged with heavy white lace. The sleeves have pointed lace cuffs which extend over the hand. The attached scarf which comes from the back of the neck is another interesting fashion feature at present.

In hats, the small hat holds its place, but the wide flaring beret on a tight bandeau is the newest movement. The new felt hat now appearing is silky. It is soft and gracious above the face. There is no trimming, not even a crown band, but two sharp ears of the felt break the line at the back and extend upward. The short double hat pins continue to hold favor.

The shaded georgette crêpe that we have been wearing in America is also very smart here. Vionnet is making new frocks of it, especially in French blue and green, beginning with the lightest tones at the shoulder. She is also making afternoon frocks of sheer beige crêpe with cones of black crêpe let in from knees to waist, then again from chest to waist, the cones reversed at the waistline. Checked crêpe de Chine in a rough shantung effect is being used by Chanel and O'Rossen and is considered very smart.

Silver slippers that look as if they were cut out of silver paper are smart for evening. Gold slippers are passé. Brocade ones are also good. Few buckles appear. One strap is all that the French woman permits on any slipper or walking shoe. They consider it better not to have any. The American pump, as they call it, is very smart. It has a moderate heel. The well dressed French woman avoids the spike heel. Her pumps are of lizard or alligator or shining beige kid. They are plain and rather severe. The Oxford street slipper is rarely seen on women who lead the fashions. The jewelled heel is never worn by really smart women.

Gloves are also plain. One does not see much of the decorated gauntlet. The beige suede glove that slips over the hand is constantly worn and chamois gloves heavily stitched are very good for the country. They are not worn in town however.

Not much white is being worn in the daytime. Even in sports clothes the pastel tones and vivid rose shades reign supreme. White is much worn in the evening. Chanel shows her newest white evening gown of chiffon decorated in vertical lines with large, oblong, pearl shells in cream color.

Hand bags have reached proportions which suggest travelling bags. One really could go off to spend the night with a sufficient number of fragile things packed in one of them.

In the wearing of pearls, the large Chanel pearls are no longer used, but everyone is wearing four or five strings of various sized ones twisted about their necks both daytime and evening.

Descriptions for Page 87

No. 4231, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; sleeves, ⅝ yard of 40-inch; collar, 2¼ yards of 3-inch ribbon. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4253, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with apron tunic. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

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No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
2256	30	4091	45	4178	35	4213	45	4229	35	4236	45	4243	35	4250	35
2453	30	4165	35	4183	30	4215	45	4230	30	4237	45	4244	35	4251	35
2914	30	4167	45	4184	35	4219	45	4231	50	4238	50	4245	30	4252	35
3116	15	4173	35	4187	45	4225	45	4232	50	4239	45	4246	35	4253	45
3765	40	4174	35	4188	45	4226	45	4233	35	4240	45	4247	35	4254	35
3825	35	4176	30	4195	45	4227	45	4234	50	4241	45	4248	35	4255	30
4054	40	4177	30	4210	45	4228	50	4235	45	4242	45	4249	45		

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1332	30	1446	35	1467	40	1470	35	1472	35
1377	30	1450	40	1468	35				

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A Woman of the Benni-Fuhara

[Continued from page 9]

had incited Mansur to rebellion. Perhaps the stories were true. In her own way she was a patriot. Well—he shrugged his shoulders—so was he. There was his duty as an official of the Republic; and he turned to the lieutenant, telling him to proceed with the search.

Some of the *Askaris* accompanied the magistrate to the garret. Others, led by the lieutenant, dispersed through the wide, curtainless Moorish arches that connected the room with a sweep of apartments, all dusty and grimy. Electric torches were switched on. Lights stabbed into dark corners.

For a moment the lieutenant reappeared on the threshold. "Go ahead," he said to the three soldiers who had remained in the room with Atheba. "Remember: three thousand francs blood money to be split—and the lion's share to the one who gets the rebel—dead or alive!"

"Oui, mon lieutenant!"—the men were proud of their guttural French.

"Three thousand francs the *roumis* offer for the sacrifice of a Moslem's head. *Wah!* What are three thousand or thirty times three thousand francs between children of the same soil?" she whispered.

When he drew nearer she touched the sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve as a Bedawin, running away from the toll of blood feud, touches another Bedawin's tent rope to claim protection. "Behold!" she continued. "I have alighted at your tent, O son of Adam!"

The man did not reply. But he gave a low, mocking laugh. He reached up with one hand, brushing away the *chechia* from his forehead. And the first thing Atheba saw was the criss-cross, purple tribal mark of the Benni Hossayn, the Benni Fuhara's ancient enemies; and the next moment, as the moon rays slashed across his features as clean as with a knife, she recognized the flaring nostrils, the high cheek bones, the hooded, sloe-black eyes,—and she whispered his name with utter, shuddering incredulity: "Zeid ibn Reshid . . . ."

"Aye!" he echoed. "I am indeed Zeid ibn Reshid. Ahee—it seems that I cannot escape you, O crusher of hearts. Nor—" and again he laughed mockingly—"can you escape me."

Silently, she stared at him with the eyes of her body while, to the eyes of her soul, there rose a picture of the past—of a day seven years ago, shortly before her marriage to Mansur, during the time of the *er-rabia,* the short, sweet spring herbiage of the desert, when at night, in the sheiks' coffee tents, the young men sing of love. Her father's only child, Atheba had taken his herd to pasturage, and had suddenly found Zeid ibn Reshid standing square in her path. "Ho, crusher of hearts!" he had shouted, walking up to her with a heavy swagger. "By Allah—there are secrets on your lips which I must read."

He had clutched her shoulders. She had tried to tear herself free; he had laughed:

"A Benni Fuhara, you? A Benni Hossayn, I? Pah—a pig's grunt for the difference! What does feud matter when soul speaks to soul and love answers for both?"

He was about to drag her off, but, returning from the farther desert where they had searched for a stray camel filly, three youths of the Benni Fuhara had chanced on the scene. They had leaped upon Zeid ibn Reshid before he could draw his crooked girdle-dagger. They had beaten him within an inch of his life with camel sticks and hippo-hide flails, while Atheba had danced about the prostrate man, kicking him with her hard little feet. And here he was now, no longer a rough cameleer but a proper sergeant in the *roumis'* army; and, with that low, mocking laugh of his, he repeated the whisper: "It seems that I cannot escape you, O crusher of hearts. Nor can you escape me . . . ."

STILL she was silent. Her silence cloaked no plan of action. There was now only despair. Hope had guttered out like a candle in the wind. Instinctively she receded against the bed; instinctively stretched out wide, ineffectual arms, as if to protect her husband just as, followed by the *Askaris,* the two Frenchmen returned from their fruitless search.

"Our bird must have flown the coop in spite of our precautions," said the magistrate.

"Unless he's in this room," replied the other. "Hunted everywhere?" he asked the soldiers who had remained.

"Oui, mon lieutenant!"

"What about the bed? Have you looked under the bed, sergeant?" he demanded.

"It is the only place where I have not looked." Zeid ibn Reshid's face was turned toward Atheba.

"Go ahead!" The lieutenant spoke gruffly, because he was ashamed of his sympathy. He gave a sharp word of command. The soldiers drew up in a line, leveling their rifles at the bed in a slight, downward angle, while Atheba stepped to one side. But in the split second between her stepping aside and Zeid ibn Reshid's advance, her eyes met his and there was a woman's full tale—a woman's full life in that passing glance.

"Forgive me, forgive me, O son of Adam!" pleaded the eyes above the veil, while her lips were silent except for a staccato intake of breath. "Have pity, O creature of God!" implored the grey, gold-flecked eyes. "Are we not both of the Moslems, of the Arabs?"

"Nom de Dieu!" barked the lieutenant impatiently. "Go on, sergeant!"

"Be careful!" warned one of the soldiers. "The rebel may be beneath—and you know the saying: *mukkaram el-Bedaw*—the nomads are full of wiles!"

"I, too, am a nomad," laughed Zeid ibn Reshid. "I, too, am full of wiles." And to Atheba, in a sibilant, equivocal murmur: *"Tawakkal al' Ullah*—place thy reliance upon God!"

He bent with a clank and jingle of his military accoutrements and crept under the bed, while she waited, breathless, rigid. Ludicrously, unreasonably, trivial things impinged on her consciousness: she watched a beetle scuttling over the floor. Then Zeid ibn Reshid crept out from under the bed. He was alone. "No living thing there," he said to the lieutenant.

And when Atheba almost swooned with an overwhelming reaction of exultation and joy he steadied her with a strong arm, whispered to her: "What is gold between children of the same soil, between Benni Hossayn and Benni Fuhara . . . . ?"

A few minutes later, the room was again in brown darkness. She waited until the last sound had passed into memory. Then she turned toward the bed. "Come, my lord!" she called. "The *roumis* have gone." There was no answer.

"Come!" she repeated more loudly. When still there was no answer, suddenly a dread wave of premonition swept over her. She lit the candle. She bent. She looked under the bed.

She saw that Zeid ibn Reshid had spoken the truth. No living thing was there. Only a dead man, his throat slashed from ear to ear, the blood staining the earth-brown burnoose. A cry went up from her lips. A single cry; ugly, hoarse, grating. Then she was silent.

She was a Bedawin. She was a Moslem. *Mektoob*—she thought—what is written, is written! Fate was like a blind camel—coming out of the dark—with no warning, no jingling of bells . . . .

So she sank on her knees and prayed to the Lord Allah in whom she believed with all her hard, fervent soul:

"There is no God but He—the Living, the Eternal!
He bringeth forth the dead from the living;
He bringeth forth the living from the dead . . . ."

"He bringeth forth the living from the dead!" she repeated. And was not her husband dead? And was there not life—her unborn child's life?

Aye! The living from the dead! The blessed, eternal miracle of creation! "Blessed be Allah, the Lord of Daybreak!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "Allah, Thou All-Merciful, let it be—oh—let it be a man-child. And let him grow up strong and lusty and ruthless and wide-stepping!

Aye! The past was the past. But the future was hers and her breed's. She picked up Mansur el-Andalusi's sword. It gleamed like a star in the light of the candle. Allah willing, her child would wield it some day.

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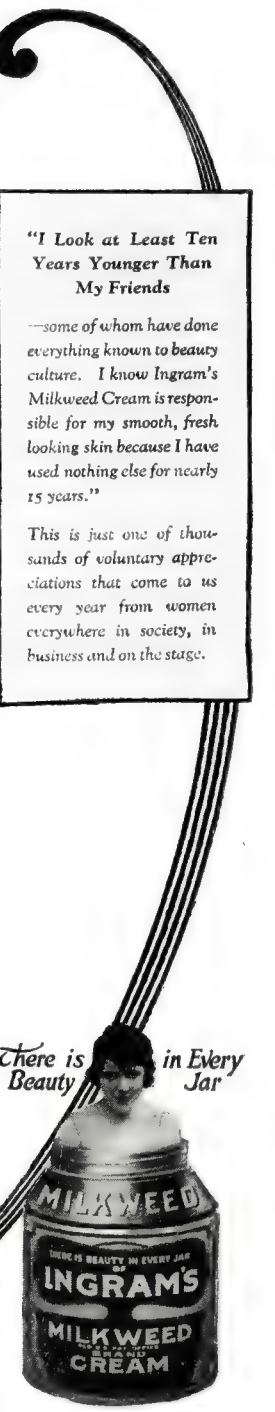

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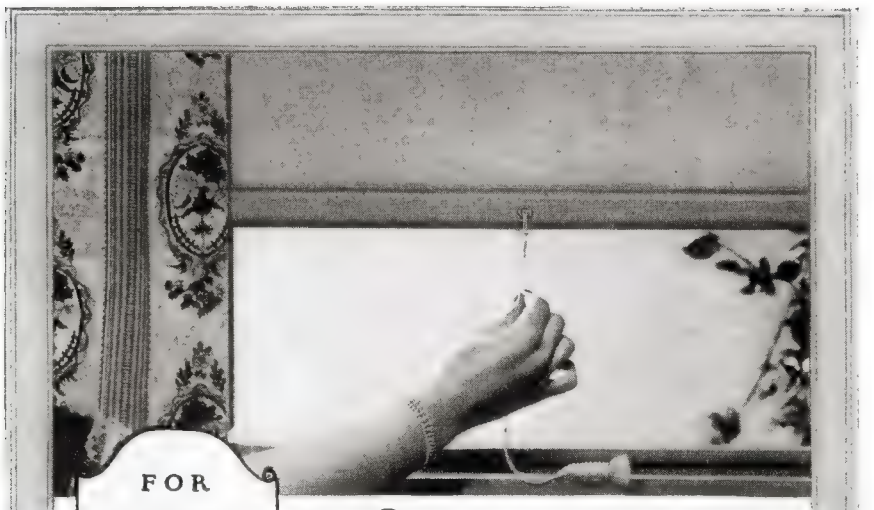

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A Man Under Authority

[*Continued from page 7*]

Was it the candlelight that made the place look so shabby and desolate? He had been aware of its shabbiness before, but it had never so compelled his attention as it did to-day. And that chair—somehow it had never looked so conspicuously empty before.

From Rickaby to Hatchstead was a distance of three miles, and the road was a pleasant one with wide stretches of grass on each side. The day was soft and sunny, and the Reverend Bill whistled cheerily as he rode.

They had turned aside from the high-road, and were standing in a narrow winding lane with steep banks.

Paddy lowered his head and took a mouthful of grass. Then very suddenly he jumped violently, so violently that he nearly threw his rider, and made an absurd and wholly fruitless effort to clamber up the bank. A small, two-seater car whizzed round the bend above at a terrific pace, swerved to avoid them and, barely doing so, crashed into the opposite bank.

The force of the impact was considerable, but by a miracle the car did not overturn.

The driver turned upon him, revealing a face distorted with rage. "You fool! You fool!" he cried. "To stop here!"

He was a lad of seventeen or eighteen, but his fury was so ungoverned that it gave him almost a childish look.

It was that hint of childishness that preserved the Reverend Bill from a corresponding display of indignation. As it was, he suppressed a desire to laugh.

"There's a pair of us then," he said goodhumouredly. "But I am inclined to think I am not the bigger of the two. Let's get this thing out! Think she's damaged?"

"Of course she's damaged!" The youth almost spat his reply. His face was quite colourless and twitching nervously. "You—you—you must be mad to—to stand in the road like that!"

"Well, let's be thankful it's no worse!" said Bill Quentin. "Perhaps you won't take the corner so fast next time."

"You say it was my fault?"

"I didn't say so, but I will if you like." The humour that he had stifled began to sound in the Vicar's voice. "I'll also punch your head for you if it will teach you to drive more carefully."

"Mon Dieu!" gasped the boy.

"Oh, now I know who you are!" With amused enlightenment came the rejoinder. "Lady Rivers' son, I think? My name is Quentin—Bill Quentin, parson of Rickaby. How are you feeling, yourself?"

"I'm all right, I tell you. Can't you go on and leave me alone?"

Bill Quentin looked at him. "Look here! This won't do," he said kindly, and put his arm round the boy's narrow shoulders. "You've had a bit of a knock-out."

He guided him down on to the step, still supporting him. "What is it? You're not hurt, are you?"

"No—no! I'm not hurt." Panting, he made answer: "It was just—the jar—the shake-up. I'm all right—I'm all right."

"Take it easy!" advised the Vicar. "There's no hurry. Lean against me, old chap! You'll be yourself in a minute. Let's hear your name? Gaspard, isn't it? Your mother was telling me about you."

"What—about me?" gasped Gaspard.

"Oh, not much. I gathered she thought something of you. I was coming round to see you in fact."

"What for?" The deathly look was passing from the lad's thin face.

"Oh, it's my job to look people up," explained the Vicar. "I don't do it more than once a year if they chase me off the premises with brickbats. Otherwise, I drop in fairly often. How's that? Better now?"

"Yes, yes. I'm all right. But—why do you go to see people? Just to preach to them?" The questions came with a sort of fevered curiosity.

Bill laughed. "Heaven forbid!"

"What's the good of you then?" growled the boy, quitting his support and lodging his chin moodily on his fists.

"Are you a good man?" The words had an ironical sound, but there was something besides to which the Vicar replied:

"I'm a trier. That's as far as I've got."

"Is that all? And I suppose you've been at it for years and years?" [*Turn to page 104*]

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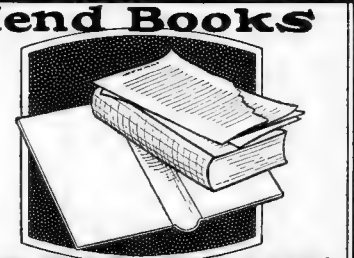
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(*See page 104*)

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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE. By Ruby Ross Goodnow. Pictures of lovely interiors.

THE MODERN HOME. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Devices and methods to lighten housework.

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A Man Under Authority

[*Continued from page 102*]

"Some years," admitted the Vicar.

"You ought to be a saint by this time."

"Some people take longer than others," said the Vicar, extracting a cigarette.

"But you think you'll get there in time?" said Gaspard.

"Where?" said the Vicar.

"The place you're making for—heaven."

"Oh, that! That's rather a different proposition, isn't it?" said Bill. "I say, have a cigarette!"

Gaspard shook his head. "No, thanks. Look here! I'm an agnostic. Do you think it matters?"

"More to you than to anyone else, I should imagine," said the Vicar.

"Why?" The question had a fierce note.

The Reverend Bill began to smoke. "Well, if you're a blind man, surely it's more your funeral than anyone else's?"

"Pah!" The boy's sneer somehow sounded unutterably dreary. "I suppose all you godly people call it that."

"What?"

"Blindness."

"Well, what do *you* call it?"

"I call it common sense—the only sane attitude. What you call religion is all legend—nothing else—fabulous nonsense, day-dreams. You have no proof anywhere. We live, we die, and that is literally all we know."

He raised himself with a jerky movement and flung a look of daring defiance out of eyes that shone almost black into the Vicar's serene countenance.

"That's one way of looking at it," said the Vicar.

"What other way is there?"

"Well," the Vicar smiled faintly, "if one man has longer sight than another, you would hardly call him dishonest for seeing things which are beyond the range of that other's vision."

The boy moved restlessly. "But you're all such fools. You all say you see things that are not there."

"Do you only believe in the things you can see then?" questioned Bill Quentin.

"Things I have proof of."

"I see." The Vicar's hand patted his shoulder with a careless friendliness. "I don't think you'll be an agnostic all your life," he said. "You're too human. How goes it now? Heart ticking all right?"

The boy made an impulsive gesture towards him. "I say, have I—have I been rude to you?"

Bill's hand gripped his. "I really don't remember," he said.

Gaspard's face was burning. "You—you might come round and see me sometimes," he said. "I shan't—I shan't—throw brickbats at you."

"Right ho!" said the Vicar.

Gaspard extricated his hand hurriedly and got into the car. The Reverend Bill stooped to crank up the engine.

The Reverend Bill found quite a large gathering assembled at Hatchstead Rectory when he and Paddy finally arrived.

He was seized upon at once by Fanny, the eldest of the sisters. "How sweet of you to come over like this, Mr. Quentin! Of course you are not surprised. You must have seen it coming. I did—long ago. When two people are always seeking one another out, making perpetual excuses to meet—" she broke into giggles. "It generally means something, does it not? Now do come and sit down in the shade! As they passed through the front garden they came upon old General Farjeon just dismounting from his car. Fanny was quite openly disappointed by this interruption, and would have drawn back out of sight, but Bill, plainly unaware of her projected manoeuvre, pressed on. "Hullo, sir! I'm awfully glad to see you out again."

"Much you care whether I'm out or in," said the General, "you scamp! Never been near me for a whole week."

"I was coming to-day," said Bill.

"Were you though? Then I'll see that you do for once. Come to dinner. Mind—eight sharp."

They returned to the gathering on the lawn, and the Rector of Hatchstead, a lean, worried-looking man, came to meet them. General Farjeon was his richest parishioner, and deep in the Rector's soul was a sense of grievance which he had never managed to conquer, that he should show so marked a preference for the Vicar of Rickaby.

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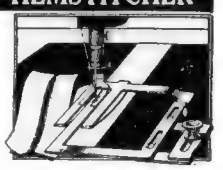

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A Man Under Authority

[*Continued from page 104*]

He smothered his feelings, however, and greeted him with geniality. It was more than kind of the General to come and congratulate his daughter.

"Come and tell her what a fool she is, more like," growled the General. "Where's the sense of marrying on nothing a year? Still, that's her affair. Where's Molly?"

He was fond of Molly, the giddy and capricious youngest of the family. He was indeed wont to say that Molly had more brains than all the rest of the family put together, which was possibly true. She was certainly shrewd enough to assume the direction of her own affairs.

On the present occasion she was lounging on the bank at the further side of the tennis-court playing with a young fox-terrier—a pretty child of eighteen, more like a boy than a girl, with a careless manner and defiant eyes.

She turned, caught sight of the watching group across the lawn, and, laughing, came towards them.

Bill moved to meet her.

"So you've come to congratulate Lottie, too!" she said teasingly. "How nice of you! Wasn't she pleased?"

"I really don't know." The question surprised him, as also did the malice in the girl's bright eyes.

"Are you going to help at the wedding ceremony?" ran on Molly. "That will be awfully kind of you. Can't you see it in *The Daily Scream?* 'The officiating clergy were the bride's father, Rector of the parish and the Reverend William Quentin, Vicar of Rickaby, whose sympathies with the cause of priestly celibacy are so well known.'"

"Ha!" said Bill, a sudden light breaking upon him.

"What is it? A joke?" said Molly, but not in the tone of one who was in the least interested. "I say, how do you like the beautiful Lady Rivers? I saw her in your garden yesterday evening."

A curious wave of antipathy went through the Reverend Bill. "I'll tell you what I think of you, if you like, Molly," he said with quiet dignity.

"Oh, do!" laughed Molly. "Everyone does, sooner or later. But wouldn't it be more amusing if I told you?" She turned to the group which included General Farjeon. "I say, do listen, everybody! Our Reverend neighbour thinks I'm rotten bad form. Isn't it rude of him?"

"I can express it better than that if I'm allowed," said Bill Quentin, rising to the occasion, not without a touch of heat. "I think that extreme youth in its acutest form is chiefly what is the matter with you, and that is a malady which only time can cure."

"Hear, hear!" laughed General Farjeon. "What have you got to say to that, my pretty Molly? Being a woman, of course you are allowed to be as rude as you like."

"Thank you," said Molly, with her head in the air. "But I don't think he is worth it. Have you seen the beautiful Lady Rivers yet, General?"

"Who?" said General Farjeon. "Never heard of her. Who is she?"

Molly chuckled. "Ask Mr. Quentin! She is a most romantic person with hair the colour of desert sand and subtle eyes that never give anything away. A thrillingly interesting person, isn't she, Mr. Quentin? Oh, and I forgot to add that her laugh is even more artificial than her hair. Mr. Quentin, being a man, would hardly notice that."

"Molly! Molly!" said her father.

"No, no! Don't stop her!" protested the General. "She amuses me. Tell me some more about this wonderful lady, Molly. I must go and see her. Where does she live?"

"You can't go and see her," said Molly. "She hasn't got a husband. Only the clergy can call on people without husbands. You'll have to get Mr. Quentin to introduce you. She lives at Beech Mount with her son who tears about the country in his two-seater trying to kill people by accident. They've got a foreign servant called Benedict who looks a regular cut-throat. He looks after the boy and the car and answers the door, and he always tells people that she is not at home. Mr. Quentin of course, being a parson, didn't have to wait for that ceremony. He scraped acquaintance in the road. Parsons can always do these things, can't they, Dad? They rush in where angels fear to tread, and carry off the prizes before the angels know where they are."

"Are you one of the last named, may I ask?" said General Farjeon, tweaking her ear.

"Good gracious, no!" said Molly. "I hie from the other direction. Anybody will tell you that. But anyway I am honest about it. You all know what I am."

"We do indeed," said the General. "The veriest scamp that ever trod! When are you coming to see me again? My nephew Stafford is coming down for the week-end if that's any attraction."

"It isn't," said Molly. "And I'm going boating with the Lowthers on Saturday in any case. Perhaps I'll come round on Sunday evening if I have time, but I can't promise."

"Molly—dear!" protested her mother.

Molly swung on her heel; her face was burning. "Oh, do get somebody to come and play tennis!" she said.

DINNER at Hatchstead Place, even when there was only one guest, was a somewhat ceremonious affair. General Farjeon sat at the head of his table where his ancestors had sat some centuries before, and drank wine that was poured from priceless old decanters that had belonged to the family when they were new.

He was growing very old himself, but he yielded nothing to age. He still went out for his early ride when his gout permitted, and in winter followed the hounds, and even occasionally tramped forth with his gun. He had never been married and professed a cynical distrust of women which Molly Morton found highly entertaining. He was wont to tell her that so long as she remained a child his house was open to her, but from the moment she became a woman he would have none of her. His nephew Stafford Kenyon was his heir and his only relation, the son of his only sister long since dead, with whom he had always been at daggers drawn. He was not over fond of Stafford, who was a major in the Guards and had a very fair opinion of himself, but he endured him as a duty.

He was never polite to anyone, and it was Bill Quentin's perfectly good-humoured acceptance of this fact which had first attracted him to the Vicar of Rickaby.

But his attitude towards Bill was different. Bill was a man—a sportsman; he didn't stuff religion down your throat at every turn, didn't even think it necessary to look religious, but played the game, sir, and played it well. Why, to look at him, to talk to him, you'd almost think he was in the Service. Why wasn't he?

Bill did not mind the General's criticisms. They were friends. Sitting in the vast dining-room at Hatchstead Place with the last crimson rays of the sun piercing the long windows at the western end, he was completely at his ease.

"Penny for your thoughts!" sharply announced the General.

Bill looked across the shaded candles with a smile. "Sorry, sir! Afraid I wasn't thinking just then."

"Then think!" commanded his host. "Who is this woman that young Molly was being so pointed about this afternoon? You've met her?"

"I've met her, yes." Bill's tone was deliberately impersonal.

"Go on! Go on!" said the General impatiently. "What's your impression of her? Just an ordinary person?"

"Not for Rickaby!"

"She's different eh? A bit French and interesting!"

"I have only spoken to her once," said Bill.

"Ah, but you mean to again on the first opportunity! I know you, you dog! Don't tell me!" General Farjeon snorted aggressively. "But you be careful! Mind you don't burn your fingers! She may be a second Madame Verlaine."

"I don't think that very likely, sir." Bill's tone was still impersonal, even slightly bored. He took a walnut, and cracked it with precision. "I don't think a woman of that type would come to a place like Rickaby."

The General [*Turn to page 106*]

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A Man Under Authority

[*Continued from page 105*]

growled his disagreement. "It's just the sort of place she would choose, you simpleton. These fair husband-slayers generally find it advisable to take a rest-cure between events. I've great faith in Molly's judgment."

"Molly!" A hint of contempt sounded in Bill's voice. "Molly was simply out for blood this afternoon. You couldn't take anything she said seriously."

"Hang it! Why not? The child is shrewd enough. Got her knife into you all right, hadn't she?" The General chuckled. "Give me Molly for brains every time! And for pluck too! By George, if I'd met her fifty years ago my life's history would have been a bit different, and so would hers."

Bill was peeling his walnut with stolid concentration. He did not glance up from his task. "She'll get you yet, sir, if you're not careful," he remarked.

General Farjeon sat back with a shout of laughter. "The minx! I like 'em wicked. What has she got her knife into you for, eh, Bill?"

"I don't know," said Bill.

"Yes, you do know, you rascal! Don't tell me! You're too eligible, that's your trouble. These elderly young ladies can't see you without falling in love with you. You ought to get married, my boy. It's the only way out for a man in your position."

At this juncture Bill did a somewhat unusual thing. He lost his temper.

"Oh, I'm sick of all this!" he declared. "Why on earth can't people leave you alone to go your own way—live your own life? Why should I be marked down, made a target of by every bored spinster within reach? I hate 'em all—except one, and what the dickens they see in me I don't know. I've nothing to offer anyone. It's a deadly existence. I'd hardly ask a woman I did like to share it with me—much less one I didn't."

"You weren't cut out for this sort of thing," said the General wryly.

"For what sort of thing?" Bill suddenly turned fully and faced him.

"Your profession of course!" flung back the General, now well launched. "You were meant for a man's trade, not this miserable, milksop business of preaching and praying and generally making an ass of yourself. It's beginning to tell on you, Bill, and I don't wonder. Of course you're fed up. You're not doing a man's job. You were meant for better things."

He paused to drink some port. Bill was sitting absolutely still, facing him. All the fire had gone out of his look. His eyes, blue and keen though they were, had a far-off, remote expression.

Bill pushed back his chair and rose.

"I suppose it would look like that to you," he said. "Yes, sir, it's my own fault, as you say, but not the fault of the job. It's about the hardest job on God's earth, as He knows, and if I am not man enough to make a success of it, well, once again it's my own fault."

He walked across to the great windows and stood with his face to the glow.

At last he turned and came back to the table. "I'm confoundedly rude," he said. "Forgive me!"

The General looked at him with a half-smile on his rugged old face. "There's only one thing I'll never forgive you for, Bill," he said, "and that is if you ever dare to stand on ceremony with me. What's the matter with you? Liver?"

"No, sir." Bill shook his head. "I'm just fed up, that's all—mainly with myself. It's a sort of dry rot that's got hold of me. I'm ashamed. When anyone like you says that my job is not a man's job, then I know myself for an utter failure—a workman with nothing to show when the Master Builder comes round to see how the work is getting on."

"Good heavens!" said the General. He peered up at Bill with frowning eyes. "So that's how you look at it, is it? If you've nothing to show, you've nothing to be ashamed of. Though you're a parson, you're one of the straightest fellows I've ever met. I know your malady—suffered from it myself once, but I never took the remedy." He broke off to chuckle. "You marry my boy! Marry, and may the gods send you luck!"

[*Continued in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

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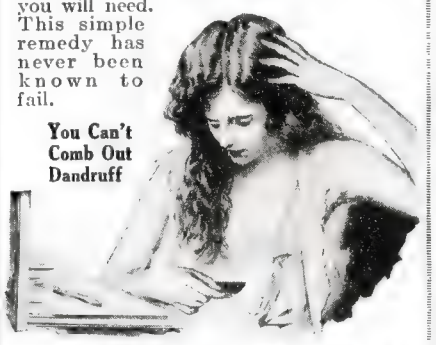

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A Son of His Father

[*Continued from page 21*]

help, the Black Canyon men they will kill."

A few terse questions gave Morgan a clear understanding of the situation. "Me, I tell those men who do not know about what ees happen to Pete, that I go to Arivaca for the grub. So I come for you and the Las Rosas cowboys," Dolores finished.

Morgan was thinking. Holdbrook had lied, after all, about Nora. There was still a chance to save Las Rosas.

"You mus' ride queeck, Señor Morgan," cried Dolores. "If it ees discover what ees happen to Pete before the soldiers come it ees then for Señor Gray and La Señorita's brother too late. Me, I will go on to the house and tell the cowboys so that they will go too."

"No, no, Dolores, you must not go to Las Rosas for the boys. Holdbrook would know and would escape. He must be arrested tonight with the others. Don't worry about Mr. Gray and Larry. I'll take care of all that. No one at Las Rosas must know until the officers are ready—do you understand?"

"Si, Señor."

As Big Boy Morgan disappeared over the ridge in the direction of Black Canyon the Mexican girl drew a long breath. "By golly," she murmured softly, "but that Señor Big Boy ees one man. Me, I theenk La Señorita Nora she ees going be ver' happy."

WHEN Gray and Larry, watching from the cabin window, had seen Dolores riding safely down the canyon on her mission, the Irishman said: "I'm thinkin', sir, 'twould do no harm if I was just to show myself, natural like, to them gentlemen down below. 'Twould never do for them to be gettin' too curious about what had become of me, do you see?"

"Why not leave the door open," said Gray. "If anyone comes up from the path it would help the looks of things. I'll sit back here out of sight and entertain our host and hostess."

And so with Larry sitting on a rock in plain sight of the men below, busily engaged in sewing a rent in his jumper, and with the cabin door wide open in case anyone should come up the path, they awaited developments.

Presently, one of the crew, nicknamed "Dogie," came out of the shed in the corral and started up the path. The Irishman rose leisurely and moved toward the house. As he was fixing the girth in its place on the saddle which hung close to one side of the doorway he whispered a warning to Gray. "Whist, sir, there's one of them comin'."

Dogie reached the olla that hung on a post of the ramada and stopped for a drink of water. As he hung the gourd dipper again on its nail he remarked casually that he wanted to ask Pete about something and started forward to enter the house but the Irishman was now standing on the threshold leaning carelessly against one side of the doorway.

"Wait a bit, Dogie," he said in a low tone. "I'm thinkin' you would better not be disturbin' the boss just now."

The smuggler halted and stood gazing at the Irishman for a moment, too surprised to speak. "What's the matter?" he said at last. "Is Pete and his royal highness a takin' tea with the lady of the house?"

"I don't know about the tea, Dogie, but 'tis sure I am that the boss and Mr. Zobetser's pardner do be havin' a very important conference and are wishful not to be disturbed."

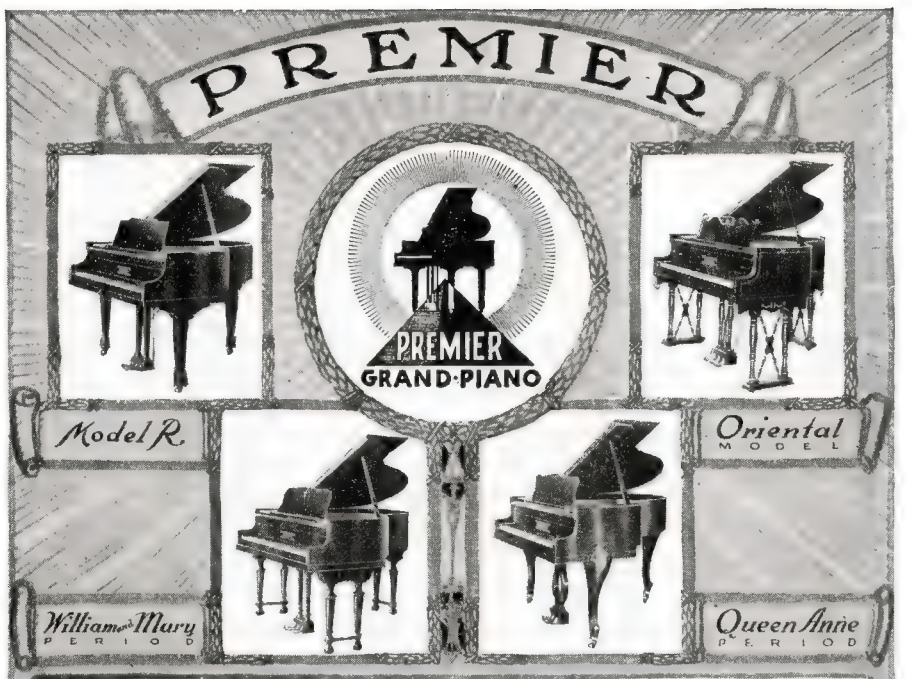
"Well I'm switched," muttered the astounded Dogie. Then as the possibilities of the situation dawned upon him he drew back a few paces. Suddenly he raised his voice. "Pete—hi—Pete, are you in there?"

Retreating to the head of the path, Dogie yelled to the men at the corral below: "Come up here, you all—an' come a runnin'. There's something ain't right in this camp."

When he looked again toward the cabin the door was closed. The two men in the cabin listened as the smugglers from the corral rushed up the path in answer to Dogie's call.

Larry whispered to [*Turn to page 108*]

PREMIER



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the student: "Do you take a look from the window, sir, to see if there's anybody comin' up the canyon—Dolores has not reached Las Rosas yet, but it might be the soldiers have made better time than was expected."

Larry's words were punctuated by the report of a Colt forty-five from the rear of the cabin and a bullet crashed through the window within an inch or two of Gray's head.

They listened to the murmur of voices and then came the command: "Open the door, you fellows. We've fooled with you long enough."

"Presently, Dogie, presently," Larry returned. "Don't be so impatient—'tis like to lead you into trouble and there's no good in it at all."

"All right, boys," cried the spokesman outside. "Fetch up that log—we're comin' in, Larry."

The Irishman faced his companion. "They mean that, sir. We've only as long as the door will hold. When they're in, mind that you shoot to kill. Make no mistake—'tis them or us."

Gray sprang across the room to the window. One look and he was back at Larry's side. "They're coming, boy—the troopers are coming up the canyon."

"Glory be! They're ridin' up the canyon, you say? That means they have the place already surrounded, sir. Please God, they'll not be too slow closin' in."

A crashing blow on the door put an end to all conversation in the cabin. Behind their frail barricade of furniture the two men waited, watched the door as it gave to the weight of the log in the hands of the smugglers, and listened for the relief that was so near at hand. One more swing of the improvised battering ram would carry the door.

"Don't be backward, sir," cried Larry. "Let them have it as quick as you can see them."

But as the smugglers were drawing back for the final blow the two men inside heard the sharp command: "Hands up." There was a confused murmur of voices—oaths—sharp words of authority—the noise of trampling feet. For a moment Larry listened then he smiled. "Faith, 'tis all over now, sir."

Gray started eagerly for the door but the Irishman stopped him. "Wait a minute if you please, sir. I'll just be goin' first. You can't expect me to stay here to be handcuffed like they're doin' to the rest of them out there, and then to be dragged away to prison."

He slipped through the window and an instant later disappeared among the rocks back of the cabin. Gray threw open the door and stepped out, thinking to engage the attention of the government men for a moment or two and thus give Larry a little time. When he had explained how he had been detained at the canyon the officer sent two men into the cabin for Indian Pete and the Irishman. A moment later the men called from the doorway: "There's not a soul in here except a fat old Indian woman."

The squaw had lost no time freeing her lord and master.

"They won't get far," said the officer. "There's a trooper on guard a little way down the canyon and another at the corral."

Even as he spoke there came a shout from below. The soldier stationed at the corral had caught sight of a man climbing up the wall of the canyon.

Leaving two of their number to guard the prisoners, the government men scattered along the bench on which the cabin stood and from various points of view searched the rocky heights above. With so many eyes watching from so many angles it was only a moment or two until the man climbing among the rocks was seen again. It was Larry.

For Larry to climb higher meant to climb in full view of the men below. To retreat meant certain capture. A narrow ledge on the opposite side of the recess in which he was, caught his eye. The rocky shelf seemed to lead around a cliff which at this point buttressed the canyon wall. If he could make his way by that ledge to the other side of the cliff he might find a safe route to the top.

Summoning all his strength for the effort, the Irishman gained the ledge. The shout which went up from the men below told him that he was seen and that he could do nothing now but go on. With the recklessness born of his desperate position he ran along the ledge and dropped behind that sheltering rock. He was again hidden from the men below but a glance ahead revealed to Larry himself that the narrow path had betrayed him. The ledge ended abruptly. From the point where he crouched behind the rock the cliff was sheer. He was trapped. The trooper on guard a little way down the canyon had ridden closer and from where he now sat on his horse could see Larry's position clearly, and shouted the information to the others.

The government agent called up to the man on the cliff above: "You might as well come down, O'Shea; we've got you anyway."

The Irishman's reply brought a smile to the face of every man below. "I'm very comfortable where I am, thank you."

"We'll have to go up and get you then."

Larry's gun now appeared resting on the rock and trained on the path by which he had gained his position. "If you come up you'll have to climb the way I did and one at a time. I'm sorry, sir, but if you drive me to it I'll kill every blamed man of you."

The government men discussed the situation. The Irishman was protected from the rear by the cliff. There was no possible way to bring a gun to bear on him and no way to reach him except by the way which he held. They were in the midst of their deliberations when Big Boy Morgan rode up the canyon and dismounting at the corral climbed the path to the level above.

When the situation was explained to him the ranchman looked up at Larry and asked:

"What are you doing up there?"

"Why, sir, you must know I'm just tryin' to take care of Nora O'Shea's brother."

Morgan moved away from the group of men and drew nearer the foot of the wall. "All right," he said coolly,

A Son of His Father

[*Continued from page 107*]

"come on down now and let me take care of Nora O'Shea's brother for a while."

The poor fellow's voice trembled with eagerness: "Do you mean, sir, that they'll not be arrestin' me?"

"I'm sorry, Larry, but I can't promise that."

The answer was a wild cry, for the strain on the Irishman's nerves was beginning to tell. "Then 'tis you can go hang with the rest of them before I stir a foot."

Morgan's voice was calm and steady, "All right, Larry, I'll be with you in a minute." He started deliberately forward.

"Mr. Morgan," screamed Larry, "don't make me do it."

Charlie Gray said in a low voice: "Hold on, Jack, don't try that—it's too great a risk. The poor fellow is crazy—it's a hundred to one he'll shoot."

The others added their protest. But as if he had not heard them Big Boy Morgan coolly unbuckled his belt and held up his gun for Larry to see. Then he placed the weapon on a nearby rock and stepped forward unarmed. "Here I come, Larry," he said with a smile and began to climb from rock to rock up the canyon wall.

In a deathlike silence the men watched. Not a man moved. Larry's head disappeared behind the rock. Big Boy climbed steadily on. Morgan had reached a point just below the ledge when Larry suddenly stood erect. "Stop where you are, I say, or I'll let you have it." He raised his weapon.

And the son of John Morgan, looking up at him laughed, and drew himself up onto the ledge. "You can't do it, Larry," he said calmly. "You know you can't. Nora O'Shea's brother isn't going to kill anyone and I'm not going to let anyone kill you. You made a fool of yourself just as every man does, in one way or another, and you are going to pay for it like a man—for your sister's sake. Then you'll be able to make up to her a little for what you have already done."

As he spoke the last word he began moving steadily toward the half crazed Irishman. For a moment Larry held his gun pointing full at Morgan's breast then, as Big Boy continued to advance, the Irishman with a wild cry of despair threw the weapon from him and bursting into tears sank to his knees. The next moment Big Boy Morgan had him in his arms.

Presently, when the Irishman had regained, in a measure, control of his nerves, the watchers below saw that they were about to begin the descent. They saw Morgan turn and look down over the end of the ledge where Larry had been trapped into that recession in the canyon wall which the Irishman had been trying to gain. They saw him lean forward suddenly as if something had attracted his attention. Then, as if Morgan had spoken, Larry turned and looked. At the same instant a shot came from the other side of the cliff. But Nora's brother had caught Morgan and whirled him back from the edge of the ledge so that his own body, covering the ranchman, received the bullet that was meant for Big Boy.

Unnoticed by Larry, Indian Pete had awaited the outcome of the attempt to arrest Nora's brother. When Morgan saw him the desperate squaw man realized that his opportunity to escape was gone, and fired.

Big Boy's movements following the shot and Larry's fall were instantaneous. Unarmed and in plain view of the smuggler who was lying among the rocks only a few feet away and below, he did the only thing possible—jumped straight at the man who was bent on killing him. Another shot echoed and reechoed from the canyon walls but the bullet flattened harmlessly against the cliff where the ranchman had been standing. It was not much of a struggle, for Big Boy landed upon the squaw man with such terrific force that there was no fight left in the would-be murderer and a few minutes later he was handcuffed with his Black Canyon crew.

THE following morning, Nora was in her room at Las Rosas gathering her few things together, ready to make them into the bundle which she had brought with her from Ireland. She did not know where she was going. She did not care. Larry would be with her presently, for today was the day Holdbrook became master of Las Rosas and the price of her silence was that her brother should leave Black Canyon and come to her that morning. But Larry should not stay at Las Rosas with Holdbrook—she could not endure that. She, herself, must leave the ranch at once and Larry should go with her. They would go far away somewhere where they could begin all over again. That was clearly the only thing for them to do. Perhaps in time it would be easier but it was not easy now. As the Irish girl moved about that room—Morgan's room—his mother's room—and touched the objects that were so intimately associated with him and that were now so familiar to her she wondered if there would be years enough to help her bear the memory of her dreams that must now remain always only dreams.

The arrival of two automobiles at the big gate put an end to Nora's meditations. Charlie Gray was alone in the first car—Morgan's roadster. The second was occupied by two strangers. At that moment Holdbrook himself appeared. Coming to the end of the veranda he nodded to Gray with a curt greeting but pointedly ignored the two strangers. "Well, Jo," he said sharply, "is my horse ready?"

Before Long Jo could answer one of the strangers stepped forward. "Are you James Holdbrook?"

"I am. What can I do for you?"

The stranger smiled grimly. "You can go with me to Tucson." As he spoke he turned back the lapel of his coat and revealed the badge of his office. "You are under arrest by the United States Government for smuggling arms and ammunition into Mexico."

Jim Holdbrook drew back a step and turned to find the other stranger on the veranda close beside him. "Is this a joke?" he demanded with a ghastly smile.

The officer replied sternly: "We captured every man at Black Canyon with the goods last night; and Jake Zobetser with his associates in Tucson were arrested at the same time."

He took handcuffs from his pocket and stepped closer to his prisoner. Mechanically Jim Holdbrook held out his hands.

IN a hospital room Nora found her brother with Big Boy Morgan watching beside his bed.

But there was nothing that could be done now for Larry O'Shea—the skill of the surgeons, the care and sympathy of the sisters, the grief of Big Boy Morgan, the love and devotion and sacrifice of the girl who had been to him, all his life, both sister and mother—nothing could keep him now in this world which he had never had the strength to withstand alone.

As the Irish girl entered the room, sustained by that wonderful strength which was her heritage, Morgan and Gray, who knew better than the others her love for her brother, marvelled at her calmness.

Since that terrible moment in Black Canyon the stricken man had given no sign of consciousness but when his sister touched his forehead with her lips and whispered: "Larry, Larry boy," he opened his eyes and smiled. "'Tis all right, mavourneen. I was just dreamin' of the old home. Sure, and everything will be all right now."

It was an afternoon several weeks later when Big Boy Morgan, resting in the shade of a mesquite tree, was aroused from his brooding revery by the sight of a white horse coming over the hill. It was Sarco—and that rider who was carried so proudly by the old prince of El Rancho de Las Rosas—surely there was only one who had the right—who would dare—. Big Boy Morgan sprang to his feet. "Where in the world did you come from?" he managed to say when Nora stopped her horse beside him. "Or am I dreaming again?"

"'Tis myself, no less. Sure, I was that lonesome for a sight of—of the boys, and the ranch, and Sarco, that I just begged Charlie Gray so hard to bring me home that he could do no less."

Big Boy Morgan could not speak. He wanted to cry out to her his joy in her presence. He wanted to tell her his love. There seemed to be nothing else for him to say. But he had sternly told himself that as long as his future was so uncertain he must not ask the woman he loved to share it.

"You will stay at Las Rosas? I mean, you have come back to live with us again?" he asked stupidly.

"Why, sir, as for that I don't know," she answered demurely. "It all depends."

"Of course—I understand. No one knows now what is to happen to Las Rosas. I suppose I'll be hearing from Holdbrook's lawyer about the ranch any day now. They might—it's only a chance—but they might want me to stay on as manager."

"'Tis myself that'll have to be looking for a job presently. If you should be staying on as the boss of Las Rosas I suppose you would not by any chance be wanting to hire a washer woman—or—or something?"

This was too much. In spite of his resolve that he would not speak of love to Nora until his wretched affairs were settled, Big Boy Morgan surrendered.

IT was some time later when the Irish girl said: "Well now that we've settled that, after me doing everything, even to asking you for the job, I've a message for you."

"A message for me—from whom?"

"'Tis from Mr. Holdbrook's lawyers. It was Charlie Gray brought it to me this morning—just before we started for Las Rosas."

"You say the message is for me but Charlie brought it to you?"

"Why—well—'tis in the way of being for both of us, do you see?"

"About the ranch, I suppose. All right, let's have it. They can't hurt me now." There was a touch of the old Morgan recklessness in his words and manner but it was a happy recklessness.

"'Tis in the pocket of the saddle," she said and watched him with a happy smile as he went to Sarco.

He brought back to her a legal looking envelope and together they examined the contents. The letter, from a Tucson attorney, explained:

"Dear Mr Morgan: We are herewith enclosing a transfer to you from James Holdbrook, Jr., of his interest in El Rancho de Las Rosas. Mr. Holdbrook has explained to us how his father came into possession of this controlling interest in your ranch and it was through us that the transfer was made from Holdbrook, Sr., to his son, who accepted the gift without fulfilling the conditions under which his father promised it to him.

"Considering all the facts in the case, we see no reason why you should hesitate to accept this transfer from Mr. Holdbrook. On the contrary, there is every reason why you should.

"With hearty congratulations."

"But Nora dear, I don't understand," exclaimed Big Boy, "Why has he done this?"

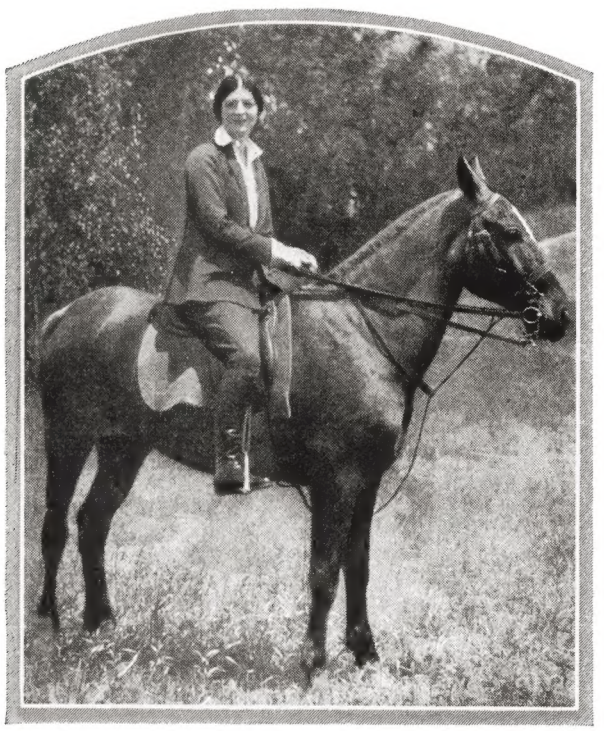
The girl's face was grave as she answered gently: "I can explain it all to you, now, as I could not have done an hour ago." She took an envelope from the pocket of her jacket and gave it to him. "You have the right, now, to read this."

It was a note from Holdbrook to her, written the day he was sentenced, and sent to her by Gray.

"I have restored Las Rosas to Jack Morgan because I know your love for him and his love for you and I wish for you both the happiness which my own life has denied me.

"It will help me through the years of my punishment to reflect that after this proof, you will no longer doubt the sincerity of my love—the only thing in all my miserable, misguided life in which I have been absolutely sincere."

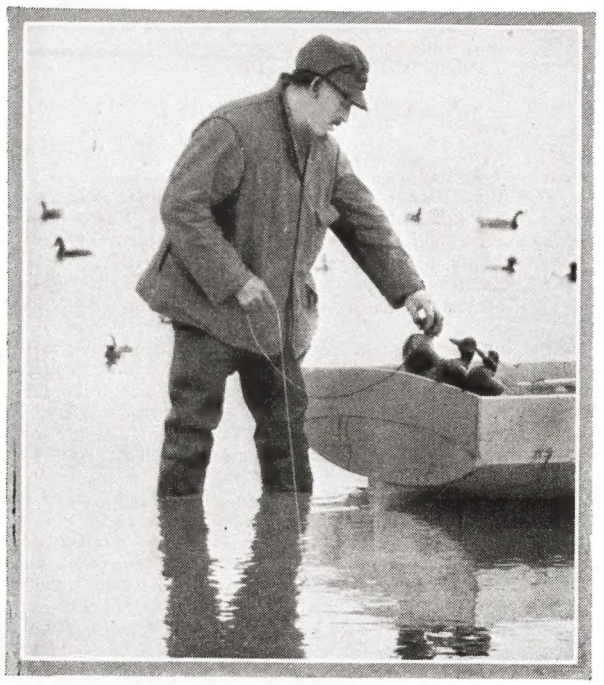
[THE END]



"ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO I was a complete wreck: could not eat or sleep, was anemic and my color had faded to a sickly green. My friends began to exchange pitying glances, and one day, an old lady insisted on giving me her seat. That was the crowning humiliation.

I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In about six weeks found I could eat a real meal once more; in two months my natural color began to return. I kept on, and now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a well woman."

MRS. F. R. CONNER, Florence, Ky.



"I BEGAN TO EAT Fleischmann's Yeast to overcome constipation. My improvement was steady and permanent. To make a long story short: I am fighting fit in every way. Overwork does not bother me. My endurance is there. I eat and sleep like a he-man. The remarkable improvement in my health is a matter of record based on a physician's examination. Constipation? Banished forever. Fresh air, exercise and a few cakes of yeast a day did it."

WALT MARSH, Belleville, Ill.

A Story Told by Thousands

How they corrected their ills—regained the vitality of youth —through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-21, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

LEFT

"SCRATCHES FESTERED, pin pricks turned to boils—I was a rival for Job's 'laurels.' My nerves were chaotic; I developed a morbid, craven terror of pain. A neighbor suggested yeast and, though cynically doubting the remarkable cures narrated, I took 4 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily between meals for one month. The incredible happened. A boil just starting dried away painlessly, minor blemishes on my back, which I had had in series for years, totally disappeared; I grew steadily stronger, and life reassumed normal perspective. Finally I, who had dragged to my housework, half fainting from the least exertion, had *surplus energy and wiped dishes dancing to phonograph records!*" MRS. R. G. BOOTH, Port Washington, N. Y.

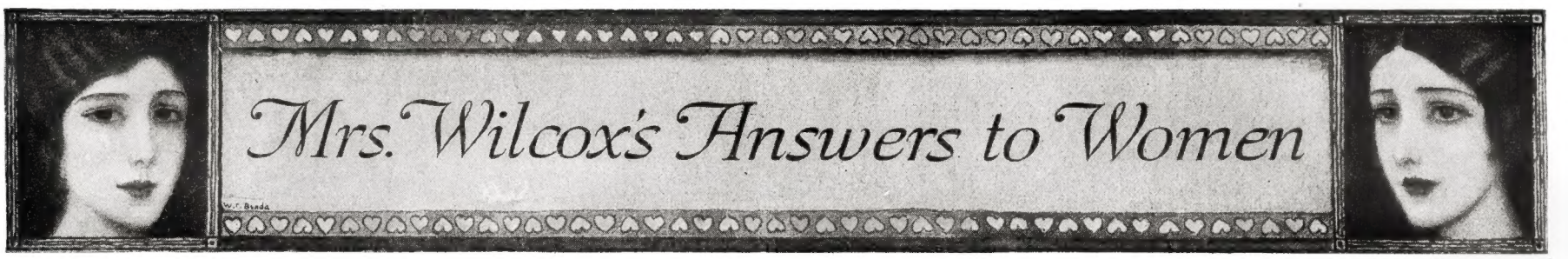
THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.

"THIS SPRING, desperate from years of constipation and unavailing attempts to cure its resultant evils, I read this definition by a physician: 'Yeast is an antiseptic and is effective in all diseases in which there is threatened putridity.' I began taking one cake in warm water before breakfast and at bedtime. My looks a month later demonstrated a release from cathartics. Continuing the treatment, I gained daily in vigor. Years of intestinal poisoning take their toll of youth; so I shall continue to drink my yeast."

MRS. CARRIE M. CREMA, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THIS SPRING, just recovering from a serious illness, I asked my physician if Yeast would do me any good. He said that it was very good, so I began eating it. I am no longer troubled with indigestion, headaches, or stomach troubles of any kind, nor do I any longer wish to hide my face on account of the pimples. Instead of the pale sallow look, I have a good rosy complexion. And now I can eat a hearty meal, and enjoy it. Fleischmann's Yeast has wrought this wonderful change, for at present I use no other remedies."

MISS JENNY CHARTRAND, St. Hyacinthe, Que.



The letters which come addressed to this page are the intimate confessions of women—and men—all true stories of ab sorbing interest and appeal. They pre sent every vital problem of our modern life and philosophy. Your problem, your way of facing some difficult situation may be of incalculable benefit to another who is meeting the same crisis. All letters will be published anonymously, receiving every consideration. Send your story to Winona Wilcox, in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West Thirty-Seventh Street, New York City.

OUR EMOTIONS OFTEN BLIND US

LIKE facets reflecting real life are the brief letters printed below. Girls' moods glint and sparkle in them but what particular color any one reader perceives depends upon his point of view. Personal bias always tinges opinion. To some persons, these letters seem silly; to others, tragic. What we think about them tells us a good deal about ourselves. In studying other people's problems, we discover our own likes, antipathies and prejudices.

Our emotions often blind us. The wife who is considering divorce is so distraught that she is disqualified to determine just what is best for her to do. None of us is quite fit to make important decisions when we most need to do so.

There is one experience all women desire. Girls expect to be engaged and supremely happy at least once in a life time. But into this coveted condition come unexpected contingencies, seldom to be settled wisely under stress of jealousy, rivalry or despair. Variegated indeed are the aspects of engagement troubles as here disclosed.

Dear Winona Wilcox: After flirting with half the boys in town, I fell in love. I became engaged only to discover that the man drinks and is fond of sporty friends. Some trust and confidence has faded from my feeling for him but I cannot give him up. He adores me but will stay away a week. When he comes back, he expects me to act as if nothing had happened. If I object, he says I'm narrow-minded. I know his morals used to be slack and that it must be hard for him to cut out the wild life. I'm exceedingly unreasonable at times, but so is he. He hurts me with his jealousy. In fact, we seldom are together five minutes before we are in a heated argument and we usually part with unkind words. Still I love him, he loves me. So what's to be done? My heart is breaking. Almost every night, my pillow is wet with my tears. We hurt each other so much. After we have had a row, I see despair in his eyes and there is hopelessness in my own heart. For pity's sake, what's wrong?—Alma.

Too much passion, perhaps, which both mistake for love. And distrust in the girl's heart, the result of the man's torrid past. On the man's part, the jealousy and tyranny which go with the weakness of one who indulges his worst instincts.

The finer elements in love, tenderness, patience and courtesy seem to be lacking. Can happiness ever prevail where so much is wrong? Probably the girl would better judge the future by the past, and not expect any improvement, in case they marry. Also she would better beware of mistaking the symptoms of passion. It may cause suffering as acute as any which ever tortured ideal lovers.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Never did an engaged girl have trouble like mine! For a few years, I was the most popular girl in our town. Which means that I know all about petting; I danced to please, I drank, smoked and swore a little. But never was I bad.

Naturally, I had to fall in love with a man who has traveled a lot and is just disgusted with girls. Every summer, father takes us to Canada. I heard what this man was like before he came to camp last July. I made a bet I could get him and I won.

I am engaged to him, but also I am in love and so is he, not guessing my normal habits. My parents think him a wonder because I've reformed for his sake!

Imagine my frame of mind! I got him interested by a trick and so I can't believe it right to marry him. I've told him I'm like all little speeds but he says he knew that from the first and he will not listen. Oh, I truly want to do what is right for us both.—Nona.

Then trust the man to know what he wants. If he is both traveled and experienced, accept his judgment as you have his standard of behavior; then abide by the latter (if you can).

EDUCATE YOUR PARENTS!

Dear Winona Wilcox: We have known each other five years and have been engaged off and on for four years. My parents refuse to let me marry the man I love because he has a deformity due to an attack of infantile paralysis in babyhood. My parents are not informed on the subject of heredity. They are convinced that his defect may be transmitted to my children. They parted us twice, so I left home, supported myself and made up with my lover. Thus far I've been independent but I've been trained to be dutiful in essentials, so I have not eloped. Shall I give up all hope of future happiness with the man I love because I owe the duty of obedience to my parents?—Molly.

Educate your parents. Send them the latest works on eugenics. They are not too old to learn that acquired characteristics are not handed down from parents to offspring. If they cannot grasp what science teaches about this, then get married and keep on trying to teach them.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am engaged to a man whom I do not trust. I have worn his ring a year. I had perfect confidence in him, believed every word he said. Our wedding day was set. Then I discovered he had corresponded for months with a Florida girl. His sister brought me a bunch of the wildest love letters. Oh, yes! I read every one. I was entitled to the truth. The southern girl did not know he was engaged. Which means he deceived her. But he calls it "spoofing." Dare I marry a man I cannot trust?—Betsy B.

Before deciding, perhaps Betsy will have to weigh other elements of his character. Has he not many compensating virtues? Integrity, perhaps, in everything but love?

Perhaps Betsy might give him a year in which to prove that spoofing girls has ceased to be his habit. A year in which to learn that in such an affair a man spoofs himself. Perhaps in a twelve-month, Betsy might resurrect her trust. Her task is far more difficult than his.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Being studious as a girl, I did not bother much about boys. I refused to go with men other girls were crazy about. I became a professional woman and at last met "the man." He had worked his way through college, never had had time for girls. We are in the same profession, have many tastes in common, so we became engaged and never were two people happier. Things have been running on four years. He has given me beautiful presents which I have loved to possess, knowing we surely would marry. We see each other every day. Six months ago, he suggested that I accept invitations from other men! I get them often. But I am twenty-seven and he is thirty-two. I have no wish to play the flapper. I merely laughed at his modern notion, and buried myself in my books once more. It took me a long time to discover that he was less studious. Also much less attentive than formerly. Of course I mentioned his growing preoccupation. Said he, "I can't tell you the cause! The truth would hurt you too much!" Oh, that was quite easy to understand. Painful for me but the man is suffering, too. He may repent, he may not. But I am convinced that he loves me in a tragic, mature fashion. If I thought he no longer cared, I'd have no problem. But as he loves me supremely well, I'm no wiser than a school-girl about what to do next. What do cultured, refined and idealistic women do under such cruel conditions?—Barbara A. V.

They marry the man, just as the silliest flappers do. They forgive, and sometimes they forget, and occasionally the man develops into a most desirable husband. Read the best texts on the psychology of sex and love. They will prove the only trustworthy guides for an educated woman in such tribulation.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

Dear Winona Wilcox: The man I am to marry is devoted, generous, and well-to-do. When we are alone together, I am positive we are going to be the most congenial married couple in the land. But when we are in society, I get utterly discouraged. He never is content unless he does the talking for everybody. If I remonstrate, he says somebody has got to talk! Often he stretches his tales till they are thin enough to see through. If I correct him, he is frightfully annoyed. I get fairly frazzled hearing him tell the same thing over and over. I always wanted to marry a man who thought a lot and said little and I'm horrified to find myself facing a prospect so different. Yet, I love him. What am I to do?—Peg.

Let the man explode in speech. So he may release some nervous tension which develops when he is in a crowd. Then in the quiet hours, fill his head with new ideas. You cannot keep him from talking, but you can make him the finest story-teller in your set if you try. Instead of correcting him, build up and decorate his romances with your own inventions. Soon you'll find yourselves the most popular persons in your set.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I have promised to marry a man whom I love but with whom I never am happy. He lives in a nearby town. When we are apart, we just adore each other. When together, we bore each other. Last time he drove down to see me, the conversation lagged until I thought I should scream. We had to take a long drive to fill in the time. But afterward, he wrote that he longed to be with me again. And as soon as he had gone, I wept until I slept because I wanted him back. Now what ails us?—Jo.

No intellectual interests in common, isn't that the lack? It's supposed to be a serious handicap to happiness in marriage, nevertheless, thousands of couples who have no mutual mental needs seem to get on together quite comfortably. Usually they are unconscious of the fly in their amber. Perhaps two who are aware of it will be able to overlook it; or perhaps adjust themselves to matrimony according to the new-fangled, part-time scheme!

LONG ENGAGEMENTS NEVER END IN MARRIAGE

Dear Winona Wilcox: We have been engaged five years and we never have had a quarrel that amounted to anything. He tells me that if we do not marry, he never will marry. And yet he never is in financial shape to set up housekeeping. I tease him by saying that we shall be old maid and bachelor forever. He never has given me a ring and I want one. I have had other proposals but I love this man too much to let him go. I've heard that long engagements never end in marriage. What do you say?—Berthe.

That long engagements are a terrific strain on the average man and girl and not infrequently end in separation. It is often wise for two to wed on a small income and make a fortune together. But this experiment is not for a man who has dependent relatives to support. That is the one cause for delayed marriage which cannot be circumvented.

Dear Winona Wilcox: A year ago, at a fishing camp, I fell in love and became engaged to the most fascinating man in the world. We corresponded all winter, exchanged presents, and planned to marry this fall. My parents go to the seashore regularly. The man comes there as a summer hotel manager. So we met again this summer, I supposed with joy on his part as on mine. For two months he let me believe he loved me madly. But the day our family left for home, he told me that he would have to have his good times before he settled down, in fact he had decided to keep out of matrimony for years. I told him that this was my engagement as well as his, I'd think it over calmly after I got home. And I kept his ring. It's mighty embarrassing to have all my girl friends already wives and mothers while I am the victim of a broken engagement. What is your idea?—Beatrice.

To return the ring. A broken engagement is far less humiliating than a divorce which is inevitable whenever a man holds the above theory of "good times." The above story is unique. Perhaps the business-like view is more dignified than the ordinary humility and heartbreak which girls too often waste on philanderers. But point of view never alters facts. Marriage is for two willing mates. Martyrdom is sure when love is one-sided.

Dear Winona Wilcox: The man I'm engaged to has a high temper and flies into a rage over nothing at all. If I get angry, I pout. We are an odd couple when we have trouble, he storming around and I still as a mouse, but mad clear through. I just can't wait to get him out of the house when he fumes. And as I can't talk, he wins and I lose. It is always the same and I do not see the situation as a foundation for bliss. I'd like a suggestion.—Ede.

Why not talk it over calmly when neither one has cause for wrath, and agree to take turns in giving up. Husband one day, wife the next and no pet cause or whim reserved. If a written contract will help, draw one up and sign it. It might prove a flag of truce to be waved by the silent one when the other is too voluble.

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Wait! Do you *like* to chip and melt soap? Do you *like* to rub, rub, rub? Do you *like* to boil, boil, boil, and rinse, rinse, rinse?

No—a thousand times no!

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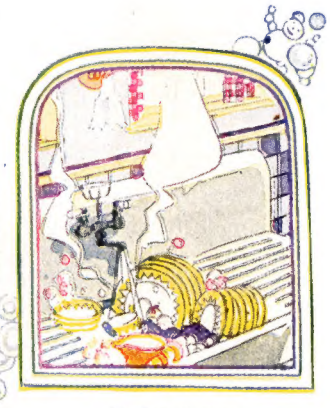

DISHES

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HOW do the stars at Hollywood take care of their skin? How do they keep it smooth, soft, exquisite, in spite of the constant use of make-up and the cruel exposure to high-power artificial light?

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Three hundred and fifty-two, or nearly three-fourths of the entire number of women interviewed, said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap. The largest number using any other one soap was 26.

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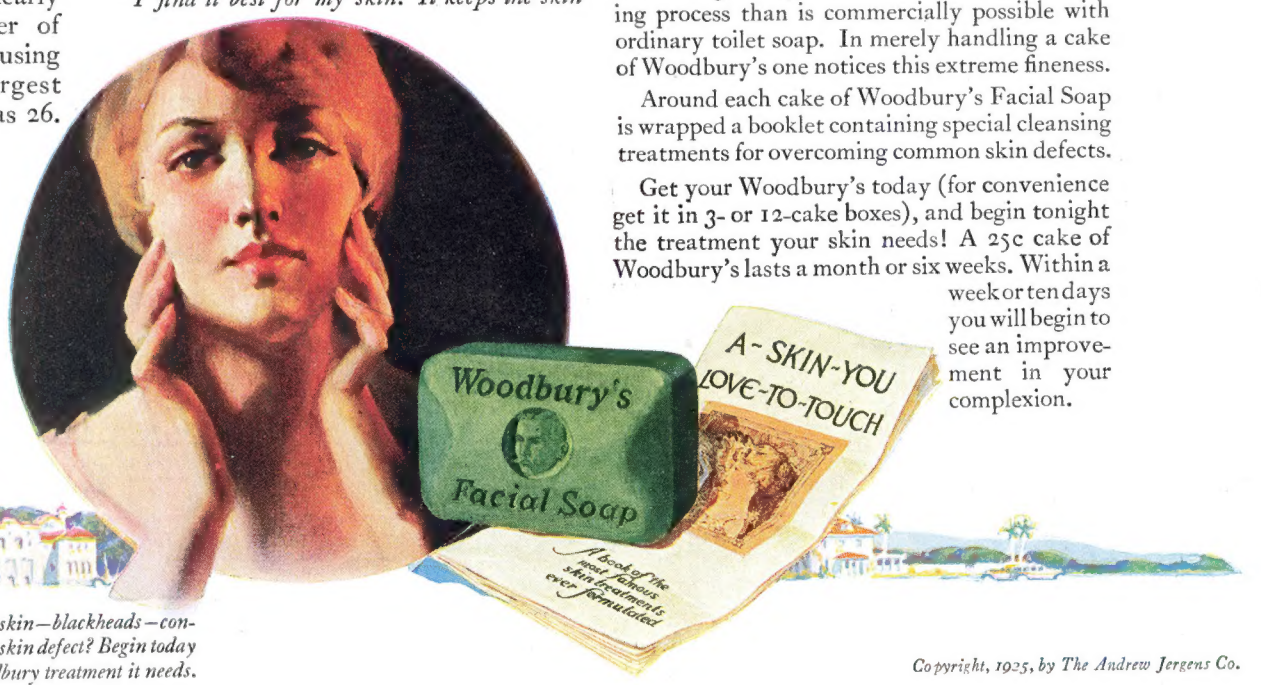

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